THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the FIRST.

CONTAINING

PREFACES, &c.
The TEMPEST.
The TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.
The MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.



TO THE READER.

This figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature to out-doo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse as he hath hit
His face the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke.

Ben Jonſon

THE PLAYS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE

CORRECTIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

NOTES by SAMUEL JOHNSON

AND

GEORGE STEEVENS.

THE SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND AUGMENTED.

ΤΗΣ ΦΥΣΕΩΣ ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΕΥΣ ΗΝ, ΤΟΝ ΚΑΛΑΜΟΝ ΑΠΟΒΡΕΧΩΝ ΕΙΣ ΝΟΥΝ.

Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.

MULTA DIES, VARIUSQUE LABOR MUTABILIS ÆVI
RETULIT IN MELIUS, MULTOS ALTERNA REVISENS
LUSIT, ET IN SOLIDO RURSUS FORTUNA LOCAVIT.

Virgil.

LONDON,

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MDCCLXXVIII.



PREFACE.

THAT praifes are without reafon lavifhed on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by thofe, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the herefies of paradox; or thofe, who, being forced by difappointment upon confolatory expedients, are willing to hope from pofterity what the prefent age refufes, and flatter themfelves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at laft beftowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reafon, but from prejudice. Some feem to admire indifcriminately whatever has been long preferved, without confidering that time has fometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour paft than prefent excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the fhades of age, as the eye furveys the fun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticifm is to find the faults of the moderns, and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we eftimate his powers by his worft performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his beft.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared, and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers; so in the productions of genius, nothing can be stiled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

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The reverence due to writings that have long ſubſiſted ariſes therefore not from any credulous confidence in the ſuperior wiſdom of paſt ages, or gloomy perſuaſion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the conſequence of acknowledged and indubitable poſitions, that what has been longeſt known has been moſt conſidered, and what is moſt conſidered is beſt underſtood.

The poet, of whoſe works I have undertaken the reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of eſtabliſhed fame and preſcriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the teſt of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from perſonal alluſions, local cuſtoms, or temporary opinions, have for many years been loſt; and every topick of merriment or motive of ſorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obſcure the ſcenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendſhips and his enmities has periſhed; his works ſupport no opinion with arguments, nor ſupply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reaſon than the deſire of pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as pleaſure is obtained; yet, thus unaſſiſted by intereſt or paſſion, they have paſt through variations of taſte and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every tranſmiſſion.

But becauſe human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or faſhion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakeſpeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can pleaſe many, and pleaſe long, but juſt repreſentations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common ſatiety of life ſends us all in queſt; but the pleaſures of ſudden wonder are ſoon exhauſted, and the mind can only repoſe on the ſtability of truth.

Shakeſpeare is above all writers, at leaſt above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the cuſtoms of particular places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the world; by the peculiarities of ſtudies or profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall numbers; or by the accidents of tranſient faſhions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, ſuch as the world will always ſupply, and obſervation will always find. His perſons act and ſpeak by the influence of thoſe general paſſions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole ſyſtem of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual;

individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestick wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and oeconomical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topicks which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it

ſeems ſcarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent ſelection out of common converſation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other ſtage the univerſal agent is love, by whoſe power all good and evil is diſtributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppoſitions of intereſt, and harraſs them with violence of deſires inconſiſtent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous ſorrow; to diſtreſs them as nothing human ever was diſtreſſed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the buſineſs of a modern dramatiſt. For this, probability is violated, life is miſrepreſented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many paſſions, and as it has no great influence upon the ſum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he ſaw before him. He knew, that any other paſſion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cauſe of happineſs or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not eaſily diſcriminated and preſerved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his perſonages more diſtinct from each other. I will not ſay with Pope, that every ſpeech may be aſſigned to the proper ſpeaker, becauſe many ſpeeches there are which have nothing characteriſtical; but, perhaps, though ſome may be equally adapted to every perſon, it will be difficult to find any that can be

be properly transferred from the preſent poſſeſſor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reaſon for choice.

Other dramatiſts can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that ſhould form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakeſpeare has no heroes; his ſcenes are occupied only by men, who act and ſpeak as the reader thinks that he ſhould himſelf have ſpoken or acted on the ſame occaſion: even where the agency is ſupernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers diſguiſe the moſt natural paſſions and moſt frequent incidents; ſo that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakeſpeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he repreſents will not happen, but if it were poſſible, its effects would probably be ſuch as he has aſſigned; and it may be ſaid, that he has not only ſhewn human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be expoſed.

This therefore is the praiſe of Shakeſpeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raiſe up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecſtaſies, by reading human ſentiments in human language; by ſcenes from which a hermit

hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rhymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to shew an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shake-

Shakespeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gayeties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce

duce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors

have

have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds, by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakespeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquility without indifference.

When Shakespeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rhymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakespeare engaged in dramatick poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rhymer has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comick scenes, he seems to produce without labour,

labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always ſtruggling after ſome occaſion to be comick, but in comedy he ſeems to repoſe, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick ſcenes there is always ſomething wanting, but his comedy often ſurpaſſes expectation or deſire. His comedy pleaſes by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy ſeems to be ſkill, his comedy to be inſtinct.

The force of his comick ſcenes has ſuffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his perſonages act upon principles ariſing from genuine paſſion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleaſures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of perſonal habits, are only ſuperficial dies, bright and pleaſing for a little while, yet ſoon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former luſtre; but the diſcriminations of true paſſion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole maſs, and can only periſh with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compoſitions of heterogeneous modes are diſſolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform ſimplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increaſe, nor ſuffers decay. The ſand heaped by one flood is ſcattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The ſtream of time, which is continually waſhing the diſſoluble fabricks of other poets, paſſes without injury by the adamant of Shakeſpeare.

If

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a stile which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakespeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shake

Shakeſpeare with his excellencies has likewiſe faults, and faults ſufficient to obſcure and overwhelm any other merit. I ſhall ſhew them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or ſuperſtitious veneration. No queſtion can be more innocently diſcuſſed than a dead poet's pretenſions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which ſets candour higher than truth.

His firſt defect is that to which may be imputed moſt of the evil in books or in men. He ſacrifices virtue to convenience, and is ſo much more careful to pleaſe than to inſtruct, that he ſeems to write without any moral purpoſe. From his writings indeed a ſyſtem of ſocial duty may be ſelected, for he that thinks reaſonably muſt think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop caſually from him; he makes no juſt diſtribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to ſhew in the virtuous a diſapprobation of the wicked; he carries his perſons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the cloſe diſmiſſes them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and juſtice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often ſo looſely formed, that a very ſlight conſideration may improve them, and ſo careleſsly purſued, that he ſeems not always fully to comprehend his own deſign. He omits opportunities of inſtructing or delighting, which the train of his ſtory ſeems to force upon him, and apparently rejects

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those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothick mythology of fairies. Shakespeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comick scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor

are

are ſufficiently diſtinguiſhed from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he repreſented the real converſation of his time is not eaſy to determine; the reign of Elizabeth is commonly ſuppoſed to have been a time of ſtatelineſs, formality, and reſerve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that ſeverity were not very elegant. There muſt, however, have been always ſome modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuſe the beſt.

In tragedy his performance ſeems conſtantly to be worſe, as his labour is more. The effuſions of paſſion, which exigence forces out, are for the moſt part ſtriking and energetick; but whenever he ſolicits his invention, or ſtrains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanneſs, tedíouſneſs, and obſcurity.

In narration he affects a diſproportionate pomp of diction, and a weariſome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the progreſs of the action; it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakeſpeare found it an encumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and ſplendor.

His declamations or ſet ſpeeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick

writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to shew how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetick without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble

A quibble is to Shakeſpeare, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is ſure to lead him out of his way, and ſure to engulf him in the mire. It has ſome malignant power over his mind, and its faſcinations are irreſiſtible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his diſquiſition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amuſing attention with incidents, or enchaining it in ſuſpenſe, let but a quibble ſpring up before him, and he leaves his work unfiniſhed. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aſide from his career, or ſtoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him ſuch delight, that he was content to purchaſe it, by the ſacrifice of reaſon, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he loſt the world, and was content to loſe it.

It will be thought ſtrange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of thoſe laws which have been inſtituted and eſtabliſhed by the joint authority of poets and of criticks.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I reſign him to critical juſtice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which muſt be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the cenſure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I ſhall, with due reverence to that learning which I muſt oppoſe, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His hiftories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not fubject to any of their laws; nothing more is neceffary to all the praife which they expect, than that the changes of action be fo prepared as to be underftood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters confiftent, natural, and diftinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be fought.

In his other works he has well enough preferved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his defign only to difcover it, for this is feldom the order of real events, and Shakefpeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Ariftotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclufion follows by eafy confequence. There are perhaps fome incidents that might be fpared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the ftage; but the general fyftem makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has fhewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they ftand will diminifh their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by difcovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleafure to the auditor.

The

The neceſſity of obſerving the unities of time and place ariſes from the ſuppoſed neceſſity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impoſſible, that an action of months or years can be poſſibly believed to paſs in three hours; or that the ſpectator can ſuppoſe himſelf to ſit in the theatre, while ambaſſadors go and return between diſtant kings, while armies are levied and towns beſieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they ſaw courting his miſtreſs, ſhall lament the untimely fall of his ſon. The mind revolts from evident falſehood, and fiction loſes its force when it departs from the reſemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time neceſſarily ariſes the contraction of place. The ſpectator, who knows that he ſaw the firſt act at Alexandria, cannot ſuppoſe that he ſees the next at Rome, at a diſtance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in ſo ſhort a time, have tranſported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itſelf; that what was a houſe cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Perſepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the miſery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without reſiſtance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakeſpeare, that he aſſumes, as an unqueſtionable principle, a poſition, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his underſtanding pronounces to be falſe. It is falſe, that any repreſentation is miſtaken

for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a ſingle moment, was ever credited.

The objection ariſing from the impoſſibility of paſſing the firſt hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, ſuppoſes, that when the play opens the ſpectator really imagines himſelf at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the ſtage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Deluſion, if deluſion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the ſpectator can be once perſuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæſar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharſalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a ſtate of elevation above the reach of reaſon, or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may deſpiſe the circumſcriptions of terreſtrial nature. There is no reaſon why a mind thus wandering in ecſtaſy ſhould count the clock, or why an hour ſhould not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the ſtage a field.

The truth is, that the ſpectators are always in their ſenſes, and know, from the firſt act to the laſt, that the ſtage is only a ſtage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with juſt geſture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to ſome action, and an action muſt

be

be in ſome place; but the different actions that complete a ſtory may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the abſurdity of allowing that ſpace to repreſent firſt Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre.

By ſuppoſition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapſes for the moſt part between the acts; for, of ſo much of the action as is repreſented, the real and poetical duration is the ſame. If, in the firſt act, preparations for war againſt Mithridates are repreſented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without abſurdity, be repreſented, in the cataſtrophe, as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits ſucceſſive imitations of ſucceſſive actions, and why may not the ſecond imitation repreſent an action that happened years after the firſt; if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but time can be ſuppoſed to intervene. Time is, of all modes of exiſtence, moſt obſequious to the imagination; a lapſe of years is as eaſily conceived as a paſſage of hours. In contemplation we eaſily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only ſee their imitation.

It will be aſked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a juſt

picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

A play

A play read, affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakespeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to enquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable, but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive, become the comprehensive genius of Shakespeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:

Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.

Yet

Yet when I ſpeak thus ſlightly of dramatick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced againſt me; before ſuch authorities I am afraid to ſtand, not that I think the preſent queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by mere authority, but becauſe it is to be ſuſpected, that theſe precepts have not been ſo eaſily received, but for better reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The reſult of my enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boaſt of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not eſſential to a juſt drama, that though they may ſometimes conduce to pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and inſtruction; and that a play, written with nice obſervation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curioſity, as the product of ſuperfluous and oſtentatious art, by which is ſhewn, rather what is poſſible, than what is neceſſary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, ſhall preſerve all the unities unbroken, deſerves the like applauſe with the architect, who ſhall diſplay all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its ſtrength; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greateſt graces of a play are to copy nature, and inſtruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almoſt frighted at my own temerity; and when I eſtimate the fame and the ſtrength of thoſe that maintain the contrary opinion,

opinion, am ready to ſink down in reverential ſilence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he ſaw Neptune ſhaking the wall, and Juno heading the beſiegers.

Thoſe whom my arguments cannot perſuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakeſpeare, will eaſily, if they conſider the condition of his life, make ſome allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly eſtimated, muſt be compared with the ſtate of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worſe or better for the circumſtances of the author, yet as there is always a ſilent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the enquiry, how far man may extend his deſigns, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we ſhall place any particular performance, curioſity is always buſy to diſcover the inſtruments, as well as to ſurvey the workmanſhip, to know how much is to be aſcribed to original powers, and how much to caſual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houſes of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with aſtoniſhment, who remembered that they were built without the uſe of iron?

The Engliſh nation, in the time of Shakeſpeare, was yet ſtruggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been tranſplanted hither in the reign

reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange

events

events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain English prose, which the criticks have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crouded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every

every man finds his mind more ſtrongly ſeized by the tragedies of Shakeſpeare than of any other writer; others pleaſe us by particular ſpeeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in ſecuring the firſt purpoſe of a writer, by exciting reſtleſs and unquenchable curioſity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The ſhows and buſtle with which his plays abound have the ſame original. As knowledge advances, pleaſure paſſes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Thoſe to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more ſkill in pomps or proceſſions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted ſome viſible and diſcriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he ſhould moſt pleaſe; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we ſtill find that on our ſtage ſomething muſt be done as well as ſaid, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however muſical or elegant, paſſionate or ſublime.

Voltaire expreſſes his wonder, that our author's extravagancies are endured by a nation, which has ſeen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be anſwered, that Addiſon ſpeaks the language of poets, and Shakeſpeare, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human ſentiments or human actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt progeny which judgment propagates by con-

junction

junction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addison*.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakespeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakespeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakespeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakespeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakespeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged, were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of, *I prae, sequar.* I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The

The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo* and *Juliet* he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such

knowledge as books did not ſupply. He that will underſtand Shakeſpeare, muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the cloſet, he muſt look for his meaning ſometimes among the ſports of the field, and ſometimes among the manufactures of the ſhop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then ſo indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curioſity without excurſion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; moſt of the topicks of human diſquiſition had found Engliſh writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but ſucceſs. This was a ſtock of knowledge ſufficient for a mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the Engliſh ſtage in a ſtate of the utmoſt rudeneſs; no eſſays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet underſtood. Shakeſpeare may be truly ſaid to have introduced them both amongſt us, and in ſome of his happier ſcenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not eaſily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unſettled. Rowe is of opinion, that *perhaps*

we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that for ought I know, says he, *the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakespeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakespeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The conteſt about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyſe the mind, to trace the paſſions to their ſources, to unfold the ſeminal principles of vice and virtue, or ſound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All thoſe enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the faſhionable ſtudy, have been made ſometimes with nice diſcernment, but often with idle ſubtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was ſatisfied, exhibited only the ſuperficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the cauſes, and were formed for ſuch as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be ſtudied in the cloſet; he that would know the world, was under the neceſſity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its buſineſs and amuſements.

Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high birth, becauſe it favoured his curioſity, by facilitating his acceſs. Shakeſpeare had no ſuch advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in ſtates of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them is inclined to think that he ſees enterprize and perſeverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vaniſh before them. The genius of Shakeſpeare was not to be depreſſed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow converſation to which men in want are inevitably condemned;

demned; the incumbrances of his fortune were ſhaken from his mind, *as dew-drops from a lion's mane.*

Though he had ſo many difficulties to encounter, and ſo little aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many caſts of native diſpoſitions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice diſtinctions; and to ſhew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himſelf imitated by all ſucceeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his ſucceſſors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact ſurveyor of the inanimate world; his deſcriptions have always ſome peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exiſt. It may be obſerved, that the oldeſt poets of many nations preſerve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a ſhort celebrity, ſink into oblivion. The firſt, whoever they be, muſt take their ſentiments and deſcriptions immediately from knowledge; the reſemblance is therefore juſt, their deſcriptions are verified by every eye, and their ſentiments acknowledged by every breaſt: Thoſe whom their fame invites to the ſame ſtudies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain ſuch authority, as to ſtand in

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the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakespeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly, that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakespeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. *He seems*, says Dennis, *to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo* *, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is cer-

* It appears from the induction of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* to have been acted before the year 1590. STEEVENS.

tain,

tain, that he is the firſt who taught either tragedy or comedy to pleaſe, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are ſought becauſe they are ſcarce, and would not have been ſcarce, had they been much eſteemed.

To him we muſt aſcribe the praiſe, unleſs Spenſer may divide it with him, of having firſt diſcovered to how much ſmoothneſs and harmony the Engliſh language could be ſoftened. He has ſpeeches, perhaps ſometimes ſcenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to ſtrike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpoſe better, than when he tries to ſooth by ſoftneſs.

Yet it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes ſomething to us; that, if much of his praiſe is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewiſe given by cuſtom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we ſhould in another loath or deſpiſe. If we endured without praiſing, reſpect for the father of our drama might excuſe us; but I have ſeen, in the book of ſome modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which ſhew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has ſcenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play, which, if it were

now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakespeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that Shakespeare thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to

rescue

rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakespeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, their negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The style of Shakespeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players

players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake; and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgment, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors, I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakespeare's text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condel, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakespeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This is a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor.* He understood

ſtood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious taſks, is very neceſſary; but an emendatory critick would ill diſcharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulneſs. In peruſing a corrupted piece, he muſt have before him all poſſibilities of meaning, with all poſſibilities of expreſſion. Such muſt be his comprehenſion of thought, and ſuch his copiouſneſs of language. Out of many readings poſſible, he muſt be able to ſelect that which beſt ſuits with the ſtate, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular caſt of thought, and turn of expreſſion. Such muſt be his knowledge, and ſuch his taſte. Conjectural criticiſm demands more than humanity poſſeſſes, and he that exerciſes it with moſt praiſe, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common conſequence of ſucceſs. They whoſe excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are univerſal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was ſo much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he paſſed the latter part of his life in a ſtate of hoſtility with verbal criticiſm.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of ſo great a writer may be loſt; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of compoſition and juſtneſs of remark, and containing a general criticiſm on his author,

thor, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact, that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension, and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the

the panegyrick in which he celebrated himſelf for his atchievement. The exuberant excreſcence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have ſometimes ſuppreſſed, and his contemptible oſtentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in ſome places ſhewn him, as he would have ſhewn himſelf, for the reader's diverſion, that the inflated emptineſs of ſome notes may juſtify or excuſe the contraction of the reſt.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithleſs, thus petulant and oſtentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has eſcaped, and eſcaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world ſupport thoſe who ſolicit favour, againſt thoſe who command reverence; and ſo eaſily is he praiſed, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for ſuch ſtudies. He had, what is the firſt requiſite to emendatory criticiſm, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately diſcovered, and that dexterity of intellect which diſpatches its work by the eaſieſt means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with cuſtoms, opinions, and traditions, ſeems to have been large; and he is often learned without ſhew. He ſeldom paſſes what he does not underſtand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and ſometimes haſtily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is ſolicitous to reduce to grammar, what he could not be ſure that his author intended

to

to be grammatical. Shakeſpeare regarded more the ſeries of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being deſigned for the reader's deſk, was all that he deſired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently cenſured. He found the meaſure reformed in ſo many paſſages, by the ſilent labours of ſome editors, with the ſilent acquieſcence of the reſt, that he thought himſelf allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried ſo far without reprehenſion; and of his corrections in general, it muſt be confeſſed, that they are often juſt, and made commonly with the leaſt poſſible violation of the text.

But, by inſerting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predeceſſors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himſelf and others, was too great; he ſuppoſes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he ſeems not to ſuſpect a critick of fallibility, and it was but reaſonable that he ſhould claim what he ſo liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent conſideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wiſh for more.

Of

Of the laſt editor it is more difficult to ſpeak. Reſpect is due to high place, tenderneſs to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be juſtly offended at that liberty of which he has himſelf ſo frequently given an example, nor very ſolicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have conſidered as part of his ſerious employments, and which, I ſuppoſe, ſince the ardor of compoſition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effuſions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquieſcence in his firſt thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by conſciouſneſs of quick diſcernment; and that confidence which preſumes to do, by ſurveying the ſurface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit ſometimes perverſe interpretations, and ſometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the ſentence admits, and at another diſcovers abſurdities, where the ſenſe is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewiſe often happy and juſt; and his interpretation of obſcure paſſages learned and ſagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected thoſe, againſt which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I ſuppoſe the author himſelf would deſire to be forgotten. Of the reſt, to part I have given the higheſt approbation, by inſerting

ſerting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though ſpecious; and part I have cenſured without reſerve, but I am ſure without bitterneſs of malice, and, I hope, without wantonneſs of inſult.

It is no pleaſure to me, in reviſing my volumes, to obſerve how much paper is waſted in confutation. Whoever conſiders the revolutions of learning, and the various queſtions of greater or leſs importance, upon which wit and reaſon have exerciſed their powers, muſt lament the unſucceſsfulneſs of enquiry, and the ſlow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labour of every writer is only the deſtruction of thoſe that went before him. The firſt care of the builder of a new ſyſtem, is to demoliſh the fabricks which are ſtanding. The chief deſire of him that comments an author, is to ſhew how much other commentators have corrupted and obſcured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controverſy, are confuted and rejected in another, and riſe again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progreſs. Thus ſometimes truth and error, and ſometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invaſion. The tide of ſeeming knowledge which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the ſudden meteors of intelligence, which for a while appear to ſhoot their beams into the regions of obſcurity, on a ſudden withdraw their luſtre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

 Theſe

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says Homer's hero to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *The canons of criticism*, and of *The revisal of Shakespeare's text*; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle*; when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Let

Let me however do them juſtice. One is a wit, and one a ſcholar*. They have both ſhewn acuteneſs ſufficient in the diſcovery of faults, and have both advanced ſome probable interpretations of obſcure paſſages; but when they aſpire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falſely we all eſtimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical obſervations on Shakeſpeare* had been publiſhed by Mr. Upton†, a man ſkilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who ſeems to have had no great vigour of genius or nicety of taſte. Many of his explanations are curious and uſeful, but he likewiſe, though he profeſſed to oppoſe the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to reſtrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill ſeconded by his ſkill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a ſucceſsful experiment, ſwells into a theoriſt, and the laborious collator at ſome unlucky moment frolicks in conjecture.

Critical, hiſtorical, and explanatory notes have been likewiſe publiſhed upon Shakeſpeare by Dr. Grey,

* It is extraordinary that this gentleman ſhould attempt ſo voluminous a work, as the *Reviſal of Shakeſpeare's text*, when he tells us in his preface, "he was not ſo fortunate as to be "furniſhed with either of the folio editions, much leſs any of "the ancient quartos: and even Sir Thomas Hanmer's per-"formance was known to him only by Dr. Warburton's repre-"ſentation." FARMER.

† Republiſhed by him in 1748, after Dr. Warburton's edition, with alterations, &c. STEEVENS.

whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakespeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The

various

various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a paſſage, ſeem to be queſtions that might exerciſe the wit, without engaging the paſſions. But whether it be, that *ſmall things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches ſmall occaſions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in thoſe that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a ſpontaneous ſtrain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the moſt furious controvertiſt in politicks againſt thoſe whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightneſs of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be inveſtigated is ſo near to inexiſtence, as to eſcape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original ſtate, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to ſupply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a ſpacious ſurface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to ſpirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illuſtrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations tranſcribed from others, if I do not ſubjoin any other interpretation, I ſuppoſe commonly to be right, at leaſt I intend by acquieſcence

to confeſs, that I have nothing better to propoſe,

After the labours of all the editors, I found many paſſages which appeared to me likely to obſtruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their paſſage. It is impoſſible for an expoſitor not to write too little for ſome, and too much for others. He can only judge what is neceſſary by his own experience; and how long ſoever he may deliberate, will at laſt explain many lines which the learned will think impoſſible to be miſtaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. Theſe are cenſures merely relative, and muſt be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither ſuperfluouſly copious, nor ſcrupulouſly reſerved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning acceſſible to many, who before were frighted from peruſing him, and contributed ſomething to the publick, by diffuſing innocent and rational pleaſure.

The complete explanation of an author not ſyſtematick and conſequential, but deſultory and vagrant, abounding in caſual alluſions and light hints, is not to be expected from any ſingle ſcholiaſt. All perſonal reflections, when names are ſuppreſſed, muſt be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and cuſtoms, too minute to attract the notice of law, ſuch as modes of dreſs, formalities of converſation, rules of viſits, diſpoſition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are ſo fugitive and unſubſtantial, that they are not eaſily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the receſſes of obſcure and obſolete

obſolete papers, peruſed commonly with ſome other view. Of this knowledge every man has ſome, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the publick attention, thoſe who can add any thing to his illuſtration, communicate their diſcoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to reſign many paſſages, which, though I did not underſtand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illuſtrated ſome, which others have neglected or miſtaken, ſometimes by ſhort remarks, or marginal directions, ſuch as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will ſeem to deſerve; but that which is moſt difficult is not always moſt important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obſcured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to obſerve. Some plays have more, and ſome fewer judicial obſervations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but becauſe I gave this part of my deſign to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is ſeldom pleaſed to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by ſubmiſſion to dictatorial deciſions, as the memory grows torpid by the uſe of a table-book. Some initiation is however neceſſary; of all ſkill, part is infuſed by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore ſhewn ſo much

as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in these which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the publick attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakespeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain; of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, ſome from the labours of every publiſher I have advanced into the text; thoſe are to be conſidered as in my opinion ſufficiently ſupported; ſome I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; ſome I have left in the notes without cenſure or approbation, as reſting in equipoiſe between objection and defence; and ſome, which ſeemed ſpecious but not right, I have inſerted with a ſubſequent animadverſion.

Having claſſed the obſervations of others, I was at laſt to try what I could ſubſtitute for their miſtakes, and how I could ſupply their omiſſions. I collated ſuch copies as I could procure, and wiſhed for more, but have not found the collectors of theſe rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindneſs put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I ſoon found that the later publiſhers, with all their boaſts of diligence, ſuffered many paſſages to ſtand unauthorized, and contented themſelves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little conſideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of theſe alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. Theſe corruptions I have often ſilently rectified; for the hiſtory of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preſerved, by keeping the text of authors free from

from adulteration. Others, and thoſe very frequent, ſmoothed the cadence, or regulated the meaſure; on theſe I have not exerciſed the ſame rigour; if only a word was tranſpoſed, or a particle inſerted or omitted, I have ſometimes ſuffered the line to ſtand; for the inconſtancy of the copies is ſuch, as that ſome liberties may be eaſily permitted. But this practice I have not ſuffered to proceed far, having reſtored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reaſon be preferred.

The emendations, which compariſon of copies ſupplied, I have inſerted in the text; ſometimes, where the improvement was ſlight, without notice, and ſometimes with an account of the reaſons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be ſometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiouſly indulged. It has been my ſettled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be diſturbed for the ſake of elegance, perſpicuity, or mere improvement of the ſenſe. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the firſt publiſhers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made ſtrange miſtakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore ſomething may be properly attempted by criticiſm, keeping the middle way between preſumption and timidity.

Such

Such criticiſm I have attempted to practiſe, and, where any paſſage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to diſcover how it may be recalled to ſenſe, with leaſt violence. But my firſt labour is, always to turn the old text on every ſide, and try if there be any interſtice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himſelf condemn me, as refuſing the trouble of reſearch, for the ambition of alteration. In this modeſt induſtry I have not been unſucceſsful. I have reſcued many lines from the violations of temerity, and ſecured many ſcenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the Roman ſentiment, that it is more honourable to ſave a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preſerved the common diſtribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almoſt all the plays void of authority. Some of thoſe which are divided in the later editions have no diviſion in the firſt folio, and ſome that are divided in the folio have no diviſion in the preceding copies. The ſettled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play, but few, if any, of our author's compoſitions can be properly diſtributed in that manner. An act is ſo much of the drama as paſſes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pauſe makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the reſtriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakeſpeare knew, and this he practiſed; his plays were written, and at firſt printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with

with ſhort pauſes, interpoſed as often as the ſcene is changed, or any conſiderable time is required to paſs. This method would at once quell a thouſand abſurdities.

In reſtoring the author's works to their integrity, I have conſidered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and ſentences. Whatever could be done by adjuſting points, is therefore ſilently performed, in ſome plays, with much diligence, in others with leſs; it is hard to keep a buſy eye ſteadily fixed upon evaneſcent atoms, or a diſcurſive mind upon evaneſcent truth.

The ſame liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of ſlight effect. I have ſometimes inſerted or omitted them without notice. I have done that ſometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the ſtate of the text may ſufficiently juſtify.

The greater part of readers, inſtead of blaming us for paſſing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles ſo much labour is expended, with ſuch importance of debate, and ſuch ſolemnity of diction. To theſe I anſwer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not underſtand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promiſe that they would become in general, by learning criticiſm, more uſeful, happier, or wiſer.

As

following them. Lucius & Damasus Mr Bry T.
Good.

Enter Ferrex at one dore. Porrex at another. The fight. Ferrex is slayne. To them Videna the Queene. to her Damasus. to him Lucius.

Enter Porrex sad with Dordan his man. R. P.

Enter Progne with the sampler. to her Tereus from hunting wth. his Lords. to them Philomele with Itis hed in a dish. Mercury comes and all vanish. to him 3 Lords. Th. Goodale. Hary. W. Sly.

Henry speaks. to him Lieutenant Pursevaunt

As I practiſed conjecture more, I learned to truſt it leſs; and after I had printed a few plays, reſolved to inſert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myſelf, for every day encreaſes my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it muſt not be conſidered as very reprehenſible, if I have ſuffered it to play ſome freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be propoſed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, thoſe changes may be ſafely offered, which are not conſidered even by him that offers them as neceſſary or ſafe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been oſtentatiouſly diſplayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, firſt by railing at the ſtupidity, negligence, ignorance, and aſinine taſteleſſneſs of the former editors, and ſhewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and abſurdity of the old reading; then by propoſing ſomething, which to ſuperficial readers would ſeem ſpecious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphraſe, and concluding with loud acclamations on the diſcovery, and a ſober wiſh for the advancement and proſperity of genuine criticiſm.

All this may be done, and perhaps done ſometimes without impropriety. But I have always ſuſpected that

that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without ſo much labour appear to be right. The juſtneſs of a happy reſtoration ſtrikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticiſm, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the ſhore which he ſees ſpread with wrecks, is natural to the ſailor. I had before my eye, ſo many critical adventures ended in miſcarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit ſtruggling with its own ſophiſtry, and learning confuſed by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to cenſure thoſe whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was diſpoſſeſſing their emendations, how ſoon the ſame fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by ſome other editor defended and eſtabliſhed.

Criticks I ſaw, that other's names efface,
And fix their own, with labour, in the place;
Their own, like others, ſoon their place reſign'd,
Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind. POPE.

That a conjectural critick ſhould often be miſtaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himſelf, if it be conſidered, that in his art there is no ſyſtem, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates ſubordinate poſitions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the paſſage, a ſlight miſapprehenſion of a phraſe, a caſual inattention to the parts connected, is ſufficient to make him

him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The criticks on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of Shakespeare is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could complain, that criticks were making faults, by trying to remove them, *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis*

remediis laboratur. And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the publick expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore: or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the

powers

powers of Shakeſpeare, and who deſires to feel the higheſt pleaſure that the drama can give, read every play, from the firſt ſcene to the laſt, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not ſtoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is ſtrongly engaged, let it diſdain alike to turn aſide to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightneſs and obſcurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preſerve his comprehenſion of the dialogue and his intereſt in the fable. And when the pleaſures of novelty have ceaſed, let him attempt exactneſs, and read the commentators.

Particular paſſages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal ſubject; the reader is weary, he ſuſpects not why; and at laſt throws away the book which he has too diligently ſtudied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been ſurveyed; there is a kind of intellectual remoteneſs neceſſary for the comprehenſion of any great work in its full deſign and in its true proportions; a cloſe approach ſhews the ſmaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is diſcerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to conſider how little the ſucceſſion of editors has added to this author's power of pleaſing. He was read, admired, ſtudied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could ac-

cumulate upon him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, "that Shakespeare was the man, "who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, "had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All "the images of nature were still present to him, and "he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when "he describes any thing, you more than see it, you "feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted "learning, give him the greater commendation: he "was naturally learned: he needed not the spectacles "of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and "found her there. I cannot say he is every where "alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is "many times flat and insipid; his comick wit de-generating into clenches, his serious swelling into "bombast. But he is always great, when some great "occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he "ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then "raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

"*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*"

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things; that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakespeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority

riority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the criticks of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the publick; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

Of what has been performed in this revisal, an account is given in the following pages by Mr. Steevens, who might have spoken both of his own diligence and sagacity, in terms of greater self-approbation, without deviating from modesty or truth.

JOHNSON.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

THE want of adherence to the old copies, which has been complained of, in the text of every modern republication of Shakeſpeare, is fairly deducible from Mr. Rowe's inattention to one of the firſt duties of an editor *. Mr. Rowe did not print from the earlieſt and moſt correct, but from the moſt remote and inaccurate of the four folios. Between the years 1623 and 1685 (the dates of the firſt and laſt) the errors in every play, at leaſt, were trebled. Several pages in each of theſe ancient editions have been examined, that the aſſertion might come more fully ſupported. It may be added, that as every freſh editor continued to make the text

* "I muſt not (ſays Mr. Rowe in his dedication to the duke of Somerſet) pretend to have reſtor'd this work to the exactneſs of the author's original manuſcripts: thoſe are loſt, or, at leaſt, are gone beyond any inquiry I could make; ſo that there was nothing left, but to *compare the ſeveral editions*, and give the true reading as well as I could from thence. This I have endeavour'd to do pretty carefully, and render'd very many places intelligible, that were not ſo before. In ſome of the editions, eſpecially the laſt, there were many lines (and in Hamlet one whole ſcene) left out together; theſe are now all ſupply'd. I fear your grace will find ſome faults, but I hope they are moſtly litteral, and the errors of the preſs." Would not any one, from this declaration, ſuppoſe that Mr. Rowe (who does not appear to have conſulted a ſingle quarto) had at leaſt *compared* the folios with each other?

of

of his predeceſſor the ground-work of his own (never collating but where difficulties occurred) ſome deviations from the originals had been handed down, the number of which are leſſened in the impreſſion before us, as it has been conſtantly compared with the moſt authentic copies, whether collation was abſolutely neceſſary for the recovery of ſenſe, or not. The perſon who undertook this taſk may have failed by inadvertency, as well as thoſe who preceded him; but the reader may be aſſured, that he, who thought it his duty to free an author from ſuch modern and unneceſſary innovations as had been cenſured in others, has not ventured to introduce any of his own.

It is not pretended that a complete body of various readings is here collected; or that all the diverſities which the copies exhibit, are pointed out; as near two thirds of them are typographical miſtakes, or ſuch a change of inſignificant particles, as would crowd the bottom of the page with an oſtentation of materials, from which at laſt nothing uſeful could be ſelected.

The dialogue might indeed ſometimes be lengthened by other inſertions than have hitherto been made, but without advantage either to its ſpirit or beauty; as in the following inſtance:

Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.

Here the quartos add:
Lear. *No, no, they would not.*
Kent. *Yes, they have.*

 By

By the admiſſion of this negation and affirmation, has any new idea been gained?

The labours of preceding editors have not left room for a boaſt, that many valuable readings have been retrieved; though it may be fairly aſſerted, that the text of Shakeſpeare is reſtored to the condition in which the author, or rather his firſt publiſhers, appear to have left it, ſuch emendations as were abſolutely neceſſary, alone admitted: for where a particle, indiſpenſably neceſſary to the ſenſe, was wanting, ſuch a ſupply has been ſilently adopted from other editions; but where a ſyllable, or more, had been added for the ſake of the metre only, which at firſt might have been irregular, ſuch interpolations are here conſtantly retrenched, ſometimes with, and ſometimes without notice. Thoſe ſpeeches, which in the elder editions are printed as proſe, and from their own conſtruction are incapable of being compreſſed into verſe, without the aid of ſupplemental ſyllables, are reſtored to proſe again; and the meaſure is divided afreſh in others, where the maſs of words had been inharmoniouſly ſeparated into lines.

The ſcenery, throughout all the plays, is regulated in conformity to a rule, which the poet, by his general practice ſeems to have propoſed to himſelf. Several of his pieces are come down to us, divided into ſcenes as well as acts. Theſe diviſions were probably his own, as they are made on ſettled principles, which would hardly have been the caſe, had the taſk been executed by the players. A change of ſcene, with Shakeſpeare, moſt commonly implies a change of place, but always, an entire evacuation of the

the ſtage. The cuſtom of diſtinguiſhing every entrance or exit by a freſh ſcene, was adopted, perhaps very idly, from the French theatre.

¶ For the length of many notes, and the accumulation of examples in others, ſome apology may be likewiſe expected. An attempt at brevity is often found to be the ſource of an imperfect explanation. Where a paſſage has been conſtantly miſunderſtood, or where the jeſt or pleaſantry has been ſuffered to remain long in obſcurity, more inſtances have been brought to clear the one, or elucidate the other, than appear at firſt ſight to have been neceſſary. For theſe, it can only be ſaid, that when they prove that phraſeology or ſource of merriment to have been once general, which at preſent ſeems particular, they are not quite impertinently intruded; as they may ſerve to free the author from a ſuſpicion of having employed an affected ſingularity of expreſſion, or indulged himſelf in alluſions to tranſient cuſtoms, which were not of ſufficient notoriety to deſerve ridicule or reprehenſion. When examples in favour of contradictory opinions are aſſembled, though no attempt is made to decide on either part, ſuch neutral collections ſhould always be regarded as materials for future critics, who may hereafter apply them with ſucceſs. Authorities, whether in reſpect of words, or things, are not always producible from the moſt celebrated writers*; yet ſuch circumſtances as fall below the notice

* Mr. T. Warton in his excellent *Remarks on the Fairy Queen of Spenſer*, offers a ſimilar apology for having introduced illuſtrations from obſolete literature. "I fear (ſays he) I ſhall be cenſured for quoting too many pieces of this ſort. But experience has fatally

tice of hiſtory, can only be ſought in the jeſt-book, the ſatire, or the play; and the novel, whoſe faſhion did not outlive a week, is ſometimes neceſſary to throw light on thoſe annals which take in the compaſs of an age. Thoſe, therefore, who would wiſh to have the peculiarities of Nym familiarized to their ideas, muſt excuſe the inſertion of ſuch an epigram as beſt ſuits the purpoſe, however tedious in itſelf; and ſuch as would be acquainted with the propriety of Falſtaff's alluſion to *ſtewed prunes*, ſhould not be diſguſted at a multitude of inſtances, which, when

tally proved, that the commentator on Spenſer, Jonſon, and the reſt of our elder poets, will in vain give ſpecimens of his claſſical erudition, unleſs, at the ſame time, he brings to his work a mind intimately acquainted with thoſe books, which, though now forgotten, were yet in common uſe and high repute about the time in which his authors reſpectively wrote, and which they conſequently muſt have read. While theſe are unknown, many alluſions and many imitations will either remain obſcure, or loſe half their beauty and propriety: "as the figures vaniſh when the canvas is decayed."

"Pope laughs at Theobald for giving us, in his edition of SHAKESPEARE, a ſample of

—— all ſuch READING *as was never read.*

But theſe ſtrange and ridiculous books which Theobald quoted, were unluckily the very books which SHAKESPEARE himſelf had ſtudied; the knowledge of which enabled that uſeful editor to explain ſo many difficult alluſions and obſolete cuſtoms in his poet, which otherwiſe could never have been underſtood. For want of this ſort of literature, Pope tells us that the *dreadful Sagittary* in Troilus and Creſſida, ſignifies Teucer, ſo celebrated for his ſkill in archery. Had he deigned to conſult an old hiſtory, called the *Deſtruction of Troy*, a book which was the delight of SHAKESPEARE and of his age, he would have found that this formidable archer, was no other than an imaginary beaſt, which the Grecian army brought againſt Troy. If SHAKESPEARE is worth reading, he is worth explaining; and the reſearches uſed for ſo valuable and elegant a purpoſe, merit the thanks of genius and candour, not the ſatire of prejudice and ignorance. That labour, which ſo eſſentially contributes to the ſervice of true taſte, deſerves a more honourable repoſitory than *The Temple of Dulneſs*."

the

the point is once known to be eſtabliſhed, may be diminiſhed by any future editor. An author, who *catches* (as Pope expreſſes it) at *the Cynthia of a minute*, and does not furniſh notes to his own works, is ſure to loſe half the praiſe which he might have claimed, had he dealt in alluſions leſs temporary, or cleared up for himſelf thoſe difficulties which lapſe of time muſt inevitably create.

The author of the additional notes has rather been deſirous to ſupport old readings, than to claim the merit of introducing new ones. He deſires to be regarded as one, who found the taſk he undertook more arduous than it ſeemed, while he was yet feeding his vanity with the hopes of introducing himſelf to the world as an editor in form. He, who has diſcovered in himſelf the power to rectify a few miſtakes with eaſe, is naturally led to imagine, that all difficulties muſt yield to the efforts of future labour; and perhaps feels a reluctance to be undeceived at laſt.

Mr. Steevens deſires it may be obſerved, that he has ſtrictly complied with the terms exhibited in his propoſals, having appropriated all ſuch aſſiſtances, as he received, to the uſe of the preſent editor, whoſe judgment has, in every inſtance, determined on their reſpective merits. While he enumerates his obligations to his correſpondents, it is neceſſary that one comprehenſive remark ſhould be made on ſuch communications as are omitted in this edition, though they might have proved of great advantage to a more ſparing commentator. The majority of theſe were founded

founded on the ſuppoſition, that Shakeſpeare was originally an author correct in the utmoſt degree, but maimed and interpolated by the neglect or preſumption of the players. In conſequence of this belief, alterations have been propoſed wherever a verſe could be harmonized, an epithet exchanged for one more appoſite, or a ſentiment rendered leſs perplexed. Had the general current of advice been followed, the notes would have been filled with attempts at emendation apparently unneceſſary, though ſometimes elegant, and as frequently with explanations of what none would have thought difficult. A conſtant peruſer of Shakeſpeare will ſuppoſe whatever is eaſy to his own apprehenſion, will prove ſo to that of others, and conſequently may paſs over ſome real perplexities in ſilence. On the contrary, if in conſideration of the different abilities of every claſs of readers, he ſhould offer a comment on all harſh inverſions of phraſe, or peculiarities of expreſſion, he will at once excite the diſguſt and diſpleaſure of ſuch as think their own knowledge or ſagacity undervalued. It is difficult to fix a medium between doing too little and too much in the taſk of mere explanation. There are yet many paſſages unexplained and unintelligible, which may be reformed, at hazard of whatever licence, for exhibitions on the ſtage, in which the pleaſure of the audience is chiefly to be conſidered; but muſt remain untouched by the critical editor, whoſe conjectures are limited by narrow bounds, and who gives only what he at leaſt ſuppoſes his author to have written.

If

If it is not to be expected that each vitiated passage in Shakespeare can be restored, till a greater latitude of experiment shall be allowed; so neither can it be supposed that the force of all his allusions will be pointed out, till such books are thoroughly examined, as cannot easily at present be collected, if at all. Several of the most correct lists of our dramatic pieces exhibit the titles of plays, which are not to be met with in the completest collections. It is almost unnecessary to mention any other than Mr. Garrick's, which, curious and extensive as it is, derives its greatest value from its accessibility *.

To

* There is reason to think that about the time of the Reformation, great numbers of plays were printed, though few of that age are now to be found; for part of queen Elizabeth's INJUNCTIONS in 1559, are particularly directed to the suppressing of "Many pamphlets, PLAYES, and ballads: that no manner of person shall enterprize to print any such, &c. but under certain restrictions." Vid. Sect. V. This observation is taken from Dr. Percy's Additions to his Essay on the Origin of the English Stage. It appears likewise from a page at the conclusion of the second vol. of the entries belonging to the Stationers' company, that in the 41st year of queen Elizabeth, many new restraints on booksellers were laid. Among these are the following, "That no plaies be printed excepte they bee allowed by such as have auctoritye." The records of the Stationers however contain the entries of some which have never yet been met with by the most successful collectors; nor are their titles to be found in any registers of the stage, whether ancient or modern. It should seem from the same volumes that it was customary for the Stationers to seize the whole impression of any work that had given offence, and burn it publickly at their hall, in obedience to the edicts of the archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishop of London, who sometimes enjoyed these literary executions at their respective palaces. Among other works condemned to the flames by these discerning prelates, were the complete satires of bishop Hall.

Mr. Theobald, at the conclusion of the preface to his first edition of Shakespeare, asserts, that exclusive of the dramas of Ben Jonson, and B. and Fletcher, he had read "above 800 of old English plays." He omitted this assertion, however, on the republication

To the other evils of our civil war muſt be added the interruption of polite learning, and the ſuppreſſion of many dramatic and poetical names, which were plunged in obſcurity by tumults and revolutions, and have never ſince attracted curioſity. The utter neglect of ancient Engliſh literature continued ſo long, that many books may be ſuppoſed to be loſt; and that curioſity, which has been now for ſome years increaſing among us, wants materials for its operations. Books and pamphlets, printed originally in ſmall numbers, being thus neglected, were ſoon deſtroyed; and though the capital authors were preſerved, they were preſerved to languiſh without regard. How little Shakeſpeare himſelf was once read, may be underſtood from Tate †, who, in his dedication to the altered play of *King Lear*, ſpeaks of the original as of an obſcure piece, recommended to his notice by a friend; and the author of the *Tatler*, having occaſion to quote a few lines out of *Macbeth*, was content to receive them from D'Avenant's altera-

republication of the ſame work, and, I hope, he did ſo, through a conſciouſneſs of its utter falſhood; for if we except the plays of the authors already mentioned, it would be difficult to diſcover half the number that were written early enough to ſerve the purpoſe for which he pretends to have peruſed this imaginary ſtock of ancient literature.

I might add, that the private collection of Mr. Theobald, which, including the plays of Jonſon, Fletcher and Shakeſpeare, did not amount to many more than an hundred, remained entire in the hands of the late Mr. Tonſon, till the time of his death. It does not appear that any other collection but the Harleian was at that time formed; nor does Mr. Theobald's edition contain any intrinſic evidences of ſo comprehenſive an examination of our eldeſt dramatic writers, as he aſſumes to himſelf the merit of having made.

† In the year 1707 Mr. N. Tate publiſhed a tragedy called *Injured Love, or the Cruel Huſband*, and in the title page of it calls himſelf, "*Author* of the tragedy called *King Lear*."

tion

tion of that celebrated drama, in which almoſt every original beauty is either aukwardly diſguiſed, or arbitrarily omitted. So little were the defects or peculiarities of the old writers known, even at the beginning of our century, that though the cuſtom of alliteration had prevailed to that degree in the time of Shakeſpeare, that it became contemptible and ridiculous, yet it is made one of Waller's praiſes by a writer of his life, that he firſt introduced this practice into Engliſh verſification.

It will be expected that ſome notice ſhould be taken of the laſt editor of Shakeſpeare, and that his merits ſhould be eſtimated with thoſe of his predeceſſors. Little, however, can be ſaid of a work, to the completion of which, both a large proportion of the commentary and various readings is as yet wanting. *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* is the only play from that edition, which has been conſulted in the courſe of this work; for as ſeveral paſſages there are arbitrarily omitted, and as no notice is given when other deviations are made from the old copies, it was of little conſequence to examine any further. This circumſtance is mentioned, leſt ſuch accidental coincidences of opinion, as may be diſcovered hereafter, ſhould be interpreted into plagiariſm.

It may occaſionally happen, that ſome of the remarks long ago produced by others, are offered again as recent diſcoveries. It is likewiſe abſolutely impoſſible to pronounce with any degree of certainty, whence all the hints, which furniſh matter for a commentary, have been collected, as they lay

ſcattered

ſcattered in many books and papers, which were probably never read but once, or the particulars which they contain received only in the courſe of common converſation; nay, what is called plagiariſm, is often no more than the reſult of having thought alike with others on the ſame ſubject.

The diſpute about the learning of Shakeſpeare being now finally ſettled, a catalogue is added of thoſe tranſlated authors, whom Mr. Pope has thought proper to call

The claſſics of an age that heard of none.

The reader may not be diſpleaſed to have the Greek and Roman poets, orators, &c. who had been rendered acceſſible to our author, expoſed at one view; eſpecially as the liſt has received the advantage of being corrected and amplified by the Reverend Dr. Farmer, the ſubſtance of whoſe very deciſive pamphlet is interſperſed through the notes which are added in this reviſal of Dr. Johnſon's Shakeſpeare.

To thoſe who have advanced the reputation of our Poet, it has been endeavoured, by Dr. Johnſon, in the foregoing preface, impartially to allot their dividend of fame; and it is with great regret that we now add to the catalogue, another, the conſequence of whoſe death will perhaps affect not only the works of Shakeſpeare, but of many other writers. Soon after the firſt appearance of this edition, a diſeaſe, rapid in its progreſs, deprived the world of Mr. Jacob Tonson; a man,

a man, whofe zeal for the improvement of English literature, and whofe liberality to men of learning, gave him a juft title to all the honours which men of learning can beftow. To fuppofe that a perfon employed in an extenfive trade, lived in a ftate of indifference to lofs and gain, would be to conceive a character incredible and romantic; but it may be juftly faid of Mr. TONSON, that he had enlarged his mind beyond folicitude about petty loffes, and refined it from the defire of unreafonable profit. He was willing to admit thofe with whom he contracted, to the juft advantage of their own labours; and had never learned to confider the author as an under-agent to the bookfeller. The wealth which he inherited or acquired, he enjoyed like a man confcious of the dignity of a profeffion fubfervient to learning. His domeftic life was elegant, and his charity was liberal. His manners were foft, and his converfation delicate: nor is, perhaps, any quality in him more to be cenfured, than that referve which confined his acquaintance to a fmall number, and made his example lefs ufeful, as it was lefs extenfive. He was the laft commercial name of a family which will be long remembered; and if Horace thought it not improper to convey the SOSII to pofterity; if rhetoric fuffered no difhonour from Quintilian's dedication to TRYPHO; let it not be thought that we difgrace Shakefpeare, by appending to his works the name of TONSON.

To this prefatory advertifement I have now fubjoined a chapter extracted from the *Guls Hornbook*, (a fatirical pamphlet written by Decker in the year 1609)

1609) as it affords the reader a more complete idea of the customs peculiar to our ancient theatres, than any other publication which has hitherto fallen in my way. See this performance, page 27.

"CHAP. VI.

How a Gallant should behave himself in a Play house.

The *theater* is your poet's Royal Exchange, upon which, their muses (that are now turn'd to merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words, *plaudities* and the *breath* of the great *beast*, which (like the threatnings of two cowards) vanish all into aire. *Plaiers* and their *factors*, who put away the stuffe and make the best of it they possibly can (as indeed 'tis their parts so to doe) your gallant, your courtier, and your capten, had wont to be the soundest paymasters, and I thinke are still the surest chapmen: and these by meanes that their heades are well stockt, deale upon this comical freight by the grosse; when your *groundling*, and *gallery commoner* buyes his sport by the penny, and, like a *hagler*, is glad to utter it againe by retailing.

Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stoole as well to the farmer's sonne as to your Templer: that your stinkard has the selfe same libertie to be there in his tobacco-fumes, which your sweet courtier hath: and that your carman and tinker claime as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgment on the plaies' life and death, as well as the proudest *Momus* among the tribe of *critick*; it is fit that hee, whom the most tailors' bils do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a vyoll) cas'd up in a corner.

Whether therefore the gatherers of the publique or private play-house stand to receive the afternoone's rent, let our gallant (having paid it) presently advance himselfe up to the throne of the stage. I meane not into the lords' roome (which is now but the stage's suburbs). No, those boxes by the iniquity of custome, conspiracy of waiting-women and gentlemen-ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetous sharers, are contemptibly thrust into the reare, and much

much new ſatten is there dambd by being ſmothered to death in darkneſſe. But on the very ruſhes where the commedy is to daunce, yea and under the ſtate of *Cambiſes* himſelfe muſt our feather'd eſtridge, like a piece of ordnance be planted valiantly (becauſe impudently) beating downe the mewes and hiſſes of the oppoſed raſcality.

* For do but caſt up a reckoning, what large cummings in are purs'd up by ſitting on the ſtage. Firſt a conſpicuous eminence is gotten, by which meanes the beſt and moſt eſſenciall parts of a gallant (good cloathes, a proportionable legge, white hand, the Perſian locke, and a tollerable beard,) are perfectly revealed.

By ſitting on the ſtage you have a ſign'd pattent to engroſſe the whole commodity of cenſure; may lawfully preſume to be a girder; and ſtand at the helme to ſteere the paſſage of ſcænes, yet no man ſhall once offer to hinder you from obtaining the title of an inſolent over-weening coxcombe.

By ſitting on the ſtage, you may (without travelling for it) at the very next doore, aske whoſe play it is: and by that queſt of inquiry, the law warrants you to avoid much miſtaking: if you know not the author, you may raile againſt him; and peradventure ſo behave yourſelfe, that you may enforce the author to know you.

By ſitting on the ſtage, if you be a knight, you may happily get you a miſtreſſe: if a meere *Fleet-ſtreet* gentleman, a wife: but aſſure yourſelfe by continuall reſidence, you are the firſt and principall man in election to begin the number of *We three*.

By ſpreading your body on the ſtage, and by being a juſtice in examining of plaies, you ſhall put yourſelfe into ſuch a true ſcænical authority, that ſome poet ſhall not dare to preſent his muſe rudely before your eyes, without having firſt unmaſkt her, rifled her, and diſcovered all her bare and moſt myſtical parts before you at a taverne, when you moſt knightly, ſhal for his paines, pay for both their ſuppers.

By ſitting on the ſtage, you may (with ſmall coſt) purchaſe the deere acquaintance of the boyes: have a good ſtoole for ſixpence: at any time know what particular part any of the infants preſent: get your match lighted, examine the play-ſuits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper, &c. And to conclude, whether you be a foole or a juſtice of peace, a cuckold or a capten, a lord maior's ſonne

or a dawcocke, a knave or an under ſhriefe, of what ſtamp ſoever you be, currant or counterfet, the ſtagelike time will bring you to moſt perfect light, and lay you open: neither are you to be hunted from thence though the ſcar-crowes in the yard hoot you, hiſſe at you, ſpit at you, yea throw dirt even in your teeth: 'tis moſt gentleman-like patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the ſilly animals. But if the rabble, with a full throat, crie away with the foole, you were worſe than a mad-man to tarry by it: for the gentleman and the foole ſhould never ſit on the ſtage together.

Mary, let this obſervation go hand in hand with the reſt: or rather, like a country-ſerving man, ſome five yards before them. Preſent not your ſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a new play) untill the quaking prologue hath (by rubbing) got cullor into his cheekes, and is ready to give the trumpets their cue that hees upon point to enter: for then it is time, as though you were one of the *properties*, or that you dropt of the *hangings* to creep from behind the arras, with your *tripos* or three-legged ſtoole in one hand, and a teſton mounted betweene a fore-finger and a thumbe, in the other: for if you ſhould beſtow your perſon upon the vulgar, when the belly of the houſe is but halfe full, your apparell is quite eaten up, the faſhion loſt, and the proportion of your body in more danger to be devoured, then if it were ſerved up in the Counter amongſt the Poultry: avoid that as you would the baſtome. It ſhall crowne you with rich commendation to laugh alowd in the middeſt of the moſt ſerious and ſaddeſt ſcene of the terribleſt tragedy: and to let that clapper (your tongue) be toſt ſo high that all the houſe may ring of it: your lords uſe it; your knights are apes to the lords, and do ſo too: your inne-a-court-man is zany to the knights, and (many very ſcurvily) comes likewiſe limping after it: bee thou a beagle to them all, and never lin ſnuffing till you have ſented them: for by talking and laughing (like a ploughman in a morris) you heape *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*, glory upon glory: as firſt all the eyes in the galleries will leave walking after the players, and onely follow you: the ſimpleſt dolt in the houſe ſnatches up your name, and when he meetes you in the ſtreetes, or that you fall into his hands in the middle of a watch, his word ſhall be taken for you: heele cry, *Hees ſuch a gallant*, and you paſſe. Secondly you publiſh your temperance to the world, in that you ſeeme not to reſort thither to taſte vaine pleaſures with a hungrie appetite; but onely as a gentleman, to ſpend a fooliſh houre or two, becauſe

because you can doe nothing else. Thirdly you mightily disrelish the audience, and disgrace the author: marry, you take up (though it be at the worst hand) a strong opinion of your owne judgement, and inforce the poet to take pity of your weakenesse, and by some dedicated sonnet to bring you into a better paradice, onely to stop your mouth.

If you can (either for love or money) provide your selfe a lodging by the water side: for above the conveniencie it brings to shun shoulder-clapping, and to ship away your cockatrice betimes in the morning, it addes a kind of state unto you, to be carried from thence to the staires of your play-house: hate a sculler (remember that) worse then to be acquainted 'with one ath' scullery. No, your oares are your onely sea-crabs, boord them, and take heed you never go twice together with one paire: often shifting is a great credit to gentlemen: and that dividing of your fare wil make the poore watersnaks be ready to pul you in peeces to enjoy your custome. No matter whether upon landing you have money or no; you may swim in twentie of their boates over the river upon *ticket*: mary, when silver comes in, remember to pay trebble their fare, and it will make your flounder-catchers to send more thankes after you, when you doe not draw, then when you doe: for they know, it will be their owne another daie.

Before the play begins, fall to cardes; you may win or loose (as fencers doe in a prize) and beate one another by confederacie, yet share the money when you meete at supper: notwithstanding, to gul the ragga-muffins that stand a loofe gaping at you, throw the cards (having first torne foure or five of them) round about the stage, just upon the third sound, as though you had lost: it skils not if the foure knaves ly on their backs, and outface the audience, there's none such fooles as dare take exceptions at them, because ere the play go off, better knaves than they, will fall into the company.

Now, Sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigram'd you, or hath had a flirt at your mistris, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs, &c. on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse then by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a taverne, if in the middle of his play, (bee it pastorall or comedy, morall or tragedie) you rise with a skreud and discontented face from your stoole to be gone: no matter whether the scenes be good or no; the better they are, the

worſe doe you diſtaſt them: and beeing on your feete, ſneake not away like a coward, but ſalute all your gentle acquaintance that are ſpred either on the ruſhes or on ſtooles about you, and draw what troope you can from the ſtage after you: the *mimicks* are beholden to you, for allowing them elbow roome: their poet cries perhaps, a pox go with you, but care not you *for* that; there's no muſick without frets.

Mary, if either the company, or indiſpoſition of the weather binde you to ſit it out, my counſell is then that you turne plaine ape: take up a ruſh and tickle the earneſt eares of your fellow gallants, to make other fooles fall a laughing: mewe at the paſſionate ſpeeches, blare at merrie, finde fault with the muſicke, whewe at the children's action, whiſtle at the ſongs; and above all, curſe the ſharers, that whereas the ſame day you had beſtowed forty ſhillings on an embroidered felt and feather (Scotch-faſhion) for your miſtres in the court, or your punck in the cittie, within two houres after, you encounter with the very ſame block on the ſtage, when the haberdaſher ſwore to you the impreſſion was extant but that morning.

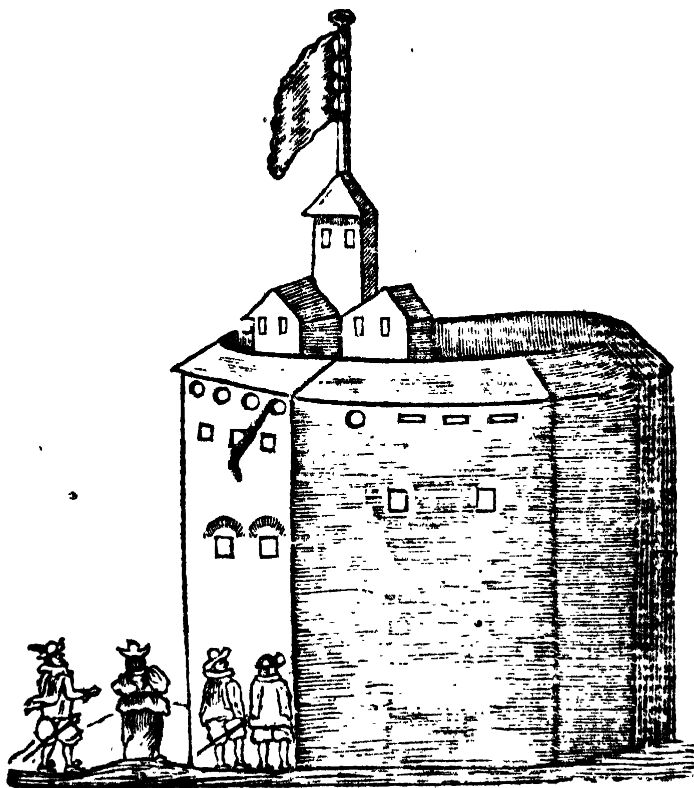
To conclude, hoord up the fineſt play-ſcraps you can get, upon which your leane wit may moſt favourly feede, for want of other ſtuffe, when the *Arcadian* and *Euphuis'd* gentlewomen have their tongues ſharpened to ſet upon you: that qualitie (next to your ſhittlecocke) is the only furniture to a courtier that's but a new beginner, and is but in his ABC of complement. The next places that are fil'd after the play-houſes bee emptied, are (or ought to be) tavernes: into a taverne then let us next march, where the braines of one hogſhead muſt be beaten out to make up another."

I ſhould have attempted on the preſent occaſion to enumerate all other pamphlets, &c. from whence particulars relative to the conduct of our early theatres might be collected, but that Dr. Percy, in his firſt volume of the *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, (third edit. p. 128, &c.) has extracted ſuch paſſages from them as tend to the illuſtration of this ſubject; to which he has added more accurate remarks than my experience in theſe matters would have enabled me to ſupply.

The

The GLOBE on the BANCKE SIDE, where SHAKESPEARE acted.

From the long Antwerp View of London in the Pepysian Library.



With the drawing from which this cut was made, I was favoured by the Reverend Mr. Henley, of Harrow on the Hill.

STEEVENS.

ANCIENT TRANSLATIONS

FROM

CLASSIC AUTHORS.

HOMER.

TEN Bookes of the Iliades into English out of French, by Arthur Hall, Esquire. Lond. imprinted by Ralph Newberie, 4to *. —— — 1581

The Shield of Achilles, from the 18th Book of Homer, by Geo. Chapman, 4to. Lond. —— 1596

Seven Books of the Iliades, by ditto, 4to †. Lond. 1596

D°. —— —— —— 1598

Fifteen Books of ditto, thin folio —— 1600

The whole Works of Homer, by d°. printed for Nath. Butter —— —— —— *no date*

The Crowne of all Homer's Workes, Batrachomymachia, &c. thin fol. printed by John Bill — *no date* ‡

* In the first vol. of the books of entries belonging to the Stationers' company is the following:

" Henry Bynneman] Nov 1580, lycensed unto him under the wardens' hands tenne bookes of the Iliades of Homer." Again, Nov. 14, 1608. " Seven bookes of Homer's Iliades translated into Englsh by Geo. Chapman." Again, April 8, 1611, " A booke called Homer's Iliades in Englishe, containing 24 Bookes " Again, Nov. 2, 1614, " Homer's Odisses 24 bookes translated by George Chapman."

† Meres, in his *Second part of Wit's Common-wealth*, 1598, says that *Chapman* is " of good note for his inchoate *Homer*."

‡ In the first volume of the entries of the Stationers' company is the following;

" T. Purfoote.] The Battell of the Frogges and Myce, and certain orations of Isocrates. Jan. 4th 1579."

MU-

MUSÆUS.

Marloe's Hero and Leander, with the firſt Book of Lucan, 4to. — — — 1600

There muſt have been a former Edition, as a ſecond Part was publiſhed by Henry Petowe* — 1598

Muſæus's Poem of Hero and Leander, imitated by Chriſtopher Marlow, and finiſhed by Geo. Chapman, 8vo. Lond. — — — — 1606

EURIPIDES.

Jocaſta, a Tragedy, from the Phœniſſa of Euripides, by Geo. Gaſcoigne, and Mr. Francis Kinwelmerſhe, 4to. Lond. — — — 1556

PLATO.

Axiochus, a Dialogue, attributed to Plato, by Edm. Spenſer, 4to †. — — 1592

DEMOSTHENES.

The Three Orations of Demoſthenes, chiefe Orator among the Grecians, in Favour of the Olynthians, with thoſe

* This tranſlation, or at leaſt Marlow's part in it, muſt have been publiſhed before 1599, being twice mentioned in Naſh's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. which bears that date. " *Leander* and *Hero* of whom divine *Muſæus* ſung, and a diviner muſe than him, *Kit Marlow*." Again, " She ſprung after him, and ſo reſigned up her prieſthood, and left worke for *Muſæus* and *Kit Marlow*."

Among the entries at Stationers' hall I find the following made by John Wolfe in 1593, Sept. 8th, " A booke entitled Hero and Leander, being an amorous poem deviſed by Chriſtopher Mar-Marlow."

At the ſame time, " Lucan's firſt booke of the famous Cyvill Warr betwixt Pompey and Cæſar. Engliſhed by Chriſtopher Marlow."

Again, in 1597, " A booke in Engliſh called Hero and Leander."

Again, April 1598, " The ſeconde Parte of Hero and Leander by Henry Petowe." Andrew Harris enter'd it.

Again, in 1600, " Hero and Leander by Marlowe."

In 1614 an entire tranſlation of Lucan was publiſhed by Sir Arthur Gorges, and enter'd as ſuch on the ſame books.

† This book was entered in May 1592, at Stationers' hall.

his fower against Philip of Macedon, &c. by Tho. Wylson, Doctor of the Civill Lawes, 4to. — 1570

ISOCRATES.

Isocrates's sage Admonition to Demonicus, by R. Nutthall, 8vo. Lond. 1557, 12mo. and 1585

Isocrates's Doctrinal of Princes, by Syr Tho. Elliot, Lond. 8vo. —— —— —— 1534

Isocrates's Orat. intitled Evagoras, by Jer. Wolte, 8vo. 1581

Three Orations of moral Instructions, one to Demonicus, and two to Nicocles, King of Salamis, translated from Isocrates, by Tho. Forrest, 4to. —— 1580

LUCIAN.

Necromantia, a Dialog of the Poete Lucyen between Menippus and Philonides, for his Fantesye faynyd for a mery Pastyme, in Englissh Verse and Latin Prose.

Toxaris, or the Friendship of Lucian, by A.O. Lond. 8vo. 1565

HERODOTUS.

The famous Hystory of Herodotus*, in nine Bookes, &c. by B. R. Lond. —— —— 1584

N. B. *This Piece contains only the two first Books, viz. the Clio and Euterpe. The Translator says in his Preface, "As these speede, so the rest will follow."* 4to.

THUCYDIDES.

The Hystory writtone by Thucydides, &c. translated out of the Frenche of Claude de Seyssel, Bishop of Marseilles, into the Englishe language, by Tho. Nicolls, Citizeine and Goldsmyth of London, fol. —— 1550†

POLYBIUS.

Hystories of the most famous and worthy Cronographer,

* Among the entries in the books at Stationers-hall this appears to be one.

"John Denham.] The famous Historye of Herodotus in Englyshe, June 13, 1581."

† On the Stationers' books in 1607 either this or some other translation is enter'd, called "The History of Thucidides the Athenian translated into English."

Polybius,

Polybius, by Chriftopher Watfon, 8vo. — 1568
This Work confifts of extracts only.

DIODORUS SICULUS*.

The Hiftory of the Succeffors of Alexander, &c. out of Diodorus Siculus and Plutarch, by Tho. Stocker. Lond. 4to. —— —— —— 1569

APPIAN.

An auncient Hiftorie, &c. by Appian † of Alexandria, tranflated out of diverfe Languages, &c. by W. B. 4to. Lond. —— —— — 1578

JOSEPHUS.

Jofephus's Hiftory, &c. tranflated into Englifh, by Tho. Lodge, fol. Lond. 1602—1609, &c.

ÆLIAN.

Ælian's Regiftre of Hyftories, by Abraham Fleming, 4to. 1576

HERODIAN.

The Hiftorie of Herodian, &c. tranfl. oute of Greeke into Latin, by Angelus Politianus, and out of Latin into Englyfhe, by Nich. Smyth. Imprinted at London, by William Coplande, 4to ‡.

PLUTARCH.

Plutarch's Lives §, by Sir Tho. North, from the Fr. of Amyot, Bifhop of Auxerre, fol. 1579, 1602, 1603

* Caxton tells us, that "Skelton had tranflated *Diodorus Siculus, the Epiftles of Tulle*, and diverfe other Workes:" but I know not that they were ever printed.

† In the firft volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers' company, Feb. 5, 1577, is the following:
"Henry Binneman. Appianus Alexandrinus of the Romaine Civill Warres."

‡ Oct. 1591, *Herodian in Englifh* was entered at Stationers-hall by —— Adams.

§ Thus entered in the books of the Stationers' company.
"April 1579—Vautrouller—Wright, a booke in Englifhe called Plutarch's Lyves."

Plutarch's

Plutarch's Morals, by Dr. Philemon Holland 1603 *
Plutarch of the Education of Children, by Sir Tho. Elyott, 4to.
The Preceptes of that excellent Clerke and grave Philosopher Plutarche, for the Preservation of Healthe, 8vo. 1543

ARISTOTLE.

The Ethiques of Aristotle, &c. by John Wylkinson. Printed by Grafton, Printer to K. Edw. VI. 8vo. B. L. 1547 †
The Secrete of Secretes of Aristotle, &c. translated out of the Frenche, &c. Lond. 8vo. —— 1528
Aristotle's Politiques, &c ‡. from the Fr. by J. D. fol. Lond. 1598

XENOPHON.

The eight Bookes of Xenophon, containing the Institution, Schole, and Education of Cyrus, the noble King of Persye, &c. transl. out of Gr. into Engl. by Mr. William Bercher. Lond. 12mo. 1567 and 1569
D°. by Dr. Philemon Holland.
Xenophon's Treatise of House-hold right, connyngly transl. out of the Greke tongue, &c. by Gentian Hervet, &c. 8vo. Lond. 1532. 8vo. 1534. 1544. 8vo. 1573
The Arte of Riding from Xenophon, &c. Lond. 4to. 1584

EPICTETUS§.

The Manuell of Epictetus, transl. out of Greeke into French,

* On the Stationers' books in the year 1600 is the following entry.
"A booke to be translated out of Frenche into Englishe, and so printed, called the Morall Woorkes of Plutarque." Again in 1602. Again in the same year, "The morral worke of Plutarque, being translated out of French into English."

† Of the *Ethicks of Aristotle* some more early translation must have appeared; as Sir Tho. Elyot in his *Boke named the Governour*, 1537, says, "they are to be learned in Greke; for *the translations that we have*, be but a rude and grosse shadowe of the eloquence and wysdome of Aristotle."

‡ This translation is entered in the books at Stationers-hall. "Adam Islip] Aristotle's Politiques with expositions; to be translated into Englyshe by the Frenche copie, 1598."

§ In the books of the Stationer's company, Feb. 12, 1581, Tho. Easte entered Enchiridion in English.

and

and now into Englifh, &c. Alfo the Apothegmes, &c. by James Sandford. Lond. 12mo. 1567

EUNAPIUS SARDIANUS.*.

The Lyves of Philofophers and Orators, from the Greek of Eunapius, 4to. —— —— 1579

ACHILLES TATIUS.

The moft delectable and pleafant Hift. of Clitophon and Leucippe, from the Greek of Achilles Statius, &c. by W. B. 4to —— —— —— 1597†

M. ANTONINUS‡.

The Golden Boke of Marcus Aurelius, Emperour and eloquent Orator, 12mo. Lond. —— 1553
Tranflated out of Fr. into Eng. by Sir John Bourchier, Kt. &c. &c.
Other editions of this are in 1534, 1535, 2536, 1537, 15 1586, 15

DIONYSIUS.

Dionyfius's Defcriptic of the Worlde. Englyfhed by Tho. Twine, 8vo. Lond. —— —— 1572

EUCLID.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry, tranfl. into Eng. by Rich. Candifh, who flourifhed, A. D. —— 1556

* Thus entered in the books of the Stationer's company. " Richard Jones. The Lives of divers excellente Orators and Philofophers written in Greeke by Enapius of the city of Sardis in Lydia, and tranflated into Englifhe by ——"

† This book was entered in the fame year by Thomas Creede, on the books of the Stationers' company.

‡ This book is only introduced, that an opportunity may be obtained of excluding it from any future catalogue of tranflated claffics. It was a fraud of Guevara's, but not undetected; for *Chapman*, in his *Gentleman Ufher*, 1602, fpeaks of the book as *Guevara's* own. " If there be not more choice words in that letter, than in any three of *Guevara's Golden Epiftles*, I am a very afs." See his article in Bayle. Our countryman Elyott did fomewhat of the fame kind. He pretended to tranflate the Actes and Sentences notable, of the Emperor *Alexander Severus*, (from the Greek of Encolpius. See *Fabricius'* and Tanner's Bibliothec. &c.

Euclid's

Euclid's Elements, Pref. by John Dee. Lond. 1570

HIPPOCRATES.

The Aphorismes of Hippocrates, redacted into a certaine Order, and translated by Humfrie Llhyd, 8vo. 1585

GALEN.

Galen's Two Books of Elements, translated into Engl. by J. Jones, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1574

Certaine Workes of Galen, englyshed by Tho. Gale, 4to. 1586

HELIODORUS.

The Beginning of Æthiopical History in Engl. Hexameters, by Abrah. Fraunce, 8vo. Lond. —— 1591 *

Heliodorus's Æthiopic Hist. transl. by Tho. Underdown, B. L. 4to. Lond. —— 1577 and 1587

VIRGIL.

The Boke of Eneydos, &c. by Caxton, fol. Lond. *prose* 1490

The thirteen Bukes of Eneados in Scottish Metir, by Gawain Douglas, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1553

Certain Bookes of Virgile's Æneis † turned into English Metir, by the right honourable Lorde, Henry Earle of Surrey, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1557

The first seven Bookes of the Eneidos, by Phaer. Lond. 4to. B. L. —— —— 1558

This Translation is in rhime of fourteen syllables.

The nyne first Bookes, &c. by Phaer, 4to. Lond. 1562

The thirteene Bookes of Eneidos, by Phaer and Twyne, 4to. Lond. — 1584, 1596, 1607, &c ‡.

The first foure Bookes of Virgil's Æneis, translated into

* A translation of the same book is likewise entered at Stationer's hall 1602, and again twice in 1604, for different printers.

† This is a translation of the second and fourth books into blank verse, and is perhaps the oldest specimen of that metre in the English language.

‡ Among the entries in the books of the Stationer's company, is the following. "Tho. Creede.] Virgil's Æneidos in Englishe verse, 1595." Again in 1600. Again his Bucolics and Georgics in the same year.

Engl.

Engl. heroic Verse, by Richard Stanyhurst *, &c. 12mo. Lond. —— —— 1583

The Bucolickes of Publius Virgilius Maro, &c. by Abraham Fleming, drawn into plaine and familiar Englyshe, Verse for Verse, 4to. B. L. —— 1575

Virgil's Eclogues and Georgicks, translated into blank Verse, by the same Author, Lond. —— 1589

The Lamentation of Corydon for the Love of Alexis, Verse for Verse, out of Latine.

This is translated into English Hexameters, and printed at the end of the Countesse of Pembroke's Ivychurch 1591. *By Abraham Fraunce.*

Virgil's Culex paraphrased, by Spenser. See his works.

HORACE.

Two Bookes of Horace his Satyres Englyshed, accordyng to the Prescription of Saint Hierome, 4to. B. L. Lond. 1566

Horace his Arte of Poetrie, Pistles † and Satyrs Englished, by Tho. Drant, 4to. Lond. —— 1567

OVID.

The fifteene Bookes of Metamorphoseos. In which ben contaynid the Fables of Ovid, by William Caxton, Westm. fol. —— —— 1480

The four first Books of Ovid, transl. from the Latin into English Meetre, by Arthur Golding, Gent. 4to. B. L. Lond. —— —— 1565

The fifteene Bookes of P. Ovidius Naso, &c. by Arthur Golding, 4to. Bl. L. Lond. —— 1576

Another in 1575 *according to Ames, and another earlier than either, in* 1567, *if we may believe the Date of the Dedication.*

[*A former Edition was in* 1572, *in Rawlinson's catal.*]

D°. —— —— 1587. D°. 1612.

The pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis. 8vo. Lond. —— —— —— 1565

*, The copy which I have seen, was in 4to, printed at Leiden, and was entered as such on the books of the Stationers on the 24th of January, 1582.

† There is an entry at Stationer's hall of the Epistles of Horace in 1591.

The Fable of Ovid treating of Narcissus, transl. out of Latin into Eng. Mytre, with a Moral ther unto very plesante to rede, 4to. Lond. —— —— 1560

The Heroycall Epistles, &c. set out and translated by Geo. Turbervile, Gent. &c. B. L. 4to. Lond *. 1507, 1569, and 1600

The three first Bookes of Ovid de Tristibus, transl. into English, by Tho. Churchyard, 4to. Lond. 1580 †

Ovid his Invective against Ibis, translated into Eng. Meeter, &c. 12mo. Lond. —— —— 1569 ‡

And 157 , by Tho. Underwood.

Certaine of Ovid's Elegies by C. Marlow §. 12mo. At Middleburgh —— —— —— *no date.*

All Ovid's Elegies, three Bookes. By C. M. At Middleburgh. 12mo. Somewhat larger than the preceding edition.

Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, by Fra. Beaumont, 4to. 1602

He likewise translated a Part of the Remedy of Love. There was another Translation of the whole, by Sir Tho. Overbury, 8vo. without date ||.

PLAUTUS.

Menæchmi, by W. W. Lond. ¶ —— 1595

MARTIAL.

Flowers of Epigrams (from Martial particularly) by Tim. Kendall, 8vo **. —— —— 1577

* Among the Stationers' entries I find in 594, "A booke entitled *Oenone and Paris*, wherein is described the extremity of love, &c." This may be a translation from Ovid.

† This book was enter'd at Stationers' hall by Tho. Easte, July 1, 1577, and by Thomas Orwin in 1591.

‡ Among the entries in the books of the Stationers' company is the following. Henry Bynneman] July 1, 157 , Ovid's Invective against Ibis. Bought of Tho. Easte.

§ In the forty-first of Q. Eliz. these translations from Ovid were commanded by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London, to be burnt at Stationers' hall.

|| On the books of the Stationers' company, Dec. 23, 1599, is entered "Ovidius Naso his Remedy of Love." Again, in the same year, "Ovydes Epistles in Englyshe," and "Ovydes Metamorphosis in Englyshe."

¶ This piece was enter'd at Stationers' hall June 10th 1594. In 1520, viz. the 11th year of Hen. VIII. it appears from Holinshed, that a comedy of Plautus was played before the king.

** Entered at Stationers' hall Feb. 1576.

TE-

TERENCE.

Terens in Englyſh, or the tranſlacyon out of Latin into Englyſh of the firſt comedy of Tyrens callyd Andria. *Suppoſed to be printed by J. Raſtell**.

Andria,

* As the following metrical introduction to this play, relates chiefly to the improvements at that time ſuppoſed to have been made in the Engliſh language, I could not prevail on myſelf to ſuppreſs it.

The Poet.

The famous renown through the worlde is ſprong
Of poetys ornate that usyd to indyte
Of dyvers matters in theyr moder tong
Some toke uppon them tranſlacions to wryte
Some to compile bokys for theyr delyte
But in our Engliſh tong for to ſpeke playn
I rede but of few have take any gret payn.

Except maſter Gowre which furſt began
And of moralite wrote ryght craftely
Than maſter Chaucer that excellent man
Which wrote as compendious as elygantly
As in any other tong ever dyd any
Ludgate alſo which adournyd our tong
Whoſe noble famys through the world be ſprong.

By theſe men our tong is amplyfyed ſo
That we therin now tranſlate as well may
As in eny other tongis other can do
Yet the Greke tong and Laten dyvers men ſay
Have many wordys can not be Englyſhid this day
So lyke wyſe in Englyſh many wordys do habound
That no Greke nor Laten for them can be found.

And the cauſe that our tong is ſo plenteouſe now
For we kepe our Englyſh contynually
And of other tongis many wordis we borow
Which now for Englyſh we uſe and occupy
Theſe thingis have gyven corage gretly
To dyvers and ſpecyally now of late
To them that this comedy have tranſlate.

Which all diſcrete men now do beſech
And ſpecyally lernyd men to take no dyſdayn
Though this be compylyd in our vulgare ſpech
Yet lernyng thereby ſome men may attayn
For they that in this comedy have take payn

Pray

Andria, the firſt Comedy of Terence, by Maurice Kyffin, 4to. — — — 1588
Terence in Engliſh, by Richard Bernard, 4to. Cambridge * 1598
Flowers of Terence — — 1591

SENECA.

Seneca his Tenne Tragedies †, tranſlated into Englyſh by different Tranſlators, 4to. Lond. — 1581
Seneca's Forme and Rule of Honeſt Living, by Rob. Whyttington, 8vo. — — 1546
Seven Bookes of Benefyting ‡, by Arthur Golding, 4to. 1577

LIVY.

Livius (Titus §) and other Authores Hiſtorie of Annibal and Scipio, tranſlated into Engliſh, by Anthony Cope, Eſquier, B. L. 4to. Lond. — 1545

Pray you to correct where faut ſhal be found
And of our matter ſo here is the ground.

In the metrical peroration to this piece, is the following ſtanza:

Wherfore the tranſlatours now require you this
Yf ought be amys ye wold conſyder
The Englyſh almoſt as ſhort as the Laten is
And ſtill to kepe ryme a dyffycult matter
To make the ſentence opynly to appere
Which if it had a long expocyſion
Then were it a comment and no tranſlacyon.

* At Stationer's hall in 1597, "the ſecond comedy of Terence, called *Eunuchus*" was entered by W. Leake; and the firſt and ſecond comedie in 1600.

† In the firſt volume of the entries of the Stationers' company, Aug. 1579, Rich. Jones, and John Charlewood entered the 4th tragedie of Seneca. And again all the ten in 1581.

‡ In the firſt volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers' company is the following, "March 26, 1579, *Seneca de Beneficiis* in Englyſhe"

§ In the firſt volume of the entries in the books of the Stationers' company, anno 1597, is the following note, "Memorandum that Mr. Alexander Nevill, Gent. is appointed to tranſlate *Titus Livius* into the Englyſhe tongue: expreſſed, the ſame is not to be printed, by anie man, but only ſuch as ſhall have his tranſlacion." Again, in 1598, "The hiſtory of Titus Livius" was entered by Adam Iſlip.

The

The Romane Hiſt. &c. by T. Livius of Padua. Alſo the Breviaries of L. Florus, &c. by Dr. Philemon Holland, fol. Lond. —— —— 1600

TACITUS.

The End of Nero and Beginning of Galba. Fower Bookes of the Hiſtories of Cornelius Tacitus. The Life of Agricola, by Sir Hen. Saville, 4to. Lond. 1591

Annales of Tacitus, by Richard Grenaway, fol. 1598

SALLUST*.

The Famous Cronycle of the Warre, which the Romyns had againſt Jugurth, &c. compyled in Lat. by the renowned Romayn Salluſt, &c. tranſlated into Engliſhe, by Sir Alex. Barclay Preeſt, &c. Printed by Pynſon, fol.

D°. Lond. pr. by John Waley, 4to. —— 1557

The Conſpiracie of Lucius Cataline, tranſlated into Eng. by Tho. Paynell, 4to. Lond. 1541 and 1557

The two moſt Worthy and Notable Hiſtories, &c. Both written by C. C. Saluſtius, and tranſlated by Tho. Heywood, Lond. ſm. fol. —— 1608

SUETONIUS.

Suetonius, tranſlated by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol. Lond. 1606†

CÆSAR‡.

Ceaſers Commentaries, as touching Britiſh affairs. Without name, printer, place, or date; but by the type it appears to be Raſtell's.

Ames, p. 148.

The eight Bookes of Caius Julius Cæſar, tranſlated by Arthur Golding, Gent. 4to. Lond. 1565 and 1590

Cæſar's Commentaries (de Bello Gallico) five Bookes, by Clement Edmundes, with Obſervations, &c. Fol. 1600

* A tranſlation of Salluſt was entered at Stationers' hall in 1588. Again, in 1607, "The hiſtorie of Salluſt in Engliſhe."

† This tranſlation was entered at Stationers' hall 1604.

‡ In the entries made in the books of the Stationers' company is the following,

"John Charlewood] Sept. 1581, Abſtracte of the hiſtorie of Ceſar and Pompeius."

De Bello Civili, by D°. three Bookes. Fol. — 1609
D°. by Chapman — — 1604

JUSTIN.

The Hist. of Justine, &c. by A. G. [Arthur Golding] Lond. 4to. — — 1564 and 1578
D°. by Dr. Phil. Holland — 1606
D°. by G. W. with an Epitomie of the Lives, &c. of the Romaine Emperors, from Aurelius Victor, fol. 1606

Q. CURTIUS.

The Historie of Quintus Curtius, &c. translated, &c. by John Brende, 4to. Lond. — 1553
Other Editions were in 1561, 1584, 1570, 1592*

EUTROPIUS.

Eutropius englished, by Nic. Haward, 8vo. 1564

A. MARCELLINUS.

Ammianus Marcellinus, translated by Dr. P. Holland. Lond. fol. — — 1609

CICERO.

Cicero's Familiar Epistles, by J. Webbe, n. 8vo. *no date*
Certain select Epistles into English, by Abr. Flemming, 4to. Lond. — — 1576
Those Fyve Questions which Marke Tullye Cicero disputed in his Manor of Tusculanum, &c. &c. Englyshed by John Dolman, sm. 8vo. Lond. — 1561
† Marcus Tullius Cicero, three Bookes of Duties, tourned

* In the Stationers' books this or some other translation of the same author was entered by Richard Tottell, Feb 1582, and again by Tho. Creede, &c 1599.

† Mattaire says [Ann. Typog. B. 5. 290.] "In floruIentâ tituli margunculâ (vulgo vignette) superiore, inscribitur 1534." This was a wooden Block used by the Printer Tottel, for many Books in small 8vo. and by no means determines their Date. There may however, have been some earlier translation than any here enumerated, as in Sir Tho. Elyot's *Boke named the Governour*, 7, is mentioned "the worke of Cicero, called in Latine *De officiis*, whereunto yet is no *propre* Englishe worde, &c."

out

out of Latin into English, by Nic. Grimalde 1555, 1556, 1558, 1574

Ames says 1553; perhaps by mistake.

The thre Bokes of Tullius Offyce, &c. translated, &c. by R. Whyttington, Poet Laureat, 12mo. Lond. 1533, 1534, 1540, and 1553‡

The Boke of Tulle of Old Age, translated by Will. Wyrcestre, alias Botaner. Caxton, 4to. 1481

De Senectute, by Whyttington, 8vo. —— *no date*

* The worthie Booke of Old Age, otherwise intitled The elder Cato, &c. 12mo. Lond. —— 1569

* Tullius Cicero on Old Age, by Tho. Newton, 8vo. Lond. 1569

Tullies Friendship, Olde Age, Paradoxe, and Scipio's Dream, by Tho. Newton, 4to. —— 1577

Tullius de Amicitia, translated into our maternal Englyshe Tongue, by the E. of Worcester. Printed by Caxton, with the Translation of *De Senectute*, fol.

The Paradoxe of M. T. Cicero, &c. by Rob. Whyttington, Poet Laureat. Printed in Southwarke, 12mo. 1540

Webbe translated all the sixteen Books of Cicero's Epistles, but probably they were not printed together in Shakespeare's Lifetime. I suppose this, from a Passage in his Dedication, in which he seems to mean Bacon, *by a* Great Lord Chancellor.

BOETHIUS.

Boethius, by Chaucer. Printed by Caxton, fol.

Boethius in English Verse, by Tho. Rychard. Imprinted in the exempt Monastery of Tavistock, 4to. — 1525

Eng. and Lat. by Geo. Colville, 4to. — 1556†

APULEIUS.

Apuleius's Golden Asse, translated into Eng. by Wm. Adlington,

‡ In the books belonging to Stationers' hall, "Tullies Offices in Latin and English" is entered Feb. 1582, for R. Tottell. Again, by Tho. Orwin, 1591.

** These are perhaps the same as the two foregoing Translations.

† In the Stationers' books Jan. 13th 1608, Matthew Lownes entered "Anitius Manlius Torquatus Severinus Boethius, a Christian Consul of Rome, newly translated out of Latin, together with original notes explaining the obscurest places."

lington, 4to. Lond. — 1566 and 1571 *

FRONTINUS.

Stratagemes, Sleighte, and Policies of Warre, gathered by S. Julius Frontinus. Translated by Richard Morisine, 8vo. Printed by Tho. Berthelet — 1539

PLINY JUNr.

Some select Epistles of Pliny the Younger into Eng. by Abr. Flemming, 4to. Lond. — — 1576

POMPONIUS MELA.

Pomponius Mela, by A. Golding, 4to. — 1590

PLINY.

Pliny's Nat. Hist. by Dr. Phil. Holland, fol †. 1601

SOLINUS.

Julius Solinus Polyhistor, by A. Golding, 4to. 1587

VEGETIUS.

The four Bookes of Flavius Vegetius, concerning martial Policye, by John Sadler, 4to. — 1572

RUTILIUS RUFUS.

A View of Valiaunce, translated from Rutilius Rufus, by Tho. Newton, 8vo. — — 1580

DARES Phryg. and DICTYS Cret.

Dares and Dictys's Trojan War, in Verse 1555

CATO and P. SYRUS.

Caton ‡, translated into Englysshe by Mayster Benet Burgh, &c. mentioned by Caxton.

* There is an entry of this translation in the books at Stationers' hall in 1595. Valentine Simes is the name of the printer who entered it. It is again entered by Clement Knight in 1600.

† On the books of the Stationers' company is this entry. "Adam Islip, 1600. The xxxvii bookes of C. Plinius Secundus his historie of the worlde. To be translated out of Latin into Englyshe and so printed."

‡ Probably this was never printed.

Cathon

Cathon [Parvus and Magnus] transl. &c. by Caxton 1483*
Preceptes of Cato, with Annotations of Erasmus, &c. 24mo. Lond. —— —— 1560 and 1562

Ames mentions a Discourse of Human Nature, translated from Hippocrates, p. 428; an Extract from Pliny, translated from the French, p. 312; Æsop †, &c. by Caxton and others; and there is no doubt, but many Translations at present unknown, may be gradually recovered, either by Industry or Accident.

* There is an entry of *Caton* at Stationers' hall in 1591 by —— Adams, Eng. and Lat. Again in the year 1591 by Tho. Orwin. Again in 1605, "Four bookes of morall sentences entituled Cato, translated out of Latin into English by J. M. Master of Arts."

† "Æsop's Fables in Englyshe" were entered May 7th 1590, on the books of the Stationers' company. Again, Oct. 1591. Again Esop's Fables in Meter, Nov. 1598. Some few of them had been paraphrased by Lydgate, and I believe are still unpublished. See the Brit. Mus. MSS. Harl. 2251.

It is much to be lamented that *Andrew Maunsell*, a bookseller in Lothbury, who published two parts of a catalogue of English printed books, fol. 1595, did not proceed to his third collection. This, according to his own account of it, would have consisted of "Grammar, Logick, and Rhetoricke, Lawe, Historie, Poetrie, Policie, &c." which, as he tells us, "for the most part concerne matters of delight and pleasure."

APPENDIX,

To Mr. Colman's Translation of Terence, Octavo Edition.

THE reverend and ingenious Mr. Farmer, in his curious and entertaining *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, having done me the honour to animadvert on some passages in the preface to this translation, I cannot dismiss this edition without declaring how far I coincide with that gentleman; although what I then threw out carelessly on the subject of his pamphlet was merely incidental, nor did I mean to enter the lists as a champion to defend either side of the question.

It is most true, as Mr. Farmer takes for granted, that I had never met with the old comedy called *The Supposes*, nor has it ever yet fallen into my hands; yet I am willing to grant, on Mr. Farmer's authority, that Shakespeare borrowed part of the plot of The Taming of the Shrew, from that old translation of Ariosto's play, by George Gascoign, and had no obligations to Plautus. I will accede also to the truth of Dr. Johnson's and Mr. Farmer's observation, that the line from Terence, exactly as it stands in Shakespeare, is extant in Lilly and Udall's *Floures for Latin Speaking*. Still, however, Shakespeare's total ignorance of the learned languages remains to be proved; for it must be granted, that such books are put into the hands of those who are learning those languages, in which class we must necessarily rank Shakespeare, or he could not even have quoted Terence from Udall or Lilly; nor is it likely, that so rapid a genius should not have made some further progress. "Our author, "(says Dr. Johnson, as quoted by Mr. Farmer) had this line "from Lilly; which I mention, that it may not be brought "as an argument of his learning." It is, however, an argument that he read Lilly; and a few pages further it

seems

seems pretty certain, that the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, had at least read Ovid; from whose Epistles we find these lines:

> *Hàc ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;*
> *Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

And what does Dr. Johnson say on this occasion? Nothing. And what does Mr. Farmer say on this occasion? Nothing.

In Love's Labour Lost, which, bad as it is, is ascribed by Dr. Johnson himself to Shakespeare, there occurs the word *thrasonical*; another argument which seems to shew that he was not unacquainted with the comedies of Terence; not to mention, that the character of the schoolmaster in the same play could not possibly be written by a man who had travelled no further in Latin than *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*.

In Henry the Sixth we meet with a quotation from Virgil,

> *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?*

But this, it seems, proves nothing, any more than the lines from Terence and Ovid, in the Taming of the Shrew; for Mr. Farmer looks on Shakespeare's property in the comedy to be extremely disputable; and he has no doubt but Henry the Sixth had the same author with Edward the Third, which hath been recovered to the world in Mr. Capell's Prolusions.

If any play in the collection bears internal evidence of Shakespeare's hand, we may fairly give him *Timon of Athens*. In this play we have a familiar quotation from Horace,

> *Ira furor brevis est.*

I will not maintain but this hemistich may be found in Lilly or Udall; or that it is not in the *Palace of Pleasure*, or the *English Plutarch*; or that it was not originally foisted in by the players: It stands, however, in the play of *Timon of Athens*.

The world in general, and those who purpose to comment on Shakespeare in particular, will owe much to Mr. Farmer, whose researches into our old authors throw a lustre on many passages, the obscurity of which must else have been impenetrable. No future Upton or Gildon will go further than North's translation for Shakespeare's acquaintance with Plutarch, or balance between Dares Phrygius, and *the Troye*

booke of Lydgate. The Hystorie of Hamblet, in black letter, will for ever supersede Saxo Grammaticus; translated novels and ballads will, perhaps, be allowed the sources of Romeo, Lear, and the Merchant of Venice; and Shakespeare himself, however unlike Bayes in other particulars, will stand convicted of having *transversed* the prose of Holingshead; and at the same time, to prove "that his *studies* lay in his "own language," the translations of Ovid are determined to be the production of Heywood.

"That his *studies* were most demonstratively confined to "*nature*, and his *own language*," I readily allow: but does it hence follow that he was so deplorably ignorant of every other tongue, living or dead, that he only "remembered, "perhaps, enough of his *schoolboy* learning to put the *hig*, "*hag*, *hog*, into the mouth of Sir H. Evans; and might pick "up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conver-"sation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian?" In Shakespeare's plays both these last languages are plentifully scattered; but then, we are told, they might be impertinent additions of the players. Undoubtedly they might: but there they are, and, perhaps, few of the players had much more learning than Shakespeare.

Mr. Farmer himself will allow that Shakespeare began to learn Latin: I will allow that his *studies* lay in English: but why insist that he neither made any progress at school; nor improved his acquisitions there? The general encomiums of Suckling, Denham, Milton, &c. on his *native genius* *, prove nothing; and Ben Jonson's celebrated charge of Shakespeare's *small Latin, and less Greek*†, seems absolutely to decide that he had

* Mr. Farmer closes these general testimonies of Shakespeare's having been only indebted to nature, by saying, "He came out "of her hand, *as some one else expresses it*, like Pallas out of Jove's "head, at full growth and mature." It is whimsical enough, that this *some one else*, whose expression is here quoted to countenance the general notion of Shakespeare's want of literature, should be no other than myself. Mr. Farmer does not chuse to mention where he met with this expression of *some one else*; and *some one else* does not chuse to mention where he dropt it.

† In defence of the various reading of this passage, given in the preface to the last edition of Shakespeare, "small Latin, and "*no* Greek," Mr. Farmer tells us, that "it was adopted above "a century ago by W. Towers, in a panegyrick on Cartwright." Surely

had *ſome* knowledge of both; and if we may judge by our own time, a man, who has any Greek, is ſeldom without a very competent ſhare of Latin; and yet ſuch a man is very likely to ſtudy Plutarch in Engliſh, and to read tranſlations of Ovid.

See Dr. Farmer's reply to theſe remarks by Mr. Colman, in a note on LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST, *Act IV. Sc.* ii. *p.* 435.

Surely, Towers having ſaid that Cartwright had *no* Greek, is no proof that Ben Jonſon ſaid ſo of Shakeſpeare.

THE

DEDICATION of the PLAYERS.

TO THE

MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN,

WILLIAM

Earle of PEMBROKE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most Excellent Majestie;

AND

PHILIP

Earle of MONTGOMERY, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-chamber.

Both Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we studie to be thankfull in our particular, for the many favors we have received from your L. L. we are falne upon the ill fortune, to mingle two the most diverse things that can be, feare, and rashnesse; rashnesse in the enterprize, and feare of the successe. For, when we value the places your H. H. sustaine, wee cannot but know the dignity greater, than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and, while we name them trifles, we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our dedication. But since your L. L. have been pleased to thinke these trifles something, heeretofore; and have prosequuted both them, and their authour living, with so much favour: we hope (that they out-living him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be exequutor to his owne writings) you will use the same indulgence toward them, you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference, whether any booke

booke choose his patrones, or finde them: this hath done both. For, so much were your L. L. likings of the severall parts, when they were acted, as before they were published, the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphanes, guardians; without ambition either of selfe-profit, or fame: onely to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend, and fellow alive, as was our SHAKESPEARE, by humble offer of his playes, to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed, no man to come neere your L. L. but with a kind of religious addresse; it hath bin the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your H. H. by the perfection. But, there we must also crave our abilities to be considerd, my Lords. We cannot goe beyond our owne powers. Country hands reach forth milke, creame, fruits, or what they have: and many nations (we have heard) that had not gummes and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approch their gods by what meanes they could: and the most, though meanest, of things are made more precious, when they are dedicated to temples. In that name therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your H. H. these remaines of your servant SHAKESPEARE; that what delight is in them may be ever your L. L. the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed, by a paire so carefull to shew their gratitude both to the living, and the dead, as is

Your Lordshippes most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,

HENRY CONDELL.

THE

THE

PREFACE

OF THE

PLAYERS.

To the great Variety of Readers.

FROM the moſt able, to him [illegible] an but ſpell: there you are number'd, we [illegible] you were weighd. Eſpecially, when the fate of a [illegible] depends upon your capacities: and not of your he[illegible], but of your purſes. Well! it is now publique, and [illegible] will ſtand for your priviledges, wee know: to read, [illegible] d cenſure. Doe ſo, but buy it firſt. That doth beſt commend a booke, the ſtationer ſaies. Then, how odde ſoever your braines be, or your wiſedomes, make your licence the ſame, and ſpare not. Judge your ſixe-pen'orth, your ſhillings worth, your five ſhillings worth at a time, or higher, ſo you riſe to the juſt rates, and welcome. But, whatever you doe, buy. Cenſure will not drive a trade, or make the jacke goe. And though you be a magiſtrate of wit, and ſit on the ſtage at Black-friars, or the Cock-pit, to arraigne plays dailie, know, theſe playes have had their triall already, and ſtood out all appeales; and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court, than any purchas'd letters of commendation.

It had bene a thing, we confeſſe, worthie to have been wiſhed, that the author himſelfe had liv'd to have ſet forth, and overſeen his owne writings; but ſince it hath been ordain'd otherwiſe, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you doe not envie his friends, the office of their care and paine, to have collected and publiſh'd them; and ſo to have publiſh'd them, as where (before) you were abus'd with divers ſtolne and ſurreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and ſtealthes of injurious impoſtors, that expos'd them: even thoſe are now offer'd to your view cur'd,

and

and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together: and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his workes, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough, both to draw, and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid, then it could be lost. Reade him, therefore, and againe, and againe: and if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, who, if you need, can bee your guides: if you neede them not, you can leade yourselves, and others. And such Readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRIE CONDELL.

MR. POPE'S

Mr. P O P E's

P R E F A C E.

IT is not my design to enter into a criticism upon this author; though to do it effectually, and not superficially, would be the best occasion that any just writer could take, to form the judgment and taste of our nation. For of all English poets Shakespeare must be confessed to be the fairest and fullest subject for criticism, and to afford the most numerous, as well as most conspicuous instances, both of beauties and faults of all sorts. But this far exceeds the bounds of a preface, the business of which is only to give an account of the fate of his works, and the disadvantages under which they have been transmitted to us. We shall hereby extenuate many faults which are his, and clear him from the imputation of many which are not: a design, which, though it can be no guide to future criticks to do him justice in one way, will at least be sufficient to prevent their doing him an injustice in the other.

I cannot however but mention some of his principal and characteristick excellencies, for which (notwithstanding his defects) he is justly and universally elevated above all other dramatick writers. Not that this is the proper place of praising him, but because I would not omit any occasion of doing it.

If ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature, it proceeded through Ægyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator, as an instrument, of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

His

His *characters* are so much nature itself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflexion of a reflexion. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual, as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character, we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflexion find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflexion and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and publick scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

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It muſt be owned, that with all theſe great excellencies, he has almoſt as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, ſo he has perhaps written worſe than any other. But I think I can in ſome meaſure account for theſe defects, from ſeveral cauſes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that ſo large and ſo enlightened a mind could ever have been ſuſceptible of them. That all theſe contingencies ſhould unite to his diſadvantage ſeems to me almoſt as ſingularly unlucky, as that ſo many various (nay contrary) talents ſhould meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

It muſt be allowed that ſtage-poetry, of all other, is more particularly levelled to pleaſe the *populace*, and its ſucceſs more immediately depending upon the *common ſuffrage*. One cannot therefore wonder, if Shakeſpeare, having at his firſt appearance no other aim in his writings than to procure a ſubſiſtence, directed his endeavours ſolely to hit the taſte and humour that then prevailed. The audience was generally compoſed of the meaner ſort of people; and therefore the images of life were to be drawn from thoſe of their own rank: accordingly we find, that not our author's only, but almoſt all the old comedies have their ſcene among *tradeſmen* and *mechanicks:* and even their hiſtorical plays ſtrictly follow the common *old ſtories* or *vulgar traditions* of that kind of people. In tragedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *ſurprize* and cauſe *admiration*, as the moſt ſtrange, unexpected, and conſequently moſt unnatural, events and incidents; the moſt exaggerated thoughts; the moſt verboſe and bombaſt expreſſion; the moſt pompous rhymes, and thundering verſification. In comedy, nothing was ſo ſure to *pleaſe*, as mean buffoonry, vile ribaldry, and unmannerly jeſts of fools and clowns. Yet even in theſe our author's wit buoys up, and is borne above his ſubject: his genius in thoſe low parts is like ſome prince of a romance in the diſguiſe of a ſhepherd or peaſant; a certain greatneſs and ſpirit now and then break out, which manifeſt his higher extraction and qualities.

It may be added, that not only the common audience had no notion of the rules of writing, but few even of the better ſort piqued themſelves upon any great degree of knowledge or nicety that way; till Ben Jonſon getting poſſeſſion of the ſtage, brought critical learning into vogue: and that this was not done without difficulty, may appear from thoſe frequent leſſons (and indeed almoſt declamations) which he was forced to prefix to his firſt plays, and put into the mouth of

of his actors, the *grex*, *chorus*, &c. to remove the prejudices, and inform the judgment of his hearers. 'Till then, our authors had no thoughts of writing on the model of the ancients: their tragedies were only histories in dialogue; and their comedies followed the thread of any novel as they found it, no less implicitly than if it had been true history.

To judge therefore of Shakespeare by Aristotle's rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country, who acted under those of another. He writ to the *people*; and writ at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them: without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them: without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality: some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

Yet it must be observed, that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town; the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved, in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether writ for the town, or the court.

Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our author's being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion; a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right*, as taylors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow, that most of our author's faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet, than to his right judgment as a player.

By these men it was thought a praise to Shakespeare, that he scarce ever *blotted a line*. This they industriously propa-

gated, as appears from what we are told by Ben Jonson in his *Discoveries*, and from the preface of *Heminges* and *Condell* to the first folio edition. But in reality (however it has prevailed) there never was a more groundless report, or to the contrary of which there are more undeniable evidences. As, the comedy of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he entirely new writ; *The History of Henry the Sixth*, which was first published under the title of *The Contention of York and Lancaster*; and that of *Henry the Fifth*, extremely improved; that of *Hamlet* enlarged to almost as much again as at first, and many others. I believe the common opinion of his want of learning proceeded from no better ground. This too might be thought a praise by some, and to this his errors have as injudiciously been ascribed by others. For it is certain, were it true, it could concern but a small part of them; the most are such as are not properly defects, but superfœtations: and arise not from want of learning or reading, but from want of thinking or judging: or rather (to be more just to our author) from a compliance to those wants in others. As to a wrong choice of the subject, a wrong conduct of the incidents, false thoughts, forced expressions, &c. if these are not to be ascribed to the foresaid accidental reasons, they must be charged upon the poet himself, and there is no help for it. But I think the two disadvantages which I have mentioned (to be obliged to please the lowest of the people, and to keep the worst of company) if the consideration be extended as far as it reasonably may, will appear sufficient to mislead and depress the greatest genius upon earth. Nay, the more modesty with which such a one is endued, the more he is in danger of submitting and conforming to others, against his own better judgment.

But as to his *want of learning*, it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter, I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanicks, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. In *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*, not only the spirit, but manners, of the Romans are exactly drawn; and still a nicer distinction is shewn between the

' the manners of the Romans in the time of the former, and of the latter. His reading in the ancient historians is no less conspicuous, in many references to particular passages: and the speeches copied from Plutarch in *Coriolanus* may, I think, as well be made an instance of his learning, as those copied from Cicero in *Catiline*, of Ben Jonson's. The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c. are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature, or branch of science, he either speaks of or describes; it is always with competent, if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethick or politick, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction, as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it: Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shewn more learning this way than Shakespeare. We have translations from *Ovid* published in his name, among those poems which pass for his, and for some of which we have undoubted authority (being published by himself, and dedicated to his noble patron the earl of Southampton): he appears also to have been conversant in *Plautus*, from whom he has taken the plot of one of his plays: he follows the Greek authors, and particularly Dares Phrygius, in another: (although I will not pretend to say in what language he read them). The modern Italian writers of *novels* he was manifestly acquainted with; and we may conclude him to be no less conversant with the ancients of his own country, from the use he has made of Chaucer in *Troilus and Cressida*, and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, if that play be his, as there goes a tradition it was (and indeed it has little resemblance of Fletcher, and more of our author than some of those which have been received as genuine).

I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partizans of our author and Ben Jonson; as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expence of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable, as that because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakespeare had none at all; and because Shakespeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other, that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakespeare

borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed every thing. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakespeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other, was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises; as injudiciously, as their antagonists before had made them objections.

Poets are always afraid of envy; but sure they have as much reason to be afraid of admiration. They are the Scylla and Charybdis of authors; those who escape one, often fall by the other. *Pessimum genus inimicorum laudantes*, says Tacitus: and Virgil desires to wear a charm against those who praise a poet without rule or reason.

> *——Si ultra placitum laudârit baccare frontem*
> *Cingito, ne vati noceat————*

But however this contention might be carried on by the the partizans on either side, I cannot help thinking these two great poets were good friends, and lived on amicable terms and in offices of society with each other. It is an acknowledged fact, that Ben Jonson was introduced upon the stage, and his first works encouraged, by Shakespeare. And after his death, that author writes, *To the memory of his beloved Mr. William Shakespeare*, which shews as if the friendship had continued through life. I cannot for my own part find any thing *invidious* or *sparing* in those verses, but wonder Mr. Dryden was of that opinion. He exalts him not only above all his contemporaries, but above Chaucer and Spenser, whom he will not allow to be great enough to be ranked with him; and challenges the names of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, nay, all Greece and Rome at once, to equal him; and (which is very particular) expresly vindicates him from the imputation of wanting *art*, not enduring that all his excellencies should be attributed to *nature*. It is remarkable too, that the praise he gives him in his *Discoveries* seems to proceed from a *personal kindness*; he tells us, that he loved the man, as well as honoured his memory; celebrates the honesty, openness, and frankness of his temper; and only distinguishes, as he reasonably ought, between the real merit of the author, and the silly and derogatory applauses of the players. Ben Jonson might indeed be sparing

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in his commendations (though certainly he is not so in this instance) partly from his own nature, and partly from judgment. For men of judgment think they do any man more service in praising him justly, than lavishly. I say, I would fain believe they were friends, though the violence and ill-breeding of their followers and flatterers were enough to give rise to the contrary report. I hope that it may be with *parties*, both in wit and state, as with those monsters described by the poets; and that their *heads* at least may have something human, though their *bodies* and *tails* are wild beasts and serpents.

As I believe that what I have mentioned gave rise to the opinion of Shakespeare's want of learning; so what has continued it down to us may have been the many blunders and illiteracies of the first publishers of his works. In these editions their ignorance shines in almost every page; nothing is more common than *Actus tertia. Exit omnes. Enter three Witches solus**. Their French is as bad as their Latin, both in construction and spelling: their very Welsh is false. Nothing is more likely than that those palpable blunders of Hector's quoting Aristotle, with others of that gross kind, sprung from the same root: it not being at all credible that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had. Ben Jonson (whom they will not think partial to him) allows him at least to have had *some* Latin; which is utterly inconsistent with mistakes like these. Nay, the constant blunders in proper names of persons and places, are such as must have proceeded from a man, who had not so much as read any history in any language: so could not be Shakespeare's.

I shall now lay before the reader some of those almost innumerable errors, which have risen from one source, the ignorance of the players, both as his actors, and as his editors. When the nature and kinds of these are enumerated and considered, I dare to say that not Shakespeare only, but Aristotle or Cicero, had their works undergone the same fate, might have appeared to want sense as well as learning.

* *Enter three witches solus.*] This blunder appears to be of Mr. Pope's own invention. It is not to be found in any one of the four folio copies of Macbeth, and there is no quarto edition of it extant.

It is not certain that any one of his plays was published by himself. During the time of his employment in the theatre, several of his pieces were printed separately in quarto. What makes me think that most of these were not published by him, is the excessive carelessness of the press: every page is so scandalously false spelled, and almost all the learned or unusual words so intolerably mangled, that it is plain there either was no corrector to the press at all, or one totally illiterate. If any were supervised by himself, I should fancy *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, and *Midsummer-Night's Dream* might have been so: because I find no other printed with any exactness; and (contrary to the rest) there is very little variation in all the subsequent editions of them. There are extant two prefaces to the first quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida* in 1609, and to that of *Othello*; by which it appears, that the first was published without his knowledge or consent, or even before it was acted, so late as seven or eight years before he died; and that the latter was not printed till after his death. The whole number of genuine plays, which we have been able to find printed in his life-time, amounts but to eleven. And of some of these, we meet with two or more editions by different printers, each of which has whole heaps of trash different from the other: which I should fancy was occasioned by their being taken from different copies belonging to different play-houses.

The folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare, that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them*. (Act, iii. Sc. 4.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet* there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there.

In others, the low ſcenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vaſtly ſhorter than at preſent: and I have ſeen one in particular (which ſeems to have belonged to the play-houſe, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors names in the margin) where ſeveral of thoſe very paſſages were added in a written hand, which are ſince to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful paſſages, which are extant in the firſt ſingle editions, are omitted in this: as it ſeems, without any other reaſon, than their willingneſs to ſhorten ſome ſcenes: theſe men (as it was ſaid of Procruſtes) either lopping, or ſtretching an author, to make him juſt fit for their ſtage.

This edition is ſaid to be printed from the *original copies*; I believe they meant thoſe which had lain ever ſince the author's days in the play-houſe, and had from time to time been cut, or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at leaſt partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the uſe of the actors: for in ſome places their very * names are through careleſſneſs ſet down inſtead of the *Perſonæ Dramatis*; and in others the notes of direction to the *property-men* for their *moveables*, and to the *players* for their *entries*, are inſerted into the text through the ignorance of the tranſcribers.

The plays not having been before ſo much as diſtinguiſhed by *Acts* and *Scenes*, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often when there is no pauſe in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the ſake of muſick, maſques, or monſters.

Sometimes the ſcenes are tranſpoſed and ſhuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwiſe happen, but by their being taken from ſeparate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verſes are omitted entirely, and others tranſpoſed; from whence invincible obſcurities have ariſen, paſt the gueſs of any commentator to clear up, but juſt where the accidental glimpſe of an old edition enlightens us.

* *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. *Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilſon*, inſtead of *Balthaſar*. And in Act iv. *Cowley* and *Kemp* conſtantly through a whole ſcene.

Edit. fol. of 1623, and 1632.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act v. Shakespeare introduces a kind of master of the revels called *Philostrate*; all whose part is given to another character (that of *Egeus*) in the subsequent editions: so also in *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark, that the judgment, as well as condition of that class of people was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best play-houses were inns and taverns (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull, the Fortune, &c.) so the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakespeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage) we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his stile, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays *Pericles*, *Locrine*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, *Yorkshire Tragedy*, *Lord Cromwell*, *The Puritan*, and *London Prodigal*, cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others (particularly *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *Titus Andronicus*) that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages, were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some

plays to be supposed Shakespeare's was only this; that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminges and Condell, afterwards did Shakespeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name, in every body's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of *Pericles* in his ode on the *New Inn*). That *Titus Andronicus* is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the *induction* to *Bartholomew-Fair*, in the year 1614, when Shakspeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort, than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give into this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence, of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

This is the state in which Shakespeare's writings lie at present; for since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability, to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any

any indulgence to my private ſenſe or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will ſhew itſelf. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, ſo that every one may compare them; and thoſe I have preferred into the text are conſtantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions, which Shakeſpeare himſelf made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some ſuſpected paſſages, which are exceſſively bad (and which ſeem interpolations by being ſo inſerted, that one can entirely omit them without any chaſm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an aſteriſk referring to the places of their inſertion. The ſcenes are marked ſo diſtinctly, that every removal of place is ſpecified; which is more neceſſary in this author than any other, ſince he ſhifts them more frequently; and ſometimes, without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obſcurities. The more obſolete or unuſual words are explained. Some of the moſt ſhining paſſages are diſtinguiſhed by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a ſtar is prefixed to the ſcene. This ſeems to me a ſhorter and leſs oſtentatious method of performing the better half of criticiſm (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine paſſages, with *general applauſes*, or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is alſo ſubjoined a catalogue of thoſe firſt editions, by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected paſſages are authorized (moſt of which are ſuch as carry their own evidence along with them). Theſe editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or reſtore the corrupted ſenſe of the author: I can only wiſh that a greater number of them (if a greater were ever publiſhed) may yet be found, by a ſearch more ſucceſsful than mine, for the better accompliſhment of this end.

I will conclude by ſaying of Shakeſpeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in compariſon of thoſe that are more finiſhed and regular, as upon an ancient majeſtick piece of *Gothick* architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more ſtrong and more ſolemn. It muſt be allowed that in one of theſe there are materials enough

to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to ſtrike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childiſh, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

Mr. THEO-

Mr. THEOBALD's

*PREFACE.

THE attempt to write upon SHAKESPEARE is like going into a large, a ſpacious, and a ſplendid dome through the conveyance of a narrow and obſcure entry. A glare of light ſuddenly breaks upon you beyond what the avenue at firſt promiſed: and a thouſand beauties of genius and character, like ſo many gaudy apartments pouring at once upon the eye, diffuſe and throw themſelves out to the mind. The proſpect is too wide to come within the compaſs of a ſingle view: it is a gay confuſion of pleaſing objects, too various to be enjoyed but in a general admiration: and they muſt be ſeparated, and eyed diſtinctly, in order to give the proper entertainment.

And as in great piles of building, ſome parts are often finiſhed up to hit the taſte of the *connoiſſeur*; others more negligently put together, to ſtrike the fancy of a common and unlearned beholder: ſome parts are made ſtupendouſly magnificent and grand, to ſurpriſe with the vaſt deſign and execution of the architect; others are contracted, to amuſe you with his neatneſs and elegance in little. So, in Shakeſpeare, we may find *traits* that will ſtand the teſt of the ſevereſt judgment; and ſtrokes as careleſly hit off, to the level of the more ordinary capacities: ſome deſcriptions raiſed to that pitch of grandeur, as to aſtoniſh you with the compaſs and elevation of his thought: and others copying nature within ſo narrow, ſo confined a circle, as if the author's talent lay only at drawing in miniature.

In how many points of light muſt we be obliged to gaze at this great poet! In how many branches of excellence to

* This is Mr. Theobald's preface to his ſecond edition in 1740, and had been much curtailed by himſelf after its appearance before the impreſſion in 1733. STEEVENS.

conſider

consider and admire him! Whether we view him on the side of art or nature, he ought equally to engage our attention: whether we respect the force and greatness of his genius, the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power and address with which he throws out and applies either nature or learning, there is ample scope both for our wonder and pleasure. If his diction, and the cloathing of his thoughts attract us, how much more must we be charmed with the richness and variety of his images and ideas! If his images and ideas steal into our souls, and strike upon our fancy, how much are they improved in price, when we come to reflect with what propriety and justness they are applied to character! If we look into his characters, and how they are furnished and proportioned to the employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the mastery of his portraits! What draughts of nature! What variety of originals, and how differing each from the other! How are they dressed from the stores of his own luxurious imagination; without being the apes of mode, or borrowing from any foreign wardrobe! Each of them are the standards of fashion for themselves: like gentlemen that are above the direction of their taylors, and can adorn themselves without the aid of imitation. If other poets draw more than one fool or coxcomb, there is the same resemblance in them, as in that painter's draughts, who was happy only at forming a rose: you find them all younger brothers of the same family, and all of them have a pretence to give the same crest: but Shakespeare's clowns and fops come all of a different house: they are no farther allied to one another than as man to man, members of the same species; but as different in features and lineaments of character, as we are from one another in face or complexion. But I am unawares lanching into his character as a writer, before I have said what I intended of him as a private member of the republick. —

Mr. Rowe has very justly observed, that people are fond of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity; and that the common accidents of their lives naturally become the subject of our critical enquiries: that however trifling such a curiosity at the first view may appear, yet, as for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may, perhaps, sometimes conduce to the better understanding his works; and, indeed, this author's works, from the bad treatment he has met with from copyists and editors, have so long wanted a comment, that

one

one would zealouſly embrace every method of information that could contribute to recover them from the injuries with which they have ſo long lain overwhelmed.

It is certain, that if we have firſt admired the man in his writings, his caſe is ſo circumſtanced, that we muſt naturally admire the writings in the man: that if we go back to take a view of his education, and the employment in life which fortune had cut out for him, we ſhall retain the ſtronger ideas of his extenſive genius.

His father, we are told, was a conſiderable dealer in wool; but having no fewer than ten children, of whom our Shakeſpeare was the eldeſt, the beſt education he could afford him was no better than to qualify him for his own buſineſs and employment. I cannot affirm with any certainty how long his father lived; but I take him to be the ſame Mr. John Shakeſpeare who was living in the year 1599, and who then, in honour of his ſon, took out an extract of his family-arms from the herald's office; by which it appears, that he had been officer and bailiff of Stratford upon Avon in Warwickſhire; and that he enjoyed ſome hereditary lands and tenements, the reward of his great grandfather's faithful and approved ſervice to king Henry VII.

Be this as it will, our Shakeſpeare, it ſeems, was bred for ſome time at a free-ſchool; the very free-ſchool, I preſume, founded at Stratford: where, we are told, he acquired what Latin he was maſter of: but that his father being obliged, through narrowneſs of circumſtance, to withdraw him too ſoon from thence, he was thereby unhappily prevented from making any proficiency in the dead languages: a point that will deſerve ſome little diſcuſſion in the ſequel of this diſſertation.

How long he continued in his father's way of buſineſs, either as an aſſiſtant to him, or on his own proper account, no notices are left to inform us: nor have I been able to learn preciſely at what period of life he quitted his native Stratford, and began his acquaintance with London and the *ſtage*.

In order to ſettle in the world after a family-manner, he thought fit, Mr. Rowe acquaints us, to marry while he was yet very young. It is certain, he did ſo: for by the monument in Stratford church, erected to the memory of his daughter Suſanna, the wife of John Hall, gentleman, it appears, that ſhe died on the 2d of July, in the year 1649, aged

aged 66. So that ſhe was born in 1583, when her father could not be full 19 years old; who was himſelf born in the year 1564. Nor was ſhe his eldeſt child, for he had another daughter, Judith, who was born before her *, and who was married to one Mr. Thomas Quiney. So that Shakeſpeare muſt have entered into wedlock by that time he was turned of ſeventeen years.

Whether the force of inclination merely, or ſome concurring circumſtances of convenience in the match, prompted him to marry ſo early, is not eaſy to be determined at this diſtance: but it is probable, a view of intereſt might partly ſway his conduct in this point: for he married the daughter of one Hathaway, a ſubſtantial yeoman in his neighbourhood, and ſhe had the ſtart of him in age no leſs than eight years. She ſurvived him notwithſtanding, ſeven ſeaſons, and died that very year the *players* publiſhed the firſt edition of his works in *folio*, anno Dom. 1623, at the age of 67 years, as we likewiſe learn from her monument in Stratford church.

How long he continued in this kind of ſettlement, upon his own native ſpot, is not more eaſily to be determined. But if the tradition be true, of that extravagance which forced him both to quit his country and way of living; to wit, his being engaged, with a knot of young deer-ſtealers, to rob the park of Sir Thomas Lucy of Cherlecot near Stratford: the enterprize ſavours ſo much of youth and levity, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe it was before he could write full man. Beſides, conſidering he has left us ſix and thirty plays at leaſt, avowed to be genuine; and conſidering too, that he had retired from the ſtage, to ſpend the latter part of his days at his own native Stratford: the interval of time neceſſarily required for the finiſhing ſo many dramatick pieces, obliges us to ſuppoſe he threw himſelf very early upon the play-houſe. And as he could, probably, contract no acquaintance with the drama, while he was driving on the affair of wool at home; ſome time muſt be loſt, even after he had commenced player, before he could attain knowledge enough in the ſcience to qualify himſelf for turning author.

It has been obſerved by Mr. Rowe, that, amongſt other

* This is a miſtake. Suſanna was the poet's eldeſt daughter. See the extracts from the regiſter-book of the pariſh of Stratford, in one of the following pages. STEEVENS.

extra-

extravagancies, which our author has given to his Sir John Falstaff in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, he has made him a deer-stealer; and that he might at the same time remember his Warwickshire prosecutor, under the name of Justice Shallow, he has given him very near the same coat of arms, which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, describes for a family there. There are two coats, I observe, in Dugdale, where three silver fishes are borne in the name of Lucy; and another coat, to the monument of Thomas Lucy, son of Sir William Lucy, in which are quartered in four several divisions, twelve little fishes, three in each division, probably *Luces*. This very coat, indeed, seems alluded to in Shallow's giving the *dozen* white *Luces*, and in Slender saying *he may quarter*. When I consider the exceeding candour and good nature of our author (which inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him; as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him); and that he should throw this humourous piece of satire at his prosecutor, at least twenty years after the provocation given; I am confidently persuaded it must be owing to an unforgiving rancour on the prosecutor's side: and if this was the case, it were pity but the disgrace of such an inveteracy should remain as a lasting reproach, and Shallow stand as a mark of ridicule to stigmatize his malice.

It is said, our author spent some years before his death, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends, at his native Stratford. I could never pick up any certain intelligence, when he relinquished the stage. I know, it has been mistakenly thought by some, that Spenser's *Thalia*, in his *Tears of his Muses*, where she laments the loss of her Willy in the comick scene, has been applied to our author's quitting the stage. But Spenser himself, it is well known, quitted the stage of life in the year 1598; and, five years after this, we find Shakespeare's name among the actors in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, which first made its appearance in the year 1603. Nor, surely, could he then have any thoughts of retiring, since, that very year, a licence under the privy-seal was granted by K. James I. to him and Fletcher, Burbage, Phillippes, Hemings, Condel, &c. autherizing them to exercise the art of playing comedies, tragedies, &c. as well at their usual house called *The Globe* on the other side of the water, as in any other parts of the kingdom, during his majesty's pleasure (a copy of which licence is preserved in

in *Rymer's Fœdera*). Again, it is certain, that Shakespeare did not exhibit his *Macbeth*, till after the union was brought about, and till after K. James I. had begun to touch for the *evil:* for it is plain, he has inserted compliments, on both those accounts, upon his royal master in that tragedy. Nor, indeed, could the number of the dramatick pieces, he produced, admit of his retiring near so early as that period. So that what Spenser there says, if it relate at all to Shakespeare, must hint at some occasional recess he made for a time upon a disgust taken: or the Willy, there mentioned, must relate to some other favourite poet. I believe, we may safely determine, that he had not quitted in the year 1610. For in his *Tempest*, our author makes mention of the Bermuda islands, which were unknown to the English, till, in 1609, Sir John Summers made a voyage to North-America, and discovered them: and afterwards invited some of his countrymen to settle a plantation there. That he became the private gentleman, at least three years before his decease, is pretty obvious from another circumstance: I mean, from that remarkable and well-known story, which Mr. Rowe has given us of our author's intimacy with Mr. John Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and usury: and upon whom Shakespeare made the following facetious epitaph.

Ten in the hundred lies here ingrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not sav'd;
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb,
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe.

This sarcastical piece of wit was, at the gentleman's own request, thrown out extemporally in his company. And this Mr. John Combe I take to be the same, who, by Dugdale in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, is said to have died in the year 1614, and for whom, at the upper end of the quire of the Guild of the Holy Cross at Stratford, a fair monument is erected, having a statue thereon cut in alabaster, and in a gown, with this epitaph. "Here lieth interred the body "of John Combe, esq; who died the 10th of July, 1614, "who bequeathed several annual charities to the parish of "Stratford, and 100l. to be lent to fifteen poor tradesmen "from three years to three years, changing the parties every "third year, at the rate of fifty shillings *per annum*, the in-

"crease to be distributed to the almes-poor there."——The donation has all the air of a rich and sagacious usurer.

Shakespeare himself did not survive Mr. Combe long, for he died in the year 1616, the 53d of his age. He lies buried on the north side of the chancel in the great church at Stratford; where a monument, decent enough for the time, is erected to him, and placed against the wall. He is represented under an arch in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scrowl of paper. The Latin distich, which is placed under the cushion, has been given us by Mr. Pope, or his graver, in this manner.

INGENIO Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet.

I confess, I do not conceive the difference betwixt *ingenio* and *genio* in the first verse. They seem to me intirely synonymous terms; nor was the Pylian sage Nestor celebrated for his ingenuity, but for an experience and judgment owing to his long age. Dugdale, in his *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, has copied this distich with a distinction which Mr. Rowe has followed, and which certainly restores us the true meaning of the epitaph.

JUDICIO Pylium, genio Socratem *, &c.

In

* The first syllable in *Socratem* is here made short, which cannot be allowed. Perhaps we should read *Sophoclem*. Shakespeare is then appositely compared with a dramatic author among the ancients: but still it should be remembered that the elogium is lessen'd while the metre is reform'd; and it is well known that some of our early writers of Latin poetry were uncommonly negligent in their prosody, especially in proper names. The thought of this distich, as Mr. Tollet observes, might have been taken from the Faery Queene of Spenser, b. ii. c. 9. st. 48, and c. 10. st. 3.

To this Latin inscription on Shakespeare should be added the lines which are found underneath it on his monument.

Stay, passenger, why dost thou go so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plac'd
Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom
Quick nature dy'd, whose name doth deck the tomb
Far more than cost; since all that he hath writ
Leaves living art but page to serve his wit.

Again,

In 1614, the greater part of the town of Stratford was consumed by fire; but our Shakespeare's house, among some others, escaped the flames. This house was first built by Sir Hugh Clopton, a younger brother of an ancient family in that neighbourhood, who took their name from the manor of Clopton. Sir Hugh was Sheriff of London, in the reign of Richard III. and lord-mayor in the reign of king Henry VII. To this gentleman the town of Stratford is indebted for the fine stone-bridge, consisting of fourteen arches, which, at an extraordinary expence, he built over the Avon, together with a causeway running at the west-end thereof; as also for rebuilding the chapel adjoining to his house, and the cross-isle in the church there. It is remarkable of him, that, though he lived and died a batchelor, among the other extensive charities which he left both to the city of London and town of Stratford, he bequeathed considerable legacies for the marriage of poor maidens of good name and fame both in London and at Stratford. Notwithstanding which large donations in his life, and bequests at his death, as he had purchased the manor of Clopton, and all the estate of the family, so he left the same again to his elder brother's son with a very great addition (a proof how well beneficence and œconomy may walk hand in had in wise families): good part of which estate is yet in the possession of Edward Clopton, esq; and Sir Hugh Clopton, knt. lineally descended from the elder brother of the first Sir Hugh: who particularly bequeathed to his nephew, by his will, his house, by the name of his *Great House* in Stratford.

The estate had now been sold out of the Clopton family for above a century, at the time when Shakespeare became the purchaser: who, having repaired and modelled it to his own mind, changed the name to *New-place*; which the mansion-house, since erected upon the same spot, at this day retains. The house and lands, which attended it, continued in Shakespeare's descendants to the time of the *Restoration*: when they were repurchased by the Clopton family, and the mansion now belongs to Sir Hugh Clopton, knt.

Again, near the wall on which this monument is erected, is a plain free-stone, under which his body is buried, with another epitaph, expressed in the following uncouth mixture of small and capital letters:

Good Frend for Iesus SAKE forbeare
To diGG TE Dust EncloAsed HERe
Blese be TE Man Ỳ spares TEs Stones
And curst be He Ỳ moves my Bones. STEEVENS.

To the favour of this worthy gentleman I owe the knowledge of one particular, in honour of our poet's once dwelling-house, of which, I presume, Mr. Rowe never was apprized. When the civil war raged in England, and king Charles the First's queen was driven by the necessity of affairs to make a recess in Warwickshire, she kept her court for three weeks in New-place. We may reasonably suppose it then the best private house in the town; and her majesty preferred it to the college, which was in the possession of the Combe family, who did not so strongly favour the king's party.

How much our author employed himself in poetry, after his retirement from the stage, does not so evidently appear: very few posthumous sketches of his pen have been recovered to ascertain that point. We have been told, indeed, in print, but not till very lately, that two large chests full of this great man's loose papers and manuscripts, in the hands of an ignorant baker of Warwick, (who married one of the descendants from our Shakespeare) were carelessly scattered and thrown about as garret-lumber and litter, to the particular knowledge of the late Sir William Bishop, till they were all consumed in the general fire and destruction of that town. I cannot help being a little apt to distrust the authority of this tradition: because his wife survived him seven years, and as his favourite daughter Susanna survived her twenty-six years, it is very improbable they should suffer such a treasure to be removed, and translated into a remoter branch of the family, without a scrutiny first made into the value of it. This, I say, inclines me to distrust the authority of the relation: but, notwithstanding such an apparent improbability, if we really lost such a treasure, by whatever fatality or caprice of fortune they came into such ignorant and neglectful hands, I agree with the *relater*, the misfortune is wholly irreparable.

To these particulars, which regard his person and private life, some few more are to be gleaned from Mr. Rowe's *Account of his Life and Writings*: let us now take a short view of him in his publick capacity as a *writer*: and, from thence, the transition will be easy to the *state* in which his *writings* have been handed down to us.

No age, perhaps, can produce an author more various from himself, than Shakespeare has been universally acknowledged to be. The diversity in stile, and other parts of composition, so obvious in him, is as variously to be accounted for. His education, we find, was at best but begun: and he

he ſtarted early into a ſcience from the force of genius, unequally aſſiſted by acquired improvements. His fire, ſpirit, and exuberance of imagination gave an impetuoſity to his pen: his ideas flowed from him in a ſtream rapid, but not turbulent; copious, but not ever overbearing its ſhores. The eaſe and ſweetneſs of his temper might not a little contribute to his facility in writing: as his employment, as a *player*, gave him an advantage and habit of fancying himſelf the very character he meant to delineate. He uſed the helps of his function in forming himſelf to create and expreſs that *ſublime*, which other actors can only copy, and throw out, in action and graceful attitude. But, *Nullum ſine veniâ placuit ingenium*, ſays Seneca. The genius, that gives us the greateſt pleaſure, ſometimes ſtands in need of our indulgence. Whenever this happens with regard to Shakeſpeare, I would willingly impute it to a vice of *his times*. We ſee complaiſance enough, in our days, paid to a *bad taſte*. So that his *clinches*, *falſe wit*, and deſcending beneath himſelf, may have proceeded from a deference paid to the then *reigning barbariſm*.

I have not thought it out of my province, whenever occaſion offered, to take notice of ſome of our poet's grand touches of nature: ſome, that do not appear ſufficiently ſuch; but in which he ſeems the moſt deeply inſtructed; and to which, no doubt, he has ſo much owed that happy preſervation of his *characters*, for which he is juſtly celebrated. Great genius's, like his, naturally unambitious, are ſatisfied to conceal their art in theſe points. It is the foible of your worſer poets to make a parade and oſtentation of that little ſcience they have; and to throw it out in the moſt ambitious colours. And whenever a writer of this claſs ſhall attempt to copy theſe artful concealments of our author, and ſhall either think them eaſy, or practiſed by a writer for his eaſe, he will ſoon be convinced of his miſtake by the difficulty of reaching the imitation of them.

Speret idem, ſudet multùm, fruſtrâque laboret,
Auſus idem :———

Indeed, to point out and exclaim upon all the beauties of Shakeſpeare, as they come ſingly in review, would be as inſipid, as endleſs; as tedious, as unneceſſary: but the explanation of thoſe beauties that are leſs obvious to common readers, and whoſe illuſtration depends on the rules of juſt

 criticiſm,

criticism, and an exact knowledge of human life, should deservedly have a share in a general critick upon the author. But to pass over at once to another subject:——

It has been allowed on all hands, how far our author was indebted to *nature*; it is not so well agreed, how much he owed to *languages* and acquired *learning*. The decisions on this subject were certainly set on foot by the hint from Ben Jonson, that he had small Latin and less Greek: and from this tradition, as it were, Mr. Rowe has thought fit peremptorily to declare, that, "It is without controversy, "he had no knowledge of the writings of the ancient poets, "for that in his works we find no traces of any thing which "looks like an imitation of the ancients. For the delicacy "of his taste (continues he) and the natural bent of his own "great genius (equal, if not superior, to some of the best "of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and stu-"dy them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine "images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, "and been mixed with his own writings: and so his not "copying, at least, something from them, may be an ar-"gument of his never having read them." I shall leave it to the determination of my learned readers, from the numerous passages which I have occasionally quoted in my notes, in which our poet seems closely to have imitated the classicks, whether Mr. Rowe's assertion be so absolutely to be depended on. The result of the controversy must certainly, either way, terminate to our author's honour: how happily he could imitate them, if that point be allowed; or how gloriously he could think like them, without owing any thing to imitation.

Though I should be very unwilling to allow Shakespeare so poor a scholar, as many have laboured to represent him, yet I shall be very cautious of declaring too positively on the other side of the question; that is, with regard to my opinion of his knowledge in the dead languages. And therefore the passages, that I occasionally quote from the classicks, shall not be urged as proofs that he knowingly imitated those originals; but brought to shew how happily he has expressed himself upon the same topicks. A very learned critick of our own nation has declared, that a sameness of thought and sameness of expression too, in two writers of a different age, can hardly happen, without a violent suspicion of the latter copying from his predecessor. I shall not therefore run any great risque of a censure, though I

should

ſhould venture to hint, that the reſemblances in thought and expreſſion of our author and an ancient (which we ſhould allow to be imitation in the one, whoſe learning was not queſtioned) may ſometimes take its riſe from ſtrength of memory, and thoſe impreſſions which he owed to the ſchool. And if we may allow a poſſibility of this, conſidering that, when he quitted the ſchool, he gave into his father's profeſſion and way of living, and had, it is likely, but a ſlender library of claſſical learning; and conſidering what a number of tranſlations, romances, and legends ſtarted about his time, and a little before (moſt of which, it is very evident, he read) I think it may eaſily be reconciled, why he rather ſchemed his *plots* and *characters* from theſe more latter informations, than went back to thoſe fountains, for which he might entertain a ſincere veneration, but to which he could not have ſo ready a recourſe.

In touching on another part of his learning, as it related to the knowledge of *hiſtory* and *books*, I ſhall advance ſomething, that, at firſt ſight, will very much wear the appearance of a paradox. For I ſhall find it no hard matter to prove, that, from the groſſeſt blunders in hiſtory, we are not to infer his real ignorance of it: nor from a greater uſe of Latin words, than ever any other Engliſh author uſed, muſt we infer his intimate acquaintance with that language.

A reader of taſte may eaſily obſerve, that though Shakeſpeare, almoſt in every ſcene of his hiſtorical plays, commits the groſſeſt offences againſt chronology, hiſtory, and ancient politicks; yet this was not through ignorance, as is generally ſuppoſed, but through the too powerful blaze of his imagination; which, when once raiſed, made all acquired knowledge vaniſh and diſappear before it. But this licence in him, as I have ſaid, muſt not be imputed to ignorance: ſince as often we may find him, when occaſion ſerves, reaſoning up to the truth of hiſtory; and throwing out ſentiments as juſtly adapted to the circumſtances of his ſubject, as to the dignity of his characters, or dictates of nature in general.

Then to come to his knowledge of the Latin tongue, it is certain, there is a ſurpriſing effuſion of Latin words made Engliſh, far more than in any one Engliſh author I have ſeen; but we muſt be cautious to imagine, this was of his own doing. For the Engliſh tongue, in his age, began extremely to ſuffer by an inundation of Latin: and this, to be

 ſure,

ſure, was occaſioned by the pedantry of thoſe two monarchs, Elizabeth and James, both great Latiniſts. For it is not to be wondered at, if both the court and ſchools, equal flatterers of power, ſhould adapt themſelves to the royal taſte.

But now I am touching on the queſtion (which has been ſo frequently agitated, yet ſo entirely undecided) of his learning and acquaintance with the languages; an additional word or two naturally falls in here upon the genius of our author, as compared with that of Jonſon his contemporary. They are confeſſedly the greateſt writers our nation could ever boaſt of in the *drama*. The firſt, we ſay, owed all to his prodigious natural genius; and the other a great deal to his art and learning. This, if attended to, will explain a very remarkable appearance in their writings. Beſides thoſe wonderful maſter-pieces of art and genius, which each has given us; they are the authors of other works very unworthy of them: but with this difference; that in Jonſon's bad pieces we do not diſcover one ſingle trace of the author of *The Fox* and *Alchymiſt:* but in the wild extravagant notes of Shakeſpeare you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize the divine compoſer. This difference may be thus accounted for. Jonſon, as we ſaid before, owing all his excellence to his art, by which he ſometimes ſtrained himſelf to an uncommon pitch, when at other times he unbent and played with his ſubject, having nothing then to ſupport him, it is no wonder that he wrote ſo far beneath himſelf. But Shakeſpeare, indebted more largely to nature, than the other to acquired talents, in his moſt negligent hours could never ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with aſtoniſhing force and ſplendor.

As I have never propoſed to dilate farther on the character of my author, than was neceſſary to explain the nature and uſe of this edition, I ſhall proceed to conſider him as a genius in poſſeſſion of an everlaſting name. And how great that merit muſt be, which could gain it againſt all the diſadvantages of the horrid condition in which he has hitherto appeared! Had Homer, or any other admired author, firſt ſtarted into publick ſo maimed and deformed, we cannot determine whether they had not ſunk for ever under the ignominy of ſuch an ill appearance. The mangled condition of Shakeſpeare has been acknowledged by Mr. Rowe, who publiſhed him indeed, but neither corrected his text, nor collated the old copies. This gentleman had abilities, and

ſufficient

sufficient knowledge of his author, had but his industry been equal to his talents. The same mangled condition has been acknowledged too by Mr. Pope, who published him likewise, pretended to have collated the old copies, and yet seldom has corrected the text but to its injury. I congratulate with the *manes* of our poet, that this gentleman has been sparing in *indulging his private sense*, as he phrases it; for he, who tampers with an author, whom he does not understand, must do it at the expence of his subject. I have made it evident throughout my remarks, that he has frequently inflicted a wound where he intended a cure. He has acted with regard to our author, as an editor, whom LIPSIUS mentions, did with regard to MARTIAL; *Inventus est nescio quis* Popa, *qui non* vitia *ejus, sed* ipsum *excîdit*. He has attacked him like an unhandy *slaughterman*; and not lopped off the *errors*, but the *poet*.

When this is found to be the fact, how absurd must appear the praises of such an editor? It seems a moot point, whether Mr. Pope has done most injury to Shakespeare, as his editor and encomiast; or Mr. Rymer done him service, as his rival and censurer. They have both shewn themselves in an equal *impuissance* of suspecting or amending the corrupted passages: and though it be neither prudence to censure, or commend what one does not understand; yet if a man must do one when he plays the critick, the latter is the more ridiculous office; and by that Shakespeare suffers most. For the natural veneration which we have for him, makes us apt to swallow whatever is given us as *his*, and set off with encomiums; and hence we quit all suspicions of depravity: on the contrary, the censure of so divine an author sets us upon his defence; and this produces an exact scrutiny and examination, which ends in finding out and discriminating the true from the spurious.

It is not with any secret pleasure, that I so frequently animadvert on Mr. Pope as a critick; but there are provocations, which a man can never quite forget. His libels have been thrown out with so much inveteracy, that, not to dispute whether they *should* come from a *christian*, they leave it a question whether they *could* come from a *man*. I should be loth to doubt, as Quintus Serenus did in a like case:

Sive homo, seu similis turpissima bestia nobis
Vulnera dente dedit.

The

The indignation, perhaps, for being represented a *blockhead*, may be as strong in us, as it is in the ladies for a reflexion on their *beauties*. It is certain, I am indebted to him for some *flagrant civilities*; and I shall willingly devote a part of my life to the honest endeavour of quitting scores: with this exception however, that I will not return those civilities in his *peculiar* strain, but confine myself, at least, to the limits of *common decency*. I shall ever think it better to want *wit*, than to want *humanity*: and impartial posterity may, perhaps, be of my opinion.

But to return to my subject, which now calls upon me to enquire into those causes, to which the depravations of my author originally may be assigned. We are to consider him as a writer, of whom no authentick manuscript was left extant; as a writer, whose pieces were dispersedly performed on the several *stages* then in being. And it was the custom of those days for the poets to take a price of the *players* for the pieces they from time to time furnished; and thereupon it was supposed they had no farther right to print them without the consent of the *players*. As it was the interest of the *companies* to keep their plays unpublished, when any one succeeded, there was a contest betwixt the curiosity of the town, who demanded to see it in print, and the policy of the *stagers*, who wished to secrete it within their own walls. Hence, many pieces were taken down in short-hand, and imperfectly copied by ear from a *representation*: others were printed from piece-meal parts surreptitiously obtained from the theatres, uncorrect, and without the poet's knowledge. To some of these causes we owe the train of blemishes, that deform those pieces which stole singly into the world in our author's life-time.

There are still other reasons, which may be supposed to have affected the whole set. When the *players* took upon them to publish his works entire, every theatre was ransacked to supply the copy; and *parts* collected, which had gone through as many changes as performers, either from mutilations or additions made to them. Hence we derive many chasms and incoherences in the sense and matter. Scenes were frequently transposed, and shuffled out of their true place, to humour the caprice, or supposed convenience of some particular actor. Hence much confusion and impropriety has attended, and embarrassed the business and fable. To these obvious causes of corruption it must be added, that our author has lain under the disadvantage of having his errors

rors propagated and multiplied by time: becauſe, for near a century, his works were publiſhed from the faulty copies, without the aſſiſtance of any intelligent editor: which has been the caſe likewiſe of many a *claſſick* writer.

The nature of any diſtemper once found has generally been the immediate ſtep to a cure. Shakeſpeare's caſe has in a great meaſure reſembled that of a corrupt *claſſick*; and, conſequently, the method of cure was likewiſe to bear a reſemblance. By what means, and with what ſucceſs, this cure has been effected on ancient writers, is too well known, and needs no formal illuſtration. The reputation, conſequent on taſks of that nature, invited me to attempt the method here; with this view, the hopes of reſtoring to the publick their greateſt poet in his original purity: after having ſo long lain in a condition that was a diſgrace to common ſenſe. To this end I have ventured on a labour, that is the firſt aſſay of the kind on any modern author whatſoever. For the late edition of Milton by the learned Dr. Bentley is, in the main, a performance of another ſpecies. It is plain, it was the intention of that great man rather to correct and pare off the excreſcencies of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, in the manner that Tucca and Varius were employed to criticiſe the *Æneis of Virgil*, than to reſtore corrupted paſſages. Hence, therefore, may be ſeen either the iniquity or ignorance of his cenſurers, who, from ſome expreſſions, would make us believe, the *doctor* every where gives us his corrections as the original text of the author; whereas the chief turn of his criticiſm is plainly to ſhew the world, that if Milton did not write as he would have him, he ought to have wrote ſo.

I thought proper to premiſe this obſervation to the readers, as it will ſhew that the critick on Shakeſpeare is of a quite different kind. His genuine text is for the moſt part religiouſly adhered to, and the numerous faults and blemiſhes, purely his own, are left as they were found. Nothing is altered, but what by the cleareſt reaſoning can be proved a corruption of the true text; and the alteration, a real reſtoration of the genuine reading. Nay, ſo ſtrictly have I ſtrove to give the true reading, though ſometimes not to the advantage of my author, that I have been ridiculouſly ridiculed for it by thoſe, who either were iniquitouſly for turning every thing to my diſadvantage; or elſe were totally ignorant of the true duty of an editor.

The

The ſcience of criticiſm, as far as it affects an editor, ſeems to be reduced to theſe three claſſes; the emendation of corrupt paſſages; the explanation of obſcure and difficult ones; and an enquiry into the beauties and defects of compoſition. This work is principally confined to the two former parts: though there are ſome ſpecimens interſperſed of the latter kind, as ſeveral of the emendations were beſt ſupported, and ſeveral of the difficulties beſt explained, by taking notice of the beauties and defects of the compoſition peculiar to this immortal poet. But this was but occaſional, and for the ſake only of perfecting the two other parts, which were the proper objects of the editor's labour. The third lies open for every willing undertaker: and I ſhall be pleaſed to ſee it the employment of a maſterly pen.

It muſt neceſſarily happen, as I have formerly obſerved, that where the aſſiſtance of manuſcripts is wanting to ſet an author's meaning right, and reſcue him from thoſe errors which have been tranſmitted down through a ſeries of incorrect editions, and a long intervention of time, many paſſages muſt be deſperate, and paſt a cure; and their true ſenſe irretrievable either to care or the ſagacity of conjecture. But is there any reaſon therefore to ſay, that becauſe all cannot be retrieved, all ought to be left deſperate? We ſhould ſhew very little honeſty, or wiſdom, to play the tyrants with an author's text; to raze, alter, innovate, and overturn, at all adventures, and to the utter detriment of his ſenſe and meaning: but to be ſo very reſerved and cautious, as to interpoſe no relief or conjecture, where it manifeſtly labours and cries out for aſſiſtance, ſeems, on the other hand, an indolent abſurdity.

As there are very few pages in Shakeſpeare, upon which ſome ſuſpicions of depravity do not reaſonably ariſe; I have thought it my duty in the firſt place, by a diligent and laborious collation, to take in the aſſiſtances of all the older copies.

In his *hiſtorical plays*, whenever our Engliſh chronicles, and in his tragedies, when Greek or Roman ſtory could give any light, no pains have been omitted to ſet paſſages right, by comparing my author with his originals; for, as I have frequently obſerved, he was a cloſe and accurate copier where-ever his *fable* was founded on *hiſtory*.

Where-ever the author's ſenſe is clear and diſcoverable (though, perchance, low and trivial) I have not by any innovation tampered with his text, out of an oſtentation of endea-

endeavouring to make him ſpeak better than the old copies have done.

Where, through all the former editions, a paſſage has laboured under flat nonſenſe and invincible darkneſs, if, by the addition or alteration of a letter or two, or a tranſpoſition in the pointing, I have reſtored to him both ſenſe and ſentiment; ſuch corrections, I am perſuaded, will need no indulgence.

And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have conſtantly endeavoured to ſupport my corrections and conjectures by parallel paſſages and authorities from himſelf, the ſureſt means of expounding any author whatſoever. *Cette voïe d'interpreter un autheur par lui-même eſt plus ſure que tous les commentaires*, ſays a very learned French critick.

As to my *notes* (from which the common and learned readers of our author, I hope, will derive ſome ſatisfaction) I have endeavoured to give them a variety in ſome proportion to their number. Wherever I have ventured at an emendation, a *note* is conſtantly ſubjoined to juſtify and aſſert the reaſon of it. Where I only offer a conjecture, and do not diſturb the text, I fairly ſet forth my grounds for ſuch conjecture, and ſubmit it to judgment. Some remarks are ſpent in explaining paſſages, where the wit or ſatire depends on an obſcure point of hiſtory: others, where alluſions are to divinity, philoſophy, or other branches of ſcience. Some are added to ſhew, where there is a ſuſpicion of our author having borrowed from the ancients: others, to ſhew where he is rallying his contemporaries; or where he himſelf is rallied by them. And ſome are neceſſarily thrown in, to explain an obſcure and obſolete *term*, *phraſe*, or *idea*. I once intended to have added a complete and copious *gloſſary*; but as I have been importuned, and am prepared to give a correct edition of our author's POEMS, (in which many terms occur that are not to be met with in his *plays*) I thought a *gloſſary* to all Shakeſpeare's works more proper to attend that volume.

In reforming an infinite number of paſſages in the *pointing*, where the ſenſe was before quite loſt, I have frequently ſubjoined notes to ſhew the *depraved*, and to prove the *reformed*, pointing: a part of labour in this work which I could very willingly have ſpared myſelf. May it not be objected, why then have you burdened us with theſe notes? The anſwer is obvious, and, if I miſtake not, very material.

terial. Without ſuch notes, theſe paſſages in ſubſequent editions would be liable, through the ignorance of printers and correctors, to fall into the old confuſion: whereas, a note on every one hinders all poſſible return to depravity; and for ever ſecures them in a ſtate of purity and integrity not to be loſt or forfeited.

Again, as ſome notes have been neceſſary to point out the detection of the corrupted text, and eſtabliſh the reſtoration of the genuine readings; ſome others have been as neceſſary for the explanation of paſſages obſcure and difficult. To underſtand the neceſſity and uſe of this part of my taſk, ſome particulars of my author's character are previouſly to be explained. There are *obſcurities* in him, which are common to him with all poets of the ſame ſpecies; there are others, the iſſue of the times he lived in; and there are others, again, peculiar to himſelf. The nature of comick poetry being entirely ſatirical, it buſies itſelf more in expoſing what we call caprice and humour, than vices cognizable to the laws. The Engliſh, from the happineſs of a free conſtitution, and a turn of mind peculiarly ſpeculative and inquiſitive, are obſerved to produce more *humouriſts*, and a greater variety of original *characters*, than any other people whatſoever: and theſe owing their immediate birth to the peculiar genius of each age, an infinite number of things alluded to, glanced at, and expoſed, muſt needs become obſcure, as the *characters* themſelves are antiquated and diſuſed. An editor therefore ſhould be well verſed in the hiſtory and manners of his author's age, if he aims at doing him a ſervice in this reſpect.

Beſides, *wit* lying moſtly in the aſſemblage of *ideas*, and in putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance, or congruity, to make up pleaſant pictures, and agreeable viſions in the fancy; the writer, who aims at wit, muſt of courſe range far and wide for materials. Now the age in which Shakeſpeare lived, having, above all others, a wonderful affection to appear learned, they declined vulgar images, ſuch as are immediately fetched from nature, and ranged through the circle of the ſciences to fetch their ideas from thence. But as the reſemblances of ſuch ideas to the ſubject muſt neceſſarily lie very much out of the common way, and every piece of wit appear a riddle to the vulgar; this, that ſhould have taught them the forced, quaint, unnatural tract they were in (and induce them to follow a more natural one)

was

was the very thing that kept them attached to it. The oftentatious affectation of abftrufe learning, peculiar to that time, the love that men naturally have to every thing that looks like myftery, fixed them down to the habit of obfcurity. Thus became the poetry of DONNE (though the wittieft man of that age) nothing but a continued heap of riddles. And our Shakefpeare, with all his eafy nature about him, for want of the knowledge of the true rules of art, falls frequently into this vicious manner.

The third fpecies of *obfcurities* which deform our author, as the effects of his own genius and character, are thofe that proceed from his peculiar manner of *thinking*, and as peculiar a manner of *cloathing* thofe *thoughts*. With regard to his *thinking*, it is certain, that he had a general knowledge of all the fciences: but his acqnaintance was rather that of a traveller than a native. Nothing in philofophy was unknown to him; but every thing in it had the grace and force of novelty. And as novelty is one main fource of admiration, we are not to wonder that he has perpetual allufions to the moft recondite parts of the fciences: and this was done not fo much out of affectation, as the effect of admiration begot by novelty. Then, as to his *ftile* and *diction*, we may much more juftly apply to SHAKESPEARE, what a celebrated writer faid of MILTON: *Our language funk under him, and was unequal to that greatnefs of foul which furnifhed him with fuch glorious conceptions.* He therefore frequently ufes old words, to give his diction an air of folemnity; as he coins others, to exprefs the novelty and variety of his ideas.

Upon every diftinct fpecies of thefe *obfcurities*, I have thought it my province to employ a note for the fervice of my author, and the entertainment of my readers. A few tranfient remarks too I have not fcrupled to intermix, upon the poet's *negligences* and *omiffions* in point of art; but I have done it always in fuch a manner, as will teftify my deference and veneration for the immortal author. Some cenfurers of Shakefpeare, and particularly Mr. Rymer, have taught me to diftinguifh betwixt the *railer* and *critick*. The outrage of his quotations is fo remarkably violent, fo pufhed beyond all bounds of decency and fober reafoning, that it quite carries over the mark at which it was levelled. Extravagant abufe throws off the edge of the intended difparagement, and turns the madman's weapon into his own bofom. In fhort, as to Rymer, this is my opinion of

of him, from his *criticisms* on the *tragedies* of the last age. He writes with great vivacity, and appears to have been a scholar: but as for his knowledge of the art of poetry, I cannot perceive it was any deeper than his acquaintance with Bossu and Dacier, from whom he has transcribed many of his best reflexions. The late Mr. Gildon was one attached to Rymer by a similar way of thinking and studies. They were both of that species of critics who are desirous of displaying their powers rather in finding faults, than in consulting the improvement of the world: the *hyper-critical* part of the science of *criticism*.

I had not mentioned the modest liberty I have here and there taken of animadverting on my author, but that I was willing to obviate in time the splenetick exaggerations of my adversaries on this head. From past experiments I have reason to be conscious, in what light this attempt may be placed: and that what I call a *modest liberty*, will, by a little of their dexterity, be inverted into downright *impudence*. From a hundred mean and dishonest artifices employed to discredit this edition, and to cry down its editor, I have all the grounds in nature to beware of attacks. But though the malice of wit, joined to the smoothness of versification, may furnish some ridicule; fact, I hope, will be able to stand its ground against banter and gaiety.

It has been my fate, it seems, as I thought it my duty, to discover some *anachronisms* in our author; which might have slept in obscurity but for *this Restorer*, as Mr. Pope is pleased affectionately to stile me; as for instance, where Aristotle is mentioned by Hector in *Troilus and Cressida*: and Galen, Cato, and Alexander the Great, in *Coriolanus*. These, in Mr. Pope's opinion, are blunders, which the illiteracy of the first publishers of his works has fathered upon the poet's memory: *it not being at all credible, that these could be the errors of any man who had the least tincture of a school, or the least conversation with such as had*. But I have sufficiently proved, in the course of my *notes*, that such *anachronisms* were the effect of poetick licence, rather than of ignorance in our poet. And if I may be permitted to ask a modest question by the way, why may not I restore an *anachronism* really made by our author, as well as Mr. Pope take the privilege to fix others upon him, which he never had it in his head to make: as I may venture to affirm he had not, in the instance of Sir Francis Drake, to which I have spoke in the proper place?

But

But who shall dare make any words about this freedom of Mr. Pope's towards Shakespeare, if it can be proved, that, in his fits of criticism, he makes no more ceremony with good Homer himself? To try, then, a criticism of his own advancing; in the 8th book of the *Odyssey*, where Demodocus sings the episode of the loves of Mars and Venus; and that, upon their being taken in the net by Vulcan,

The god of arms
" *Must pay the penalty for lawless charms*;"

Mr. Pope is so kind gravely to inform us, " That Homer " in this, as in many other places, seems to allude to the " laws of Athens, where death was the punishment of " adultery." But how is this significant observation made out? Why, who can possibly object any thing to the contrary?——*Does not Pausanias relate, that Draco, the lawgiver to the Athenians, granted impunity to any person that took revenge upon an adulterer? And was it not also the institution of Solon, that if any one took an adulterer in the fact, he might use him as he pleased?* These things are very true: and to see what a good memory, and sound judgment in conjunction can atchieve! Though Homer's date is not determined down to a single year, yet it is pretty generally agreed that he lived above 300 years before Draco and Solon: and that, it seems, has made him *seem* to allude to the very laws, which these two legislators propounded above 300 years after. If this inference be not something like an *anachronism* or *prolepsis*, I will look once more into my lexicons for the true meaning of the words. It appears to me, that somebody besides Mars and Venus has been caught in a net by this episode: and I could call in other instances to confirm what treacherous tackle this net-work is, if not cautiously handled.

How just, notwithstanding, I have been in detecting the *anachronisms* of my author, and in defending him for the use of them, our late editor seems to think, they should rather have slept in obscurity: and the having discovered them is sneered at, as a sort of wrong-headed sagacity.

The numerous corrections which I have made of the poet's text in my SHAKESPEARE *Restored*, and which the publick have been so kind to think well of, are, in the appendix of Mr. Pope's last edition, slightingly called *various reasonings, guesses*, &c. He confesses to have inserted as many of them as he judged of any the least advantage to the poet; but says,

that the whole amounted to about 25 words: and pretends to have annexed a complete list of the rest, which were not worth his embracing. Whoever has read my book will, at one glance, see how in both these points veracity is strained, so an injury might but be done. *Malus, etsi obesse non potest, tamen cogitat.*

Another expedient, to make my work appear of a trifling nature, has been an attempt to depreciate *literal criticism.* To this end, and to pay a servile compliment to Mr. Pope, an *anonymous* writer has, like a Scotch pedlar in wit, unbraced his pack on the subject. But, that his virulence might not seem to be levelled singly at me, he has done me the honour to join Dr. Bentley in the libel. I was in hopes we should have been both abused with smartness of satire at least, though not with solidity of argument: that it might have been worth some reply in defence of the science attacked. But I may fairly say of this author, as Falstaff does of Poins; — *Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a* MALLET. If it be not prophanation to set the opinion of the divine Longinus against such a scribler, he tells us expresly, "That to make "a judgment upon *words* (and *writings*) is the most consum-"mate fruit of much experience. ἡ γάρ τῶν λόγων κρίσις πολλῆς ἐστι πείρας τελευταῖον ἐπιγέννημα. Whenever words are depraved, the sense of course must be corrupted; and thence the reader is betrayed into a false meaning. '

If the Latin and Greek languages have received the greatest advantages imaginable from the labours of the editors and criticks of the two last ages, by whose aid and assistance the grammarians have been enabled to write infinitely better in that art than even the preceding grammarians, who wrote when those tongues flourished as living languages; I should account it a peculiar happiness, that, by the faint essay I have made in this work, a path might be chalked out for abler hands, by which to derive the same advantages to our own tongue: a tongue, which, though it wants none of the fundamental qualities of an universal language, yet, as a *noble writer* says, lisps and stammers as in its cradle; and has produced little more towards its polishing than complaints of its barbarity.

Having now run through all those points, which I intended should make any part of this dissertation, and having in my *former* edition made publick acknowledgments of the assistances

assistances lent me, I shall conclude with a brief account of the methods taken in *this*.

It was thought proper, in order to reduce the bulk and price of the impression, that the notes, wherever they would admit of it, might be abridged: for which reason I have curtailed a great quantity of such, in which explanations were too prolix, or authorities in support of an emendation too numerous: and many I have entirely expunged, which were judged rather verbose and declamatory (and so notes merely of ostentation) than necessary or instructive.

The few literal errors which had escaped notice, for want of revisals, in the former edition, are here reformed; and the pointing of innumerable passages is regulated, with all the accuracy I am capable of.

I shall decline making any farther declaration of the pains I have taken upon my author, because it was my duty, as his editor, to publish him with my best care and judgment; and because I am sensible, all such declarations are construed to be laying a sort of a debt on the publick. As the former edition has been received with much indulgence, I ought to make my acknowledgments to the town for their favourable opinion of it; and I shall always be proud to think that encouragement the best payment I can hope to receive from my poor studies.

Sir T. HANMER's

PREFACE.

WHAT the publick is here to expect is a true and correct edition of Shakespeare's works, cleared from the corruptions with which they have hitherto abounded. One of the great admirers of this incomparable author hath made it the amusement of his leisure hours for many years past to look over his writings with a careful eye, to note the obscurities and absurdities introduced into the text, and according to the best of his judgment to restore the genuine sense and purity of it. In this he proposed nothing to himself, but his private satisfaction in making his own copy as perfect as he could; but as the emendations multiplied upon his hands, other gentlemen, equally fond of the author, desired to see them, and some were so kind as to give their assistance, by communicating their observations and conjectures upon difficult passages which had occurred to them. Thus by degrees the work growing more considerable than was at first expected, they who had the opportunity of looking into it, too partial perhaps in their judgment, thought it worth being made publick; and he, who hath with difficulty yielded to their persuasions, is far from desiring to reflect upon the late editors for the omissions and defects which they left to be supplied by others who should follow them in the same province. On the contrary, he thinks the world much obliged to them for the progress they made in weeding out so great a number of blunders and mistakes as they have done, and probably he who hath carried on the work might never have thought of such an undertaking, if he had not found a considerable part so done to his hands.

From what causes it proceeded that the works of this author, in the first publication of them, were more injured and abused than perhaps any that ever passed the press, hath been sufficiently explained in the preface to Mr. Pope's edition,

tion, which is here subjoined, and there needs no more to be said upon that subject. This only the reader is desired to bear in mind, that as the corruptions are more numerous, and of a grosser kind than can well be conceived, but by those who have looked nearly into them; so in the correcting them this rule hath been most strictly observed, not to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism, as if it were fit for any one to presume to judge what Shakespeare ought to have written, instead of endeavouring to discover truly and retrieve what he did write: and so great caution hath been used in this respect, that no alterations have been made, but what the sense necessarily required, what the measure of the verse often helped to point out, and what the similitude of words in the false reading and in the true, generally speaking, appeared very well to justify.

Most of those passages are here thrown to the bottom of the page, and rejected as spurious, which were stigmatized as such in Mr. Pope's edition; and it were to be wished that more had then undergone the same sentence. The promoter of the present edition hath ventured to discard but few more upon his own judgment, the most considerable of which is that wretched piece of ribaldry in *King Henry the Fifth*, put into the mouths of the French princess and an old gentlewoman, improper enough as it is all in French, and not intelligible to an English audience, and yet that perhaps is the best thing that can be said of it. There can be no doubt but a great deal more of that low stuff, which disgraces the works of this great author, was foisted in by the players after his death, to please the vulgar audience, by which they subsisted: and though some of the poor witticisms and conceits must be supposed to have fallen from his pen, yet as he hath put them generally into the mouths of low and ignorant people, so it is to be remembered that he wrote for the stage, rude and unpolished as it then was; and the vicious taste of the age must stand condemned for them, since he hath left upon record a signal proof how much he despised them. In his play of *The Merchant of* VENICE, a clown is introduced quibbling in a miserable manner; upon which one, who bears the character of a man of sense, makes the following reflexion: *How every fool can play upon a word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none but parrots.* He could hardly have found stronger words to express his indignation at those false pretences to wit then in vogue; and therefore though

such trash is frequently interspersed in his writings, it would be unjust to cast it as an imputation upon his taste and judgment and character as a writer.

There being many words in Shakespeare which are grown out of use and obsolete, and many borrowed from other languages which are not enough naturalized or known among us, a glossary is added at the end of the work, for the explanation of all those terms which have hitherto been so many stumbling-blocks to the generality of readers; and where there is any obscurity in the text, not arising from the words, but from a reference to some antiquated customs now forgotten, or other causes of that kind, a note is put at the bottom of the page to clear up the difficulty.

With these several helps, if that rich vein of sense which runs through the works of this author can be retrieved in every part, and brought to appear in its true light, and if it may be hoped, without presumption, that this is here effected; they who love and admire him will receive a new pleasure, and all probably will be more ready to join in doing him justice, who does great honour to his country as a rare and perhaps a singular genius: one who hath attained an high degree of perfection in those two great branches of poetry, tragedy and comedy, different as they are in their natures from each other; and who may be said without partiality to have equalled, if not excelled, in both kinds, the best writers of any age or country, who have thought it glory enough to distinguish themselves in either.

Since therefore other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their most celebrated poets with the fairest impressions beautified with the ornaments of sculpture, well may our Shakespeare be thought to deserve no less consideration: and as a fresh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his statue at a publick expence; so it is desired that this new edition of his works, which hath cost some attention and care, may be looked upon as another small monument designed and dedicated to his honour.

Dr. WAR-

Dr. WARBURTON's

PREFACE.

IT hath been no unufual thing for writers, when diffatisfied with the patronage or judgment of their own times, to appeal to pofterity for a fair hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the firft inftance; and to decline acquaintance with the publick, till envy and prejudice had quite fubfided. But, of all the trufters to futurity, commend me to the author of the following poems, who not only left it to time to do him juftice as it would, but to find him out as it could. For, what between too great attention to his profit as a player, and too little to his reputation as a poet, his works, left to the care of door-keepers and prompters, hardly efcaped the common fate of thofe writings, how good foever, which are abandoned to their own fortune, and unprotected by party or cabal. At length, indeed, they ftruggled into light; but fo difguifed and traveftied, that no claffick author, after having run ten fecular ftages through the blind cloifters of monks and canons, ever came out in half fo maimed and mangled a condition. But for a full account of his diforders, I refer the reader to the excellent difcourfe which follows, and turn myfelf to confider the remedies that have been applied to them.

Shakefpeare's works, when they efcaped the players, did not fall into much better hands when they came amongft printers and bookfellers; who, to fay the truth, had at firft but fmall encouragement for putting him into a better condition. The ftubborn nonfenfe, with which he was incrufted, occafioned his lying long neglected amongft the common lumber of the ftage. And when that refiftlefs fplendor, which now fhoots all around him, had, by degrees, broke through the fhell of thofe impurities, his dazzled admirers became as fuddenly infenfible to the extraneous fcurf that ftill ftuck upon him, as they had been before to the na-

tive beauties that lay under it. So that, as then he was thought not to deserve a cure, he was now supposed not to need any.

His growing eminence, however, required that he should be used with ceremony; and he soon had his appointment of an editor in form. But the bookseller, whose dealing was with wits, having learnt of them, I know not what silly maxim, that *none but a poet should presume to meddle with a poet*, engaged the ingenious Mr. Rowe to undertake this employment. A wit indeed he was; but so utterly unacquainted with the whole business of criticism, that he did not even collate or consult the first editions of the work he undertook to publish; but contented himself with giving us a meagre account of the author's life, interlarded with some commonplace scraps from his writings. The truth is, Shakespeare's condition was yet but ill understood. The nonsense, now, by consent, received for his own, was held in a kind of reverence for its age and author; and thus it continued, till another great *poet* broke the charm, by shewing us, that the higher we went, the less of it was still to be found.

For the proprietors, not discouraged by their first unsuccessful effort, in due time, made a second; and, though they still stuck to their poets, with infinitely more success in their choice of Mr. Pope, who, by the mere force of an uncommon genius, without any particular study or profession of this art, discharged the great parts of it so well, as to make his edition the best foundation for all further improvements. He separated the genuine from the spurious plays; and, with equal judgment, though not always with the same success, attempted to clear the genuine plays from the interpolated scenes: he then consulted the old editions; and, by a careful collation of them, rectified the faulty, and supplied the imperfect reading in a great number of places: and lastly, in an admirable preface, hath drawn a general, but very lively sketch of Shakespeare's poetick character: and, in the corrected text, marked out those peculiar strokes of genius which were most proper to support and illustrate that character. Thus far Mr. Pope. And although much more was to be done before Shakespeare could be restored to himself (such as amending the corrupted text where the printed books afford no assistance; explaining his licentious phraseology and obscure allusions; and illustrating the beauties of his poetry) yet, with great modesty and prudence, our illustrious editor left this to the critick by profession.

But

But nothing will give the common reader a better idea of the value of Mr. Pope's edition, than the two attempts which have been since made by Mr. Theobald and Sir Thomas Hanmer in opposition to it; who, although they concerned themselves only in the *first* of these three parts of criticism, the *restoring the text* (without any conception of the *second*, or venturing even to touch upon the *third*) yet succeeded so very ill in it, that they left their author in ten times a worse condition than they found him. But, as it was my ill fortune to have some accidental connexions with these two gentlemen, it will be incumbent on me to be a little more particular concerning them.

The one was recommended to me as a poor man; the other as a poor critick: and to each of them, at different times, I communicated a great number of observations, which they managed, as they saw fit, to the relief of their several distresses. As to Mr. Theobald, who wanted money, I allowed him to print what I gave him for his own advantage; and he allowed himself in the liberty of taking one part for his own, and sequestering another for the benefit, as I supposed, of some future edition. But, as to the Oxford editor, who wanted nothing, but what he might very well be without, the reputation of a critick, I could not so easily forgive him for trafficking with my papers without my knowledge; and, when that project failed, for employing a number of my conjectures in his edition against my express desire not to have that honour done unto me.

Mr. Theobald was naturally turned to industry and labour. What he read he could transcribe: but, as what he thought, if ever he did think, he could but ill express, so he read on; and by that means got a character of learning, without risquing, to every observer, the imputation of wanting a better talent. By a punctilious collation of the old books, he corrected what was manifestly wrong in the *latter* editions, by what was manifestly right in the *earlier*. And this is his real merit; and the whole of it. For where the phrase was very obsolete or licentious in the *common* books, or only slightly corrupted in the *other*, he wanted sufficient knowledge of the progress and various stages of the English tongue, as well as acquaintance with the peculiarity of Shakespeare's language, to understand what was right; nor had he either common judgment to see, or critical sagacity to amend, what was manifestly faulty. Hence he generally exerts his conjectural talent in the wrong place: he tampers

tampers with what is found in the *common* books; and, in the *old* ones, omits all notice of *variations*, the ſenſe of which he did not underſtand.

How the Oxford editor came to think himſelf qualified for this office, from which his whole courſe of life had been ſo remote, is ſtill more difficult to conceive. For whatever parts he might have either of genius or erudition, he was abſolutely ignorant of the art of criticiſm, as well as of the poetry of that time, and the language of his author. And ſo far from a thought of examining the *firſt* editions, that he even neglected to compare Mr. Pope's, from which he printed his own, with Mr. Theobald's; whereby he loſt the advantage of many fine lines, which the other had recovered from the old quartos. Where he truſts to his own ſagacity, in what affects the ſenſe, his conjectures are generally abſurd and extravagant, and violating every rule of criticiſm. Though, in this rage of correcting, he was not abſolutely deſtitute of all *art*. For, having a number of my conjectures before him, he took as many of them as he ſaw fit, to work upon; and by changing them to ſomething, he thought, ſynonymous or ſimilar, he made them his own; and ſo became a critick at a cheap expence. But how well he hath ſucceeded in this, as likewiſe in his conjectures, which are properly his own, will be ſeen in the courſe of my remarks: though, as he hath declined to give the reaſons for his interpolations, he hath not afforded me ſo fair a hold of him as Mr. Theobald hath done, who was leſs cautious. But his principal object was to reform his author's numbers; and this, which he hath done, on every occaſion, by the inſertion or omiſſion of a ſet of harmleſs unconcerning expletives, makes up the groſs body of his innocent corrections. And ſo, in ſpite of that extreme negligence in numbers, which diſtinguiſhes the firſt dramatick writers, he hath tricked up the old bard, from head to foot, in all the finical exactneſs of a modern meaſurer of ſyllables.

For the reſt, all the corrections, which theſe two editors have made on any *reaſonable* foundation, are here admitted into the text; and carefully aſſigned to their reſpective authors. A piece of juſtice which the Oxford editor never did; and which the *other* was not always ſcrupulous in obſerving towards me. To conclude with them in a word, they ſeparately poſſeſſed thoſe two qualities which, more than any other, have contributed to bring the art of criti-

ism into disrepute, *dulness of apprehension*, and *extravagance of conjecture*.

I am now to give some account of the present undertaking. For as to all those things which have been published under the titles of *Essays*, *Remarks*, *Observations*, *&c. on Shakspeare* (if you except some critical notes on *Macbeth*, given as a specimen of a projected edition, and written, as appears, by a man of parts and genius) the rest are absolutely below a serious notice.

The whole a critick can do for an author, who deserves his service, is to correct the faulty text; to remark the peculiarities of language; to illustrate the obscure allusions; and to explain the beauties and defects of sentiment or composition. And surely, if ever author had a claim to this service, it was our Shakespeare; who, widely excelling in the knowledge of human nature, hath given to his infinitely varied pictures of it, such truth of design, such force of drawing, such beauty of colouring, as was hardly ever equalled by any writer, whether his aim was the use, or only the entertainment of mankind. The notes in this edition, therefore, take in the whole compass of criticism.

I. The first sort is employed in restoring the poet's genuine text; but in those places only where it labours with inextricable nonsense. In which, how much soever I may have given scope to critical conjecture, where the old copies failed me, I have indulged nothing to fancy or imagination; but have religiously observed the severe canons of literal criticism, as may be seen from the reasons accompanying every alteration of the common text. Nor would a different conduct have become a critick, whose greatest attention, in this part, was to vindicate the established reading from interpolations occasioned by the fanciful extravagancies of others. I once intended to have given the reader a *body of canons*, for literal criticism, drawn out in form; as well such as concern the art in general, as those that arise from the nature and circumstances of our author's works in particular. And this for two reasons. First, to give the *unlearned reader* a just idea, and consequently a better opinion of the art of criticism, now sunk very low in the popular esteem, by the attempts of some who would needs exercise it without either natural or acquired talents; and by the ill success of others, who seemed to have lost both, when they came to try them upon English authors. Secondly, To deter the *unlearned writer* from wantonly trifling with an art he

is

is a ſtranger to, at the expence of his own reputation, and the integrity of the text of eſtabliſhed authors. But theſe uſes may be well ſupplied by what is occaſionally ſaid upon the ſubject, in the courſe of the following remarks.

II. The ſecond ſort of notes conſiſts in an explanation of the author's meaning, when, by one or more of theſe cauſes, it becomes obſcure; either from a *licentious uſe of terms*, or a *hard or ungrammatical conſtruction*; or laſtly, from *far-fetched or quaint alluſions*.

1. This licentious uſe of words is almoſt peculiar to the language of Shakeſpeare. To common terms he hath affixed meanings of his own, unauthorized by uſe, and not to be juſtified by analogy. And this liberty he hath taken with the nobleſt parts of ſpeech, ſuch as *mixed modes*; which, as they are moſt ſuſceptible of abuſe, ſo their abuſe moſt hurts the clearneſs of the diſcourſe. The criticks (to whom Shakeſpeare's licence was ſtill as much a ſecret as his meaning, which that licence had obſcured) fell into two contrary miſtakes; but equally injurious to his reputation and his writings. For ſome of them, obſerving a darkneſs that pervaded his whole expreſſion, have cenſured him for confuſion of ideas and inaccuracy of reaſoning. *In the neighing of a horſe* (ſays Rymer) *or in the growling of a maſtiff, there is a meaning, there is a lively expreſſion, and, may I ſay, more humanity than many times in the tragical flights of Shakeſpeare.* The ignorance of which cenſure is of a piece with its brutality. The truth is, no one thought clearer, or argued more cloſely than this immortal bard. But his ſuperiority of genius leſs needing the intervention of words in the act of thinking, when he came to draw out his contemplations into diſcourſe, he took up (as he was hurried on by the torrent of his matter) with the firſt words that lay in his way; and if, amongſt theſe, there were two *mixed modes* that had but a principal idea in common, it was enough for him; he regarded them as ſynonymous, and would uſe the one for the other without fear or ſcruple.——Again, there have been others, ſuch as the two laſt editors, who have fallen into a contrary extreme; and regarded Shakeſpeare's anomalies (as we may call them) amongſt the corruptions of his text; which, therefore, they have caſhiered in great numbers, to make room for a jargon of their own. This hath put me to additional trouble; for I had not only their interpolations to throw out again, but the genuine text to replace, and eſtabliſh in its ſtead; which, in many caſes, could not be done without

ſhewing

shewing the peculiar sense of the terms, and explaining the causes which led the poet to so perverse an use of them. I had it once, indeed, in my design, to give a general alphabetick *glossary* of those terms; but as each of them is explained in its proper place, there seemed the less occasion for such an index.

2. The poet's hard and unnatural construction had a different original. This was the effect of mistaken art and design. The publick taste was in its infancy; and delighted (as it always does during that state) in the high and turgid; which leads the writer to disguise a vulgar expression with hard and forced construction, whereby the sentence frequently becomes cloudy and dark. Here his criticks shew their modesty, and leave him to himself. For the arbitrary change of a word doth little towards dispelling an obscurity that ariseth, not from the licentious use of a single term, but from the unnatural arrangement of a whole sentence. And they risqued nothing by their silence. For Shakespeare was too clear in fame to be suspected of a want of meaning; and too high in fashion for any one to own he needed a critick to find it out. Not but, in his best works, we must allow, he is often so natural and flowing, so pure and correct, that he is even a model for stile and language.

3. As to his far-fetched and quaint allusions, these are often a cover to common thoughts; just as his hard construction is to common expression. When they are not so, the explanation of them has this further advantage, that, in clearing the obscurity, you frequently discover some latent conceit not unworthy of his genius.

III. The third and last sort of notes is concerned in a critical explanation of the author's beauties and defects; but chiefly of his beauties, whether in stile, thought, sentiment, character, or composition. An odd humour of finding fault hath long prevailed amongst the criticks; as if nothing were worth *remarking*, that did not, at the same time, deserve to be reproved. Whereas the publick judgment hath less need to be assisted in what it shall reject, than in what it ought to prize; men being generally more ready at spying faults than in discovering beauties. Nor is the value they set upon a work, a certain proof that they understand it. For it is ever seen, that half a dozen voices of credit give the lead: and if the public chance to be in good humour, or the author much in their favour, the people are sure to follow. Hence it is that the true critick hath so frequently attached himself

himself to works of established reputation; not to teach the world to *admire*, which, in those circumstances, to say the truth, they are apt enough to do of themselves; but to teach them how, *with reason to admire:* no easy matter, I will assure you, on the subject in question: for though it be very true, as Mr. Pope hath observed, that *Shakespeare is the fairest and fullest subject for criticism*, yet it is not such a sort of criticism as may be raised mechanically on the rules which Dacier, Rapin, and Bossu have collected from antiquity; and of which, such kind of writers as Rymer, Gildon, Dennis, and Oldmixon, have only gathered and chewed the husks: nor on the other hand is it to be formed on the plan of those crude and superficial judgments, on books and things, with which a certain celebrated paper so much abounds; too good indeed to be named with the writers last mentioned, but being unluckily mistaken for a *model*, because it was an *original*, it hath given rise to a deluge of the worst sort of critical jargon; I mean that which looks most like sense. But the kind of criticism here required, is such as judgeth our author by those only laws and principles on which he wrote, NATURE, and COMMON-SENSE.

Our observations, therefore, being thus extensive, will, I presume, enable the reader to form a right judgment of this favourite poet, without drawing out his character, as was once intended, in a continued discourse.

These, such, as they are, were among my younger amusements, when many years ago, I used to turn over these sort of writers to unbend myself from more serious applications: and what, certainly, the publick, at this time of day, had never been troubled with, but for the conduct of the two last editors, and the persuasions of dear Mr. Pope; whose memory and name,

> *- semper acerbum,*
> *Semper honoratum (sic Dî voluistis) habebo.*

He was desirous I should give a new edition of this poet, as he thought it might contribute to put a stop to a prevailing folly of altering the text of celebrated authors without talents or judgment. And he was willing that *his* edition should be melted down into *mine*, as it would, he said, afford him (so great is the modesty of an ingenuous temper) a fit opportunity of confessing his mistakes*. In memory of

* See his Letters to me.

our

'ur friendship, I have, therefore, made it our joint edition. His admirable preface is here added; all his notes are given, with his name annexed; the scenes are divided according to his regulation; and the most beautiful passages distinguished, as in his book, with inverted commas. In imitation of him, I have done the same by as many others as I thought most deserving of the reader's attention, and have marked them with *double* commas.

If, from all this, Shakespeare or good letters have received any advantage, and the publick any benefit, or entertainment, the thanks are due to the *proprietors*, who have been at the expence of procuring this edition. And I should be unjust to several deserving men of a reputable and useful profession, if I did not, on this occasion, acknowledge the fair dealing I have always found amongst them; and profess my sense of the unjust prejudice which lies against them; whereby they have been, hitherto, unable to procure that security for their property, which they see the rest of their fellow-citizens enjoy. A prejudice in part arising from the frequent *piracies* (as they are called) committed by members of their own body. But such kind of members no body is without. And it would be hard that this should be turned to the discredit of the honest part of the profession, who suffer more from such injuries than any other men. It hath, in part too, arisen from the clamours of profligate scribblers, ever ready, for a piece of money, to prostitute their bad sense for or against any cause prophane or sacred; or in any scandal publick or private: these meeting with little encouragement from men of account in the trade (who, even in this enlightened age, are not the very worst judges or rewarders of merit) apply themselves to people of condition; and support their importunities by false complaints against *booksellers*.

But I should now, perhaps, rather think of my own apology, than busy myself in the defence of others. I shall have some *Tartuffe* ready, on the first appearance of this edition, to call out again, and tell me, that *I suffer myself to be wholly diverted from my purpose by these matters less suitable to my clerical profession.* " Well, but (says a friend) why not " take so candid an intimation in good part? Withdraw " yourself again, as you are bid, into the clerical pale: " examine the records of sacred and prophane antiquity; " and, on them, erect a work to the confusion of infide- " lity." Why, I have done all this, and more: and hear now

now what the ſame men have ſaid to it. They tell me, *I have wrote to the wrong and injury of religion, and furniſhed out more handles for unbelievers.* "Oh! now the ſecret is out; "and you may have your pardon, I find, upon eaſier terms. "It is only to write no more."——Good gentlemen! and ſhall I not oblige them? They would gladly *obſtruct* my way to thoſe things which every man, who *endeavours well* in his profeſſion, muſt needs think he has ſome claim to, when he ſees them given to thoſe who never did *endeavour*; at the ſame time that they would *deter* me from taking thoſe advantages which letters enable me to procure for myſelf. If then I am to write no more (though as much out of my profeſſion as they may pleaſe to repreſent this work, I ſuſpect their modeſty would not inſiſt on a ſcrutiny of our ſeveral applications of this prophane profit and their purer gains) if, I ſay, I am to write no more, let me at leaſt give the publick, who have a better pretence to demand it of me, ſome reaſon for my preſenting them with theſe amuſements; which, if I am not much miſtaken, may be excuſed by the beſt and faireſt *examples*; and, what is more, may be juſtified on the ſurer *reaſon of things.*

The great Saint CHRYSOSTOM, a name conſecrated to immortality by his virtue and eloquence, is known to have been ſo fond of Ariſtophanes, as to wake with him at his ſtudies, and to ſleep with him under his pillow: and I never heard that this was objected either to his piety or his preaching, not even in thoſe times of pure zeal and primitive religion. Yet, in reſpect of Shakeſpeare's great ſenſe, Ariſtophanes's beſt wit is but buffoonery, and, in compariſon of Ariſtophanes's freedoms, Shakeſpeare writes with the purity of a veſtal. But they will ſay, St. Chryſoſtom contracted a fondneſs for the comick poet *for the ſake of his Greek.* To this, indeed, I have nothing to reply. Far be it from me to inſinuate ſo unſcholarlike a thing, as if we had the ſame uſe for good Engliſh, that a Greek had for his Attick elegance. Critick Kuſter, in a taſte and language peculiar to grammarians of a certain order, hath decreed, that *the hiſtory and chronology of Greek words is the moſt SOLID entertainment of a man of letters.*

I fly then to a higher example, much nearer home, and ſtill more in point, the famous univerſity of OXFORD. This illuſtrious body, which hath long ſo juſtly held, and with ſuch equity diſpenſed, the chief honours of the learned world, thought good letters ſo much intereſted in correct editions

editions of the beſt Engliſh writers, that they, very lately, in their publick capacity, undertook *one* of this very author by ſubſcription. And if the editor hath not diſcharged his taſk with ſuitable abilities for one ſo much honoured by them, this was not their fault, but his, who thruſt himſelf into the employment. After ſuch an example, it would be weakening any defence to ſeek further for authorities. All that can be now decently urged, is the *reaſon of the thing*; and this I ſhall do, more for the ſake of that truly venerable body than my own.

Of all the literary exercitations of ſpeculative men, whether deſigned for the uſe or entertainment of the world, there are none of ſo much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than thoſe which let us into the knowledge of our nature. Others may exerciſe the reaſon, or amuſe the imagination; but theſe only can improve the heart, and form the human mind to wiſdom. Now, in this ſcience, our Shakeſpeare is confeſſed to occupy the foremoſt place; whether we conſider the amazing ſagacity with which he inveſtigates every hidden ſpring and wheel of human action; or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the juſt and living paintings which he has given us of all our paſſions, appetites, and purſuits. Theſe afford a leſſon which can never be too often repeated, or too conſtantly inculcated; and, to engage the reader's due attention to it, hath been one of the principal objects of this edition.

As this ſcience (whatever profound philoſophers may think) is, to the reſt, *in things*; ſo, *in words*, (whatever ſupercilious pedants may talk) every one's mother tongue is to all other languages. This hath ſtill been the ſentiment of nature and true wiſdom. Hence, the greateſt men of antiquity never thought themſelves better employed, than in cultivating their own country idiom. So Lycurgus did honour to Sparta, in giving the firſt complete edition of Homer; and Cicero to Rome, in correcting the works of Lucretius. Nor do we want examples of the ſame good ſenſe in modern times, even amidſt the cruel inroads that art and faſhion have made upon nature and the ſimplicity of wiſdom. Ménage, the greateſt name in France for all kinds of philologick learning, prided himſelf in writing critical notes on their beſt lyrick poet Malherbe: and our greater Selden, when he thought it might reflect credit on his country, did not diſdain even to comment a very ordinary

poet, one Michael Drayton. But the English tongue, at this juncture, deserves and demands our particular regard. It hath, by means of the many excellent works of different kinds composed in it, engaged the notice, and become the study, of almost every curious and learned foreigner, so as to be thought even a part of literary accomplishment. This must needs make it deserving of a critical attention: and its being yet destitute of a test or standard to apply to, in cases of doubt or difficulty, shews how much it wants that attention. For we have neither GRAMMAR nor DICTIONARY, neither chart nor compass, to guide us through this wide sea of words. And indeed how should we? since both are to be composed and finished on the authority of our best established writers. But their authority can be of little use, till the text hath been correctly settled, and the phraseology critically examined. As then, by these aids, a *Grammar* and *Dictionary*, planned upon the best rules of logick and philosophy (and none but such will deserve the name) are to be procured; the forwarding of this will be a general concern: for, as Quintilian observes, "Verborum *proprietas* ac "*differentia* omnibus, qui sermonem curæ habent, debet "esse communis." By this way, the Italians have brought their tongue to a degree of purity and stability, which no living language ever attained unto before. It is with pleasure I observe, that these things now begin to be understood among ourselves; and that I can acquaint the publick, we may soon expect very elegant editions of Fletcher and *Milton's Paradise Lost* from gentlemen of distinguished abilities and learning. But this interval of good sense, as it may be short, is indeed but new. For I remember to have heard of a very learned man, who, not long since, formed a design, of giving a more correct edition of Spenser; and, without doubt, would have performed it well; but he was dissuaded from his purpose by his friends, as beneath the dignity of a professor of the occult sciences. Yet these very friends, I suppose, would have thought it had added lustre to his high station, to have new-furbished out some dull northern chronicle, or dark Sibylline ænigma. But let it not be thought that what is here said insinuates any thing to the discredit of Greek and Latin criticism. If the follies of particular men were sufficient to bring any branch of learning into disrepute, I do not know any that would stand in a worse situation than that for which I now apologize. For I hardly think there ever appeared, in any *learned* language, so exe-

crable

crable a heap of nonsense, under the name of commentaries, as hath been lately given us on a certain satirick poet, of the last age, by his editor and coadjutor.

I am sensible how unjustly the very best *classical* criticks have been treated. It is said, that our great philosopher spoke with much contempt of the two finest scholars of this age, Dr. Bentley and Bishop Hare, for squabbling, as he expressed it, about an old play-book; meaning, I suppose, Terence's comedies. But this story is unworthy of him; though well enough suiting the fanatick turn of the wild writer that relates it; such censures are amongst the follies of men immoderately given over to one science, and ignorantly undervaluing all the rest. Those learned criticks might, and perhaps did, laugh in their turn (though still, sure, with the same indecency and indiscretion) at that incomparable man, for wearing out a long life in poring through a telescope. Indeed, the weaknesses of such are to be mentioned with reverence. But who can bear, without indignation, the fashionable cant of every trifling writer, whose insipidity passes, with himself, for politeness, for pretending to be shocked, forsooth, with the rude and savage air of *vulgar* criticks; meaning such as Muretus, Scaliger, Casaubon, Salmasius, Spanheim, Bentley. When, had it not been for the deathless labours of such as these, the western world, at the revival of letters, had soon fallen back again into a state of ignorance and barbarity, as deplorable as that from which Providence had just redeemed it.

To conclude with an observation of a fine writer and great philosopher of our own; which I would gladly bind, though with all honour, as a phylactery, on the brow of every awful grammarian, to teach him at once the *use* and *limits* of his art: WORDS ARE THE MONEY OF FOOLS, AND THE COUNTERS OF WISE MEN.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READER.

[Prefixed to Mr. STEEVENS's Edition of Twenty of the old Quarto Copies of SHAKESPEARE, &c. in 4 Vols. 8vo. 1766.]

THE plays of SHAKESPEARE have been ſo often republiſhed, with every ſeeming advantage which the joint labours of men of the firſt abilities could procure for them, that one would hardly imagine they could ſtand in need of any thing beyond the illuſtration of ſome few dark paſſages. Modes of expreſſion muſt remain in obſcurity, or be retrieved from time to time, as chance may throw the books of that age into the hands of criticks who ſhall make a proper uſe of them. Many have been of opinion that his language will continue difficult to all thoſe who are unacquainted with the provincial expreſſions which they ſuppoſe him to have uſed; but, for my own part, I cannot believe but that thoſe which are now local may once have been univerſal, and muſt have been the language of thoſe perſons before whom his plays were repreſented. However, it is certain that the inſtances of obſcurity from this ſource are very few.

Some have been of opinion that even a particular ſyntax prevailed in the time of Shakeſpeare; but, as I do not recollect that any proofs were ever brought in ſupport of that ſentiment, I own I am of the contrary opinion.

In his time indeed a different arrangement of ſyllables had been introduced in imitation of the Latin, as we find in Aſ-

cham;

tham; and the verb was very frequently kept back in the ſentence; but in Shakeſpeare no marks of it are diſcernible: and though the rules of ſyntax were more ſtrictly obſerved by the writers of that age than they have been ſince, he of all the number is perhaps the moſt ungrammatical. To make his meaning intelligible to his audience ſeems to have been his only care, and with the eaſe of converſation he has adopted its incorrectneſs.

The past editors, eminently qualified as they were by genius and learning for this undertaking, wanted induſtry; to cover which they publiſhed catalogues, tranſcribed at random, of a greater number of old copies than ever they can be ſuppoſed to have had in their poſſeſſion; when, at the ſame time, they never examined the few which we know they had, with any degree of accuracy. The laſt editor alone has dealt fairly with the world in this particular; he profeſſes to have made uſe of no more than he had really ſeen, and has annexed a liſt of ſuch to every play, together with a complete one of thoſe ſuppoſed to be in being, at the concluſion of his work, whether he had been able to procure them for the ſervice of it or not.

For theſe reaſons I thought it would not be unacceptable to the lovers of Shakeſpeare to collate all the quartos I could find, comparing one copy with the reſt, where there were more than one of the ſame play; and to multiply the chances of their being preſerved, by collecting them into volumes, inſtead of leaving the few that have eſcaped, to ſhare the fate of the reſt, which was probably haſtened by their remaining in the form of pamphlets, their uſe and value being equally unknown to thoſe into whoſe hands they fell.

Of ſome I have printed more than one copy; as there are many perſons, who, not contented with the poſſeſſion of a finiſhed picture of ſome great maſter, are deſirous to procure the firſt ſketch that was made for it, that they may have the pleaſure of tracing the progreſs of the artiſt from the firſt light colouring to the finiſhing ſtroke. To ſuch the earlier editions of *King John*, *Henry the Fifth*, *Henry the Sixth*, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, will, I apprehend, not be unwelcome; ſince in theſe we may diſcern as much as will be found in the haſty outlines of the pencil, with a fair proſpect of that perfection to which he brought every performance he took the pains to retouch.

The general character of the quarto editions may more

advantageously be taken from the words of Mr. Pope, than from any recommendation of my own.

"The folio edition (says he) in which all the plays we "now receive as his were first collected, was published by "two players, Heminges and Condell, in 1623, seven "years after his decease. They declare that all the other "editions were stolen and surreptitious*, and affirm theirs "to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true "as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects "else it is far worse than the quartos.

"First, because the additions of trifling and bombast "passages are in this edition far more numerous. For what-"ever had been added since those quartos by the actors, or "had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were "from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand "charged upon the author. He himself complained of "this usage in *Hamlet*, where he wishes *those who play the* "*clowns would speak no more than is set down for them* (Act iii. "Sc. iv.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in "the old editions of *Romeo and Juliet*, there is no hint of "the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. "In others the scenes of the mobs, plebeians, and clowns, "are vastly shorter than at present; and I have seen one in "particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-"house, by having the parts divided by lines, and the act-"ors names in the margin) where several of those very pas-"sages were added in a written hand, which since are to be "found in the folio.

"In the next place, a number of beautiful passages were "omitted, which were extant in the first single editions; as "it seems without any other reason than their willingness "to shorten some scenes."

To this I must add, that I cannot help looking on the folio as having suffered other injuries from the licentious alteration of the players; as we frequently find in it an unusual word changed into one more popular; sometimes to the weakening of the sense, which rather seems to have been their work, who knew that plainness was necessary for the

* It may be proper on this occasion to observe, that the actors printed several of the plays in their folio edition from the very quarto copies which they are here striving to depreciate; and additional depravation is the utmost that these copies gained by passing through their hands.

audience

audience of an illiterate age, than that it was done by the consent of the author: for he would hardly have unnerved a line in his written copy, which they pretend to have transcribed, however he might have permitted many to have been familiarized in the representation. Were I to indulge my own private conjecture, I should suppose that his blotted manuscripts were read over by one to another among those who were appointed to transcribe them; and hence it would easily happen, that words of similar sound, though of senses directly opposite, might be confounded with each other. They themselves declare that Shakespeare's time of blotting was past, and yet half the errors we find in their edition could not be merely typographical. Many of the quartos (as our own printers assure me) were far from being unskilfully executed, and some of them were much more correctly printed than the folio, which was published at the charge of the same proprietors, whose names we find prefixed to the older copies; and I cannot join with Mr. Pope in acquitting that edition of more literal errors than those which went before it. The particles in it seem to be as fortuitously disposed, and proper names as frequently undistinguished by Italick or capital letters from the rest of the text. The punctuation is equally accidental; nor do I see on the whole any greater marks of a skilful revisal, or the advantage of being printed from unblotted originals in the one, than in the other. One reformation indeed there seems to have been made, and that very laudable; I mean the substitution of more general terms for a name too often unnecessarily invoked on the stage; but no jot of obscenity is omitted: and their caution against prophaneness is, in my opinion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the judgment of the editors of the folio.

How much may be done by the assistance of the old copies will now be easily known; but a more difficult task remains behind, which calls for other abilities than are requisite in the laborious collator.

From a diligent perusal of the comedies of contemporary authors, I am persuaded that the meaning of many expressions in Shakespeare might be retrieved; for the language of conversation can only be expected to be preserved in works, which in their time assumed the merit of being pictures of men and manners. The stile of conversation we may suppose to be as much altered as that of books; and in consequence of the change, we have no other authorities to recur

to in either case. Should our language ever be recalled to a strict examination, and the fashion become general of striving to maintain our old acquisitions, instead of gaining new ones, which we shall be at last obliged to give up, or be incumbered with their weight; it will then be lamented that no regular collection was ever formed of the old English books; from which, as from ancient repositories, we might recover words and phrases as often as caprice or wantonness should call for variety; instead of thinking it necessary to adopt new ones, or barter solid strength for feeble splendour, which no language has long admitted, and retained its purity.

We wonder that, before the time of Shakespeare, we find the stage in a state so barren of productions, but forget that we have hardly any acquaintance with the authors of that period, though some few of their dramatick pieces may remain. The same might be almost said of the interval between that age and the age of Dryden, the performances of which, not being preserved in sets, or diffused as now, by the greater number printed, must lapse apace into the same obscurity.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi——

And yet we are contented, from a few specimens only, to form our opinions of the genius of ages gone before us. Even while we are blaming the taste of that audience which received with applause the worst plays in the reign of Charles the Second, we should consider that the few in possession of our theatre, which would never have been heard a second time had they been written now, were probably the best of hundreds which had been dismissed with general censure. The collection of plays, interludes, &c. made by Mr. Garrick, with an intent to deposit them hereafter in some publick library, will be considered as a valuable acquisition; for pamphlets have never yet been examined with a proper regard to posterity. Most of the obsolete pieces will be found on enquiry to have been introduced into libraries but some few years since; and yet those of the present age, which may one time or other prove as useful, are still entirely neglected. I should be remiss, I am sure, were I to forget my acknowledgments to the gentleman I have just mentioned, to whose benevolence I owe the use of several of the scarcest quartos,

which

which I could not otherwiſe have obtained; though I advertiſed for them, with ſufficient offers, as I thought, either to tempt the caſual owner to ſell, or the curious to communicate them; but Mr. Garrick's zeal would not permit him to with-hold any thing that might ever ſo remotely tend to ſhew the perfections of that author who could only have enabled him to diſplay his own.

It is not merely to obtain juſtice to Shakeſpeare, that I have made this collection, and adviſe others to be made. The general intereſt of Engliſh literature, and the attention due to our own language and hiſtory, require that our ancient writings ſhould be diligently reviewed. There is no age which has not produced ſome works that deſerved to be remembered; and as words and phraſes are only underſtood by comparing them in different places, the lower writers muſt be read for the explanation of the higheſt. No language can be aſcertained and ſettled, but by deducing its words from their original ſources, and tracing them through their ſucceſſive varieties of ſignification; and this deduction can only be performed by conſulting the earlieſt and intermediate authors.

Enough has been already done to encourage us to do more. Dr. Hickes, by reviving the ſtudy of the Saxon language, ſeems to have excited a ſtronger curioſity after old Engliſh writers, than ever had appeared before. Many volumes which were mouldering in duſt have been collected; many authors which were forgotten have been revived; many laborious catalogues have been formed; and many judicious gloſſaries compiled: the literary tranſactions of the darker ages are now open to diſcovery; and the language in its intermediate gradations, from the Conqueſt to the Reſtoration, is better underſtood than in any former time.

To incite the continuance, and encourage the extenſion of this domeſtick curioſity, is one of the purpoſes of the preſent publication. In the plays it contains, the poet's firſt thoughts as well as words are preſerved; the additions made in ſubſequent impreſſions diſtinguiſhed in Italicks, and the performances themſelves make their appearance with every typographical error, ſuch as they were before they fell into the hands of the player-editors. The various readings, which can only be attributed to chance, are ſet down among the reſt, as I did not chooſe arbitrarily to determine for others which were uſeleſs, or which were valuable. And many words

words differing only by the ſpelling, or ſerving merely to ſhew the difficulties which they to whoſe lot it firſt fell to diſentangle their perplexities muſt have encountered, are exhibited with the reſt. I muſt acknowledge that ſome few readings have ſlipped in by miſtake, which can pretend to ſerve no purpoſe of illuſtration, but were introduced by confining myſelf to note the minuteſt variations of the copies, which ſoon convinced me that the oldeſt were in general the moſt correct. Though no proof can be given that the poet ſuperintended the publication of any one of theſe himſelf, yet we have little reaſon to ſuppoſe that he who wrote at the command of Elizabeth, and under the patronage of Southampton, was ſo very negligent of his fame, as to permit the moſt incompetent judges, ſuch as the players were, to vary at their pleaſure what he had ſet down for the firſt ſingle editions; and we have better grounds for a ſuſpicion that his works did materially ſuffer from their preſumptuous corrections after his death.

It is very well known, that before the time of Shakeſpeare, the art of making title-pages was practiſed with as much, or perhaps more ſucceſs than it has been ſince. Accordingly, to all his plays we find long and deſcriptive ones, which, when they were firſt publiſhed, were of great ſervice to the venders of them. Pamphlets of every kind were hawked about the ſtreets by a ſet of people reſembling his own *Autolycus*, who proclaimed aloud the qualities of what they offered to ſale, and might draw in many a purchaſer by the mirth he was taught to expect from *the humours of Corporal Nym, or the ſwaggering vaine of Auncient Piſtoll*, who was not to be tempted by the repreſentation of a fact merely hiſtorical. The players, however, laid aſide the whole of this garniture, not finding it ſo neceſſary to procure ſucceſs to a bulky volume, when the author's reputation was eſtabliſhed, as it had been to beſpeak attention to a few ſtraggling pamphlets while it was yet uncertain.

The ſixteen plays, which are not in theſe volumes, remained unpubliſhed till the folio in the year 1623, though the compiler of a work, called *Theatrical Records*, mentions different ſingle editions of them all before that time. But as no one of the editors could ever meet with ſuch, nor has any one elſe pretended to have ſeen them, I think myſelf at liberty to ſuppoſe the compiler ſupplied the defects of the liſt out of his own imagination; ſince he muſt have had

ſingular

singular good fortune to have been possessed of two or three different copies of all, when neither editors nor collectors, in the course of near fifty years, have been able so much as to obtain the sight of one of the number*.

At the end of the last volume I have added a tragedy of *King Leir*, published before that of Shakespeare, which it is not improbable he might have seen, as the father kneeling to the daughter, when she kneels to ask his blessing is found in it; a circumstance two poets were not very likely to have hit on separately; and which seems borrowed by the latter with his usual judgment, it being the most natural passage in the whole play; and is introduced in such a manner, as to make it fairly his own. The ingenious editor of *The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* having never met with this play, and as it is not preserved in Mr. Garrick's collection, I thought it a curiosity worthy the notice of the publick.

I have likewise reprinted Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, from a copy published in 1609, by G. Eld, one of the printers of his plays; which, added to the consideration that they made their appearance with his name, and in his life-time, seems to be no slender proof of their authenticity. The same evidence might operate in favour of several more plays which are omitted here, out of respect to the judgment of those who had omitted them before †.

It is to be wished that some method of publication most favourable to the character of an author were once established; whether we are to send into the world all his

* It will be obvious to every one acquainted with the ancient English language, that in almost all the titles of plays in this catalogue of Mr. *William Rufus Chetwood*, the spelling is constantly overcharged with such a superfluity of letters as is not to be found in the writings of Shakespeare or his contemporaries. A more bungling attempt at a forgery was never obtruded on the public. See the *British Theatre* 1750, reprinted by Dodsley in 1756, under the title of "Theatrical Records, or an Account of English Dramatic Authors, and their Works," where all that is said concerning an advertisement at the end of *Romeo and Juliet* 1597 is equally false, no copy of that play having been ever published by *Andrew Wise*.

† Locrine, 1595. Sir John Oldcastle, 1600. London Prodigal, 1605. Pericles Prince of Tyre, 1609. Puritan, 1600. Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613. Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608.

works

works without diſtinction, or arbitrarily to leave ont what may be thought a diſgrace to him. The firſt editors, who rejected *Pericles*, retained *Titus Andronicus*; and Mr. Pope, without any reaſon, named *The Winter's Tale*, a play that bears the ſtrongeſt marks of the hand of Shakeſpeare, among thoſe which he ſuppoſed to be ſpurious. Dr. Warburton has fixed a ſtigma on the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, and ſome others:

Inde Dolabella eſt, atque hinc Antonius;

and all have been willing to plunder Shakeſpeare, or mix up *a breed of barren metal* with his pureſt ore.

Joſhua Barnes, the editor of Euripides, thought every ſcrap of his author ſo ſacred, that he has preſerved with the name of one of his plays, the only remaining word of it. The ſame reaſon indeed might be given in his favour, which cauſed the preſervation of that valuable triſyllable: which is, that it cannot be found in any other place in the Greek language. But this does not ſeem to have been his only motive, as we find he has to the full as carefully publiſhed ſeveral detached and broken ſentences, the gleanings from ſcholiaſts, which have no claim to merit of that kind; and yet the author's works might be reckoned by ſome to be incomplete without them. If then this duty is expected from every editor of a Greek or Roman poet, why is not the ſame inſiſted on in reſpect of an Engliſh claſſick? But if the cuſtom of preſerving all, whether worthy of it or not, be *more honoured in the breach than the obſervance*, the ſuppreſſion at leaſt ſhould not be conſidered as a fault. The publication of ſuch things as Swift had written merely to raiſe a laugh among his friends, has added ſomething to the bulk of his works, but very little to his character as a writer. The four volumes that came out ſince Dr. Hawkeſworth's edition, not to look on them as a tax levied on the publick (which I think one might without injuſtice) contain not more than ſufficient to have made one of real value; and there is a kind of diſingenuity, not to give it a harſher title, in exhibiting what the author never meant ſhould ſee the light; for no motive, but a ſordid one, can betray the ſurvivors to make that publick, which they themſelves muſt be of opinion will be unfavourable to the memory of the dead.

Life

Life does not often receive good unmixed with evil. The benefits of the art of printing are depraved by the facility with which ſcandal may be diffuſed, and ſecrets revealed; and by the temptation by which traffick ſolicits avarice to tray the weakneſſes of paſſion, or the confidence of friend-

I cannot forbear to think theſe poſthumous publications injurious to ſociety. A man conſcious of literary reputation will grow in time afraid to write with tenderneſs to his ſiſter, or with fondneſs to his child; or to remit on the ſlighteſt occaſion, or moſt preſſing exigence, the rigour of critical choice, and grammatical ſeverity. That eſteem which preſerves his letters, will at laſt produce his diſgrace; when that which he wrote only to his friend or his daughter ſhall be laid open to the publick.

There is perhaps ſufficient evidence, that moſt of the plays in queſtion, unequal as they may be to the reſt, were written by Shakeſpeare; but the reaſon generally given for publiſhing the leſs correct pieces of an author, that it affords a more impartial view of a man's talents or way of thinking, than when we only ſee him in form, and prepared for our reception, is not enough to condemn an editor who thinks and practiſes otherwiſe. For what is all this to ſhew, but that every man is more dull at one time than another; a fact which the world would eaſily have admitted, without aſking any proofs in its ſupport that might be deſtructive to an author's reputation.

To conclude; if the work, which this publication was meant to facilitate, has been already performed, the ſatiſfaction of knowing it to be ſo may be obtained from hence; if otherwiſe, let thoſe who raiſed expectations of correctneſs, and through negligence defeated them, be juſtly expoſed by future editors, who will now be in poſſeſſion of by far the greateſt part of what they might have enquired after for years to no purpoſe; for in reſpect of ſuch a number of the old quartos as are here exhibited, the firſt folio is a common book. This advantage will at leaſt ariſe, that future editors, having equally recourſe to the ſame copies, can challenge diſtinction and preference only by genius, capacity, induſtry, and learning.

As I have only collected materials for future artiſts, I conſider what I have been doing as no more than an apparatus for their uſe. If the publick is inclined to receive it

it as ſuch, I am amply rewarded for my trouble; if otherwiſe, I ſhall ſubmit with chearfulneſs to the cenſure which ſhould equitably fall on an injudicious attempt; having this conſolation, however, that my deſign amounted to no more than a wiſh to encourage others to think of preſerving the oldeſt editions of the Engliſh writers, which are growing ſcarcer every day; and to afford the world all the aſſiſtance or pleaſure it can receive from the moſt authentick copies extant of its NOBLEST POET.

G. S.

SOME

SOME

Account of the Life, &c.

OF

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Written by Mr. ROWE.

IT ſeems to be a kind of reſpect due to the memory of excellent men, eſpecially of thoſe whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver ſome account of themſelves, as well as their works, to poſterity. For this reaſon, how fond do we ſee ſome people of diſcovering any little perſonal ſtory of the great men of antiquity! their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their ſhape, make, and features have been the ſubject of critical enquiries. How trifling ſoever this curioſity may ſeem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly ſatisfied with an account of any remarkable perſon, till we have heard him deſcribed even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may ſometimes conduce to the better underſtanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakeſpeare may ſeem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy ſome little account of the man himſelf may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the ſon of Mr. John Shakeſpeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickſhire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the regiſter and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and faſhion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a conſiderable dealer in wool, had ſo large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldeſt ſon, he could give him

him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius* (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs) would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them, may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance which we admire in Shakespeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramatick poetry. He had by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent

practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote*; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakespeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought, was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages

* The highest date of any I can yet find, is *Romeo and Juliet* in 1597, when the author was 33 years old; and *Richard the Second, and Third*, in the next year, viz. the 34th of his age.

in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elogy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see a *genius* arise from amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

——*A fair vestal, throned by the west.*
Midsummer-Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry the Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of * *Oldcastle*; some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-

* See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth*.

general,

general, was a name of diſtinguiſhed merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace ſoever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendſhip from the earl of Southampton, famous in the hiſtories of that time for his friendſhip to the unfortunate earl of Eſſex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one inſtance ſo ſingular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakeſpeare's, that if I had not been aſſured that the ſtory was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I ſhould not have ventured to have inſerted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thouſand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchaſe which he heard he had a mind to. A bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almoſt equal to that profuſe generoſity the preſent age has ſhewn to French dancers and Italian ſingers.

What particular habitude or friendſhips he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taſte of merit, and could diſtinguiſh men, had generally a juſt value and eſteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature muſt certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the moſt delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonſon began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature; Mr. Jonſon, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the perſons into whoſe hands it was put, after having turned it careleſly and ſuperciliouſly over, were juſt upon returning it to him with an ill-natured anſwer, that it would be of no ſervice to their company; when Shakeſpeare luckily caſt his eye upon it, and found ſomething ſo well in it, as to engage him firſt to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonſon and his writings to the publick. Jonſon was certainly a very good ſcholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakeſpeare; though at the ſame time I believe it muſt be allowed, that what nature gave the latter, was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occaſion was, I think, very juſt and proper. In a converſation between

tween Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonſon; Sir John Suckling, who was a profeſſed admirer of Shakeſpeare, had undertaken his defence againſt Ben Jonſon with ſome warmth; Mr. Hales, who had ſat ſtill for ſome time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakeſpeare had not read the ancients, he had likewiſe not ſtolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one topick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to ſhew ſomething upon the ſame ſubject at leaſt as well written by Shakeſpeare.*

The latter part of his life was ſpent, as all men of good ſenſe will wiſh theirs may be, in caſe, retirement, and the converſation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an eſtate equal to his occaſion, and, in that, to his wiſh; and is ſaid to have ſpent ſome years before his death at his native Stratford. His pleaſureable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and entitled him to the friendſhip of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. Amongſt them, it is a ſtory almoſt ſtill remembered in that country, that he had a particular intimacy with Mr. Combe, an old gentleman noted thereabouts for his wealth and uſury: it happened, that in a pleaſant converſation amongſt their common friends, Mr. Combe told Shakeſpeare in a laughing manner, that he fancied he intended to write his epitaph, if he happened to out-live him; and ſince he could not know what might be ſaid of him when he was dead, he deſired it might be done immediately: upon which Shakeſpeare gave him theſe four verſes.

Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd,
'Tis a hundred to ten his ſoul is not ſav'd:
If any man aſk, Who lies in this tomb?
Oh! oh! quoth the devil, 'tis my John-a-Combe *.

* The Rev. Francis Peck, in his *Memoirs of the Life and Poetical Works of Mr. John Milton*, 4to. 1740, p. 223. has introduced another epitaph imputed (on what authority is unknown) to Shakeſpeare. It is on *Tom a Combe*, alias *Thin-beard*, brother to this *John*, who is mentioned by Mr. Rowe.

"Thin in beard, and thick in purſe;
"Never man beloved worſe;
"He went to the grave with many a curſe:
"The devil and he had both one nurſe." STEEVENS.

But

But the sharpness of the satire is said to have stung the man so severely, that he never forgave it.

He died in the 53d year of his age *, and was buried on the north side of the chancel, in the great church at Stratford, where a monument, as engraved in the plate, is placed in the wall. On his grave-stone underneath is,

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

He had three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons, who all died without children; and Susannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married first to Thomas Nash, esq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, but died likewise without issue.

This is what I could learn of any note, either relating to himself or family: the character of the man is best seen in his writings. But since Ben Jonson has made a sort of an essay towards it in his *Discoveries*, I will give it in his words:

" I remember the players have often mentioned it as an
" honour to Shakespeare, that in writing (whatsoever he
" penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath
" been, *Would he had blotted a thousand!* which they thought
" a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but
" for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to com-
" mend their friend by, wherein he most faulted: and to
" justify mine own candour, for I loved the man, and do
" honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as
" any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free
" nature, had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gen-
" tle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that
" sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Suffla-*
" *minandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was
" in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too.
" Many times he fell into those things which could not es-

* He died on his birth-day, April 23, 1616, and had exactly compleated his fifty-second year. MALONE.

"cape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar,
"one speaking to him,

"*Cæsar thou dost me wrong.*

"He replied:

"*Cæsar did never wrong, but with just cause.*

"And such like, which were ridiculous. But he redeemed
"his vices with his virtues: there was ever more in him to
"be praised than to be pardoned."

As for the passage which he mentions out of Shakespeare, there is somewhat like it in *Julius Cæsar*, but without the absurdity; nor did I ever meet with it in any edition that I have seen, as quoted by Mr. Jonson. Besides his plays in this edition, there are two or three ascribed to him by Mr. Langbain, which I have never seen, and know nothing of. He writ likewise *Venus and Adonis*, and *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in stanzas, which have been printed in a late collection of poems. As to the character given of him by Ben Jonson, there is a good deal in it: but I believe it may be as well expressed by what Horace says of the first Romans, who wrote tragedy upon the Greek models (or indeed translated them) in his epistle to Augustus.

——Naturâ sublimis & acer,
Nam spirat tragicum satis & feliciter audet,
Sed turpem putat in chartis metuitque lituram.

As I have not propofed to myself to enter into a large and complete collection upon Shakespeare's works, so I will only take the liberty, with all due submission to the judgment of others, to observe some of those things I have been pleased with in looking him over.

His plays are properly to be distinguished only into comedies and tragedies. Those which are called histories, and even some of his comedies, are really tragedies, with a run or mixture of comedy amongst them. That way of tragi-comedy was the common mistake of that age, and is indeed become so agreeable to the English taste, that though the severer criticks among us cannot bear it, yet the generality of our audiences seem to be better pleased with it than with an exact tragedy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, are all pure comedy;

medy; the reſt, however they are called, have ſomething of both kinds. It is not very eaſy to determine which way of writing he was moſt excellent in. There is certainly a great deal of entertainment in his comical humours; and though they did not then ſtrike at all ranks of people, as the ſatire of the preſent age has taken the liberty to do, yet there is a pleaſing and a well-diſtinguiſhed variety in thoſe characters which he thought fit to meddle with. Falſtaff is allowed by every body to be a maſter-piece; the character is always well ſuſtained, though drawn out into the length of three plays; and even the account of his death, given by his old landlady Mrs. Quickly, in the firſt act of *Henry the Fifth*, though it be extremely natural, is yet as diverting as any part of his life. If there be any fault in the draught he has made of this lewd old fellow, it is, that though he has made him a thief, lying, cowardly, vain-glorious, and in ſhort every way vicious, yet he has given him ſo much wit as to make him almoſt too agreeable; and I do not know whether ſome people have not, in remembrance of the diverſion he had formerly afforded them, been ſorry to ſee his friend Hal uſe him ſo ſcurvily, when he comes to the crown in the end of *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*. Amongſt other extravagancies, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* he has made him a deer-ſtealer, that he might at the ſame time remember his Warwickſhire proſecutor, under the name of Juſtice Shallow; he has given him very near the ſame coat of arms which Dugdale, in his *Antiquities* of that county, deſcribes for a family there, and makes the Welſh parſon deſcant very pleaſantly upon them. That whole play is admirable; the humours are various and well oppoſed; the main deſign, which is to cure Ford of his unreaſonable jealouſy, is extremely well conducted. In *Twelfth-Night* there is ſomething ſingularly ridiculous and pleaſant in the fantaſtical ſteward Malvolio. The paraſite and the vain-glorious in Parolles, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, is as good as any thing of that kind in *Plautus* or *Terence*. Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, is an uncommon piece of humour. The converſation of Benedict and Beatrice, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Roſalind in *As you like it*, have much wit and ſprightlineſs all along. His clowns, without which character there was hardly any play writ in that time, are all very entertaining: and, I believe, Therſites in *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Apemantus in *Timon*, will be allowed to be maſter-pieces of ill-nature, and ſatirical ſnarling. To theſe

I might add, that incomparable character of Shylock the Jew, in *The Merchant of Venice*; but though we have seen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the Jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet I cannot but think it was designed tragically by the author. There appears in it a deadly spirit of revenge, such a savage fierceness and fellness, and such a bloody designation of cruelty and mischief, as cannot agree either with the stile or characters of comedy. The play itself, take it altogether, seems to me to be one of the most finished of any of Shakespeare's. The tale indeed, in that part relating to the caskets, and the extravagant and unusual kind of bond given by Antonio, is too much removed from the rules of probability; but taking the fact for granted, we must allow it to be very beautifully written. There is something in the friendship of Antonio to Bassanio very great, generous, and tender. The whole fourth act (supposing, as I said, the fact to be probable) is extremely fine. But there are two passages that deserve a particular notice. The first is, what Portia says in praise of mercy, and the other on the power of musick. The melancholy of Jaques, in *As you like it*, is as singular and odd as it is diverting. And if, what Horace says,

Difficile est proprie communia dicere,

it will be a hard task for any one to go beyond him in the description of the several degrees and ages of man's life, though the thought be old, and common enough.

——All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. First the infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice

In

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes ſevere, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wiſe ſaws and modern inſtances;
And ſo he plays his part. The ſixth age ſhifts
Into the lean and ſlipper'd pantaloon,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide;
His youthful hoſe, well ſav'd, a world too wide
For his ſhrunk ſhanks; and his big manly voice,
Turning again tow'rd childiſh treble, pipes
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt ſcene of all,
That ends this ſtrange eventful hiſtory,
Is ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans every thing.

Vol. II. p. 203.

His images are indeed every where ſo lively, that the thing he would repreſent ſtands full before you, and you poſſeſs every part of it. I will venture to point out one more, which is, I think, as ſtrong and as uncommon as any thing I ever ſaw; it is an image of patience. Speaking of a maid in love, he ſays,

——*She never told her love,*
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought,
And ſat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

What an image is here given! and what a taſk would it have been for the greateſt maſters of Greece and Rome to have expreſſed the paſſions deſigned by this ſketch of ſtatuary! The ſtile of his comedy is, in general, natural to the characters, and eaſy in itſelf; and the wit moſt commonly ſprightly and pleaſing, except in thoſe places where he runs into doggerel rhimes, as in *The Comedy of Errors*, and ſome other plays. As for his jingling ſometimes, and playing upon words, it was the common vice of the age he lived in: and if we find it in the pulpit, made uſe of as an ornament to the ſermons of ſome of the graveſt divines of thoſe times; perhaps it may not be thought too light for the ſtage.

But certainly the greatneſs of this author's genius does no where ſo much appear, as where he gives his imagination an entire looſe, and raiſes his fancy to a flight above mankind, and the limits of the viſible world. Such are his attempts

tempts in *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Macbeth*, and *Hamlet*. Of these, *The Tempest*, however it comes to be placed the first by the publishers of his works, can never have been the first written by him: it seems to me as perfect in its kind, as almost any thing we have of his. One may observe, that the unities are kept here, with an exactness uncommon to the liberties of his writing; though that was what, I suppose, he valued himself least upon, since his excellencies were all of another kind. I am very sensible that he does, in this play, depart too much from that likeness to truth which ought to be observed in these sort of writings; yet he does it so very finely, that one is easily drawn in to have more faith for his sake, than reason does well allow of. His magick has something in it very solemn and very poetical: and that extravagant character of Caliban is mighty well sustained, shews a wonderful invention in the author, who could strike out such a particular wild image, and is certainly one of the finest and most uncommon grotesques that ever was seen. The observation, which I have been informed * three very great men concurred in making upon this part, was extremely just; *That Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character.*

It is the same magick that raises the Fairies in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the Witches in *Macbeth*, and the Ghost in *Hamlet*, with thoughts and language so proper to the parts they sustain, and so peculiar to the talent of this writer. But of the two last of these plays I shall have occasion to take notice, among the tragedies of Mr. Shakespeare. If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of a Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakespeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers, that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot

* Lord Falkland, Lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden.

but

but be a matter of great wonder that he ſhould advance dramatick poetry ſo far as he did. The fable is what is generally placed the firſt, among thoſe that are reckoned the conſtituent parts of a tragick or heroick poem; not, perhaps, as it is the moſt difficult or beautiful, but as it is the firſt properly to be thought of in the contrivance and courſe of the whole; and with the fable ought to be conſidered the fit diſpoſition, order, and conduct of its ſeveral parts. As it was not in this province of the *drama* that the ſtrength and maſtery of Shakeſpeare lay, ſo I ſhall not undertake the tedious and ill-natured trouble to point out the ſeveral faults he was guilty of in it. His tales were ſeldom invented, but rather taken either from true hiſtory, or novels and romances: and he commonly made uſe of them in that order, with thoſe incidents, and that extent of time in which he found them in the authors from whence he borrowed them. Almoſt all his hiſtorical plays comprehend a great length of time, and very different and diſtinct places: and in his *Antony and Cleopatra*, the ſcene travels over the greateſt part of the Roman empire. But in recompence for his careleſſneſs in this point, when he comes to another part of the *drama*, *The manners of his characters, in acting or ſpeaking what is proper for them, and fit to be ſhewn by the poet*, he may be generally juſtified, and in very many places greatly commended. For thoſe plays which he has taken from the Engliſh or Roman hiſtory, let any man compare them, and he will find the character as exact in the poet as the hiſtorian. He ſeems indeed ſo far from propoſing to himſelf any one action for a ſubject, that the title very often tells you, it is *The Life of King John, King Richard*, &c. What can be more agreeable to the idea our hiſtorians give of *Henry the Sixth*, than the picture Shakeſpeare has drawn of him! His manners are every where exactly the ſame with the ſtory; one finds him ſtill deſcribed with ſimplicity, paſſive ſanctity, want of courage, weakneſs of mind, and eaſy ſubmiſſion to the governance of an imperious wife, or prevailing faction: though at the ſame time the poet does juſtice to his good qualities, and moves the pity of his audience for him, by ſhewing him pious, diſintereſted, a contemner of the things of this world, and wholly reſigned to the ſevereſt diſpenſations of God's providence. There is a ſhort ſcene in the *Second Part of Henry the Sixth*, which I cannot but think admirable in its kind. Cardinal Beaufort, who had murdered the Duke of Glouceſter, is ſhewn in the laſt agonies on his death-bed,

with the good king praying over him. There is so much terror in one, so much tenderness and moving piety in the other, as must touch any one who is capable either of fear or pity. In his *Henry the Eighth*, that prince is drawn with that greatness of mind, and all those good qualities which are attributed to him in any account of his reign. If his faults are not shewn in an equal degree, and the shades in this picture do not bear a just proportion to the lights, it is not that the artist wanted either colours or skill in the disposition of them; but the truth, I believe, might be, that he forbore doing it out of regard to queen Elizabeth, since it could have been no very great respect to the memory of his mistress, to have exposed some certain parts of her father's life upon the stage. He has dealt much more freely with the minister of that great king, and certainly nothing was ever more justly written, than the character of Cardinal Wolsey. He has shewn him insolent in his prosperity; and yet, by a wonderful address, he makes his fall and ruin the subject of general compassion. The whole man, with his vices and virtues, is finely and exactly described in the second scene of the fourth act. The distresses likewise of Queen Catharine, in this play, are very movingly touched; and though the art of the poet has screened King Henry from any gross imputation of injustice, yet one is inclined to wish, the Queen had met with a fortune more worthy of her birth and virtue. Nor are the manners, proper to the persons represented, less justly observed, in those characters taken from the Roman history; and of this, the fierceness and impatience of Coriolanus, his courage and disdain of the common people, the virtue and philosophical temper of Brutus, and the irregular greatness of mind in M. Antony, are beautiful proofs. For the two last especially, you find them exactly as they are described by Plutarch, from whom certainly Shakespeare copied them. He has indeed followed his original pretty close, and taken in several little incidents that might have been spared in a play. But, as I hinted before, his design seems most commonly rather to describe those great men in the several fortunes and accidents of their lives, than to take any single great action, and form his work simply upon that. However, there are some of his pieces, where the fable is founded upon one action only. Such are more especially, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*. The design in *Romeo and Juliet* is plainly the punishment of their two families, for the unreasonable feuds

and

and animosities that had been so long kept up between them, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood. In the management of this story, he has shewn something wonderfully tender and passionate in the love-part, and very pitiful in the distress. *Hamlet* is founded on much the same tale with the *Electra of Sophocles*. In each of them a young prince is engaged to revenge the death of his father, their mothers are equally guilty, are both concerned in the murder of their husbands, and are afterwards married to the murderers. There is in the first part of the Greek tragedy something very moving in the grief of Electra; but, as Mr. Dacier has observed, there is something very unnatural and shocking in the manners he has given that Princess and Orestes in the latter part. Orestes imbrues his hands in the blood of his own mother; and that barbarous action is performed, though not immediately upon the stage, yet so near, that the audience hear Clytemnestra crying out to Ægysthus for help, and to her son for mercy: while Electra her daughter, and a Princess (both of them characters that ought to have appeared with more decency) stands upon the stage, and encourages her brother in the parricide. What horror does this not raise! Clytemnestra was a wicked woman, and had deserved to die; nay, in the truth of the story, she was killed by her own son; but to represent an action of this kind on the stage, is certainly an offence against those rules of manners proper to the persons, that ought to be observed there. On the contrary, let us only look a little on the conduct of Shakespeare. Hamlet is represented with the same piety towards his father, and resolution to revenge his death, as Orestes; he has the same abhorrence for his mother's guilt, which, to provoke him the more, is heightened by incest: but it is with wonderful art and justness of judgment, that the poet restrains him from doing violence to his mother. To prevent any thing of that kind, he makes his father's Ghost forbid that part of his vengeance:

But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

This

This is to diſtinguiſh rightly between *horror* and *terror*. The latter is a proper paſſion of tragedy, but the former ought always to be carefully avoided. And certainly no dramatick writer ever ſucceeded better in raiſing *terror* in the minds of an audience than Shakeſpeare has done. The whole tragedy of *Macbeth*, but more eſpecially the ſcene where the King is murdered, in the ſecond act, as well as this play, is a noble proof of that manly ſpirit with which he writ; and both ſhew how powerful he was, in giving the ſtrongeſt motions to our ſouls that they are capable of. I cannot leave *Hamlet*, without taking notice of the advantage with which we have ſeen this maſter-piece of Shakeſpeare diſtinguiſh itſelf upon the ſtage, by Mr. Betterton's fine performance of that part. A man, who, though he had no other good qualities, as he has a great many, muſt have made his way into the eſteem of all men of letters, by this only excellency. No man is better acquainted with Shakeſpeare's manner of expreſſion, and indeed he has ſtudied him ſo well, and is ſo much a maſter of him, that whatever part of his he performs, he does it as if it had been written on purpoſe for him, and that the author had exactly conceived it as he plays it. I muſt own a particular obligation to him, for the moſt conſiderable part of the paſſages relating to this life, which I have here tranſmitted to the publick; his veneration for the memory of Shakeſpeare having engaged him to make a journey into Warwickſhire, on purpoſe to gather up what remains he could, of a name for which he had ſo great a veneration*.

* This *Account of the Life of Shakeſpeare* is printed from Mr. Rowe's ſecond edition, in which it had been abridged and altered by himſelf after its appearance in 1709. STEEVENS.

The

The following Instrument was transmitted by John Anstis, Esq. Garter King at Arms: It is mark'd G. 13. p. 349.

[*There is also a Manuscript in the Heralds' Office* *, *mark'd* W. 2. p. 276; *where Notice is taken of this Coat, and that the Person, to whom it was granted, had borne Magistracy at Stratford upon Avon.*]

TO all and singular noble and gentlemen of all estates and degrees, bearing arms, to whom these presents shall come; William Dethick, Garter Principal King of Arms of England, and William Camden, alias Clarencieulx, King of Arms for the south, east, and west parts of this realm, send greetings. Know ye, that in all nations and kingdoms the record and remembrance of the valiant facts and virtuous dispositions of worthy men have been made known and divulged by certain shields of arms and tokens of chivalrie; the grant or testimony whereof appertaineth unto us, by virtue of our offices from the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, and her Highness's most noble and victorious progenitors: wherefore being solicited, and by credible report informed, that John Shakespeare, now of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, whose great grandfather, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent prince, king Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit; and for that the said John Shakespere having married the daughter and one of the heirs of Robert Arden of Wellingcote, in the said county, and also produced this his ancient coat of arms, heretofore assigned to him whilst he was her' majesty's officer and bailiff of that town. In consideration of the premises, and for the encouragement of his posterity, unto whom such blazon of arms and atchievements of inheritance from their said mother, by the ancient custom and laws of arms, may lawfully descend; we the said

* In the Herald's Office are the first draughts of John Shakespeare's grant or confirmation of arms, by William Dethick, Garter, Principal King at Arms, 1596. See Vincents Press, vol. 157, N° 23, and N° 24. STEEVENS.

ſaid Garter and Clarencieulx have aſſigned, granted, and confirmed, and by theſe preſents exemplified unto the ſaid John Shakeſpere, and to his poſterity, that ſhield and coat of arms, *viz. In a field of gold upon a bend ſables a ſpear of the firſt, the point upward, headed argent*; and for his creſt or cogniſance, *A falcon, or, with his wings diſplayed, ſtanding on a wreathe of his colours, ſupporting a ſpear armed headed, or ſteeled ſilver,* fixed upon an helmet with mantles and taſſels, as more plainly may appear depicted in this margent; and we have likewiſe impaled the ſame with the ancient arms of the ſaid Arden* of Wellingcote; ſignifying thereby, that it may and ſhall be lawful for the ſaid John Shakeſpere, gent. to bear and uſe the ſame ſhield of arms, ſingle or impaled, as aforeſaid, during his natural life; and that it ſhall be lawful for his children, iſſue, and poſterity, lawfully begotten, to bear, uſe, and quarter, and ſhew forth the ſame, with their due differences, in all lawful warlike feats and civil uſe or exerciſes, according to the laws of arms, and cuſtom that to gentlemen belongeth, without let or interruption of any perſon or perſons, for uſe or bearing the ſame. In witneſs and teſtimony whereof we have ſubſcribed our names, and faſtened the ſeals of our offices. Given at the office of arms, London, the day of in the forty-ſecond year of the reign of our moſt gracious ſovereign lady Elizabeth, by the grace of God, queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c. 1599.

* It is ſaid by the modern editor of *Arden of Feverſham* (firſt publiſhed in 1592 and republiſhed in 1770) that Shakeſpeare *deſcended by the female line* from the gentleman whoſe unfortunate end is the ſubject of this tragedy. But the aſſertion appears to want ſupport, the true name of the perſon who was murdered at Feverſham being *Ardern* and not *Arden*. *Ardern* might be called *Arden* in the play for the ſake of better ſound, or might be corrupted in the chronicle of Holingſhed: yet it is unlikely that the true ſpelling ſhould be overlooked among the Heralds, whoſe intereſt it is to recommend by oſtentatious accuracy the trifles in which they deal. STEEVENS.

The

The Licence for acting, granted by James the First to the Company at the Globe, extracted from *Rymer's Fœdera*.

Pro LAURENTIO FLETCHER & WILLIELMO SHAKESPEARE & aliis.

A. D. 1603. *Pat.* *

1. Jac. P. 2. m 4. James by the grace of God, &c. to all justices, maiors, sheriffs, constables, headboroughs, and other

* Among the unpublished collections of Rymer which are now in the British Museum, is the following patent granted in the 16th year of Q. Elizabeth, (viz. 1574). See MSS. Rymer, vol. I. The James Burbage mentioned therein, was in all probability father to Richard Burbage the contemporary of Shakespeare, and chief performer in his plays. I have printed it, because perhaps it is the first regular licence ever granted to players.

" *Pro Jacobo Burbage et aliis, de licentia speciali*

Elizabeth by the grace of God, quene of England, &c. To all justices, mayors, sheriffes, baylyffes, head constables, under constables, and all other oure officers and mynisters gretinge.

Know ye, that we of our especiall grace, certen knowledge, and mere motion have licensed and auctorised, and by these presents do lycence and auctorise oure lovinge subjectes James Burbage, John Perkyn, John Lanham, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, servaunts to our trustie and well beloved cosen and counseyllour the Earle of Leycester, to use, exercyse and occupie the arte and facultye of playenge commedies, tragedies, enterludes, stage-playes, and suche other like as they have alredie used and studied, or hereafter shall use and studie, as well for the recreation of oure lovinge subjectes as for oure solace and pleasure when we shall thinke good to see them, as also to use and occupie all suche instrumentes as they have alredie practised or hereafter shall practise for and duringe our pleasure; and the said commedies, tragedies, enterludes, and stage-plaies, together with their musicke, to shew, publishe, exercise and occupie to their best commoditie, during all the terme aforesaide, as well within the liberties and freedomes of anye our cities, townes, bouroughs, &c. whatsoever,

other our officers and loving subjects, greeting. Know you that wee, of our special grace, certaine knowledge and meer motion, have licensed and authorized, and by these presentes doe licence and authorize theise our servaunts Laurence Fletcher, *William Shakespeare*, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philippes, John Hemings, Henrie Condel, William Sly, Robert Armin, Richard Cowly, and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like others as theie have alreadie studied or hereafter shall use or studie, as well for the recreation of our lovinge subjects, as well as for our solace and pleasure when shall thincke good to see ther during our pleasure: and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morals, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such like, to shew and exercise publiquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within theire nowe usuall house called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie toune halls or moute halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedom of any other citie, universitie, toun, or boroughe whatsoever within our said realmes and dominions. Willing and commanding you and everie of you, as you tender our pleasure, not onlie to permit and suffer them herein, without anie your lets, hindrances, or mo-

as without the same, thoroughoute oure realme of England. Wyllinge and commaundinge yowe and every of you as ye tender oure pleasure to permitt and suffer them herein withoute anye lettes, hynderaunce or molestation duringe the terme aforesaide, any acte, statute, or proclamation or commaundement heretofore made or hereafter to be made notwythstandynge; provyded that the saide commedies, tragedies, enterludes and stage-playes be by the master of our revells for the tyme beyinge before sene and allowed; and that the same be not published or shewen in the tyme of common prayer or in the tyme of greate and common plague in our saide citye of London.

In wytnes whereof, &c.

Wytnes our selfe at Westminster the 10th daye of Maye.

Per breve de privato sigillo."

Mr. Dodsley in the preface to his collection of old plays 1744, p. 21. says that the first company of players we have any account of in history, are the children of Pauls' in 1578. STEEVENS.

lestations,

leſtations, during our ſaid pleaſure, but alſo to be aiding or aſſiſtinge to them if any wrong be to them offered, and to allow them ſuch former curteſies as hathe bene given to men of their place and quallitie; and alſo what further favour you ſhall ſhew to theiſe our ſervaunts for our ſake, we ſhall take kindlie at your handes.

In witneſs whereof, &c.

Witneſs our ſelfe at Weſtminſter, the nynteenth daye of Maye.

Per Breve de Privato Sigillo.

SHAKESPEARE's WILL,

Extracted from the Registry of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Vicesimo quinto die Martii Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto & Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakespeare of Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent. in perfect health and memory (God be praised) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say:

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof that is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion within one year after my decease, with considerations after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susannah Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease accord-

ing

To Face the First Page Nº 3 of Shakespeares Will.



This Shadowe is renowned Shakespear's? Soule of th'age
The applause? delight? the wonder of the Stage.
Nature her selfe, was proud of his designes
And joy'd to weare the dressing of his lines;
The learned will Confess, his works are such,
As neither man, nor Muse, can prayse to much.
For ever live thy fame, the world to tell,
Thy like, no age, shall ever paralell.

ing to the rate aforesaid: and if she die within the said term without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte, and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors and assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at and after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, land answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house, with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly value of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Hart, ——— Hart, and Michael Hart, five pounds apiece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, esq. five pounds; and to Francis Collins of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick,

 gent.

gent. thirteen pounds six shillings and eight pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent. twenty-six shillings eight pence to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent. twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight pence; and to my fellows John Hemynge, Richard Burbage *, and Henry Cundell twenty-six shillings eight pence apiece to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susannah Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called The New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and grounds of Stratford upon Avon, Old Stratford, Bushaxton, and Welcombe, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friers in London near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susannah Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and after her decease to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing;

* It appears from the registers in Doctors' Commons, that Burbage died in 1629. The wills of Hemynge and Cundell I could not meet with, though I sought for them as low as the year 1641. Several wills indeed I found with the names of J. Hemynge and Henry Cundell annexed, but they contain nothing characteristick of Shakespeare's associates. STEEVENS.

and

and for default of such heirs to the third son of the body of the said Susannah lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body, lawfully issuing one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakespeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my brown best bed with the furniture *.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and houshold-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expences discharged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent. and my daughter Susannah his wife, who I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do intreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq. And Francis Collins, gent. to be overseers hereof. And do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have

* It appears, in the original will of Shakespeare (now in the Prerogative Office Doctors' Commons) that he had forgot his wife; the legacy to her being expressed by an interlineation, as well as those to Hemynge, Burbage, and Condell.

The will is written on three sheets of paper, the two last of which are undoubtedly subscribed with Shakespeare's own hand. The first indeed has his name in the margin, but it differs somewhat in spelling as well as manner, from the two signatures that follow. The reader will find a fac-simile of all the three, as well as those of the witnesses, over-leaf.

This information was not obtained till it was too late to correct the mode in which our author's name has hitherto been printed, except in the title pages, where it now stands as it should be given —SHAKSPEARE. STEEVENS.

hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above-written, by me

William Shakspeare.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

Fra. Collins,
Julius Shaw,
John Robinson,
Hamlet Sadler,
Robert Whattcott.

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, Anno Domini 1616. *Juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. et cui, &c. de bene et Jurat Reservata potestat: et Susannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. cui vendit, &c. petitur.*

To

To the foregoing Accounts of SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE, *I have only one Passage to add, which Mr. Pope related, as communicated to him by Mr. Rowe.*

IN the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play *, and when Shakespeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the play-house, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for Will. Shakespeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will. Shakespeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakespeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will. Shakespeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakespeare's boy, Sir.* In time Shakespeare found higher employment; but as long as the practice of riding to the play-house continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of, *Shakespeare's boys* †.

JOHNSON.

Mr.

* Plays were at this time performed in the afternoon. "The pollicie of plaies is very necessary, howsoever some shallow-brained censurers (not the deepest searchers into the secrets of government) mightily oppugne them. For whereas *the afternoone* being the idlest time of the day wherein men that are their own masters (as gentlemen of the court, the innes of the court, and a number of captains and soldiers about London) do wholly bestow themselves upon pleasure, and that pleasure they devide (how vertuously it skills not) either in gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or seeing a play, is it not better (since of four extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will choose one) that they should betake them to the least, which is plaies?" Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, 1595. STEEVENS.

† I cannot dismiss this anecdote without observing that it seems to want every mark of probability. Though Shakespeare quitted Stratford

Mr. Rowe has told us that he derived the principal anecdotes in his account of Shakeſpeare, from Betterton the player, whoſe zeal had induced him to viſit Stratford for the ſake of procuring all poſſible intelligence concerning a poet to whoſe works he might juſtly think

Stratford on account of a juvenile irregularity, we have no reaſon to ſuppoſe that he had forfeited the protection of his father who was engaged in a lucrative buſineſs, or the love of his wiſe who had already brought him two children, and was herſelf the daughter of a ſubſtantial yeoman. It is unlikely therefore, when he was beyond the reach of his proſecutor, that he ſhould conceal his plan of life, or place of reſidence from thoſe who if he found himſelf diſtreſſed, could not fail to afford him ſuch ſupplies as would have ſet him above the neceſſity of *holding horſes* for ſubſiſtence. Mr. Malone has remarked in his *Attempt to aſcertain the Order in which the Plays of Shakeſpeare were written*, that he might have found an eaſy introduction to the ſtage; for Thomas Green, a celebrated comedian of that period, was his townſman, and perhaps his relation. The genius of our author prompted him to write poetry; his connection with a player might have given his productions a dramatick turn; or his own ſagacity might have taught him that fame was not incompatible with profit, and that the theatre was an avenue to both. That it was once the cuſtom to ride on horſeback to the play, I am likewiſe yet to learn. The moſt popular of the theatres were on the Bank-ſide; and we are told by the ſatirical pamphleteers of the time, that the uſual mode of conveyance to theſe places of amuſement, was by water: but not a ſingle writer ſo much as hints at the cuſtom of riding to them, or at the practice of having horſes held during the hours of exhibition. Some alluſion to this uſage (if it had exiſted) muſt, I think, have been diſcovered in the courſe of our reſearches after contemporary faſhions. Let it be remembered too, that we receive this tale on no higher authority than that of Cibber's Lives of the Poets, vol. I. p. 130. "Sir William Davenant told it to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe," who (according to Dr. Johnſon) related it to Mr. Pope. Mr. Rowe (if this intelligence be authentic) ſeems to have concurred with me in opinion, as he forebore to introduce a circumſtance ſo incredible into his life of Shakeſpeare. As to the book which furniſhes the anecdote, not the ſmalleſt part of it was the compoſition of Mr. Cibber, being entirely written by a Mr. Shiells, amanuenſis to Dr. Johnſon, when his Dictionary was preparing for the preſs. T. Cibber was in the King's Bench, and accepted of ten guineas from the bookſellers for leave to prefix his name to the work; and it was purpoſely ſo prefixed as to leave the reader in doubt whether himſelf or his father was the perſon deſigned. STEEVENS.

himſelf

himself under the ſtrongeſt obligations. Notwithſtanding this aſſertion, in the manuſcript papers of the late Mr. Oldys it is ſaid, that one Bowman (according to Chetwood, p. 144, "an actor more than half an age on the London theatres") was unwilling to allow that his aſſociate and contemporary Betterton had ever undertaken ſuch a journey. Be this matter as it will, the following particulars, which I ſhall give in the words of Oldys, are, for ought we know to the contrary, as well authenticated as any of the anecdotes delivered down to us by Rowe.

Mr. Oldys had covered ſeveral quires of paper with laborious collections for a regular life of our author. From theſe I have made the following extracts, which (however trivial) contain the only circumſtances that wear the leaſt appearance of novelty or information; the ſong excepted, which the reader will find in a note on the firſt ſcene of the *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

"If tradition may be truſted, Shakeſpeare often baited at the Crown Inn or Tavern in Oxford, in his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and ſprightly wit; and her huſband, Mr. John Davenant, (afterwards mayor of that city) a grave melancholy man, who as well as his wife uſed much to delight in Shakeſpeare's pleaſant company. Their ſon young Will Davenant (afterwards Sir William) was then a little ſchool-boy in the town, of about ſeven or eight years old, and ſo fond alſo of Shakeſpeare, that whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from ſchool to ſee him. One day an old townſman obſerving the boy running homeward almoſt out of breath, aſked him whither he was poſting in that heat and hurry. He anſwered, to ſee his *god*-father Shakeſpeare. There's a good boy, ſaid the other, but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain. This ſtory Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occaſion of ſome diſcourſe which aroſe about Shakeſpeare's monument then newly erected in Weſtminſter Abbey; and he quoted Mr. Betterton the player for his authority. I anſwered that I thought ſuch a ſtory might have enriched the variety of thoſe choice fruits of obſervation he has preſented us in his preface to the edition he had publiſhed of our poet's works. He replied—"There might be in the garden of mankind ſuch plants as would ſeem to pride themſelves more in a regular production of their own native fruits, than in hav-

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ing the repute of bearing a richer kind by grafting; and this was the reason he omitted it."

The same story, without the names of the persons, is printed among the jests of John Taylor the Water poet, in his works, folio, 1630, page 184, N° 39: and, with some variations, may be found in one of Hearne's pocket books.

"One of Shakespeare's younger brothers, who lived to a good old age, even some years, as I compute, after the restoration of *K. Charles II.* would in his younger days come to London to visit his brother *Will*, as he called him, and be a spectator of him as an actor in some of his own plays. This custom, as his brother's fame enlarged, and his dramatic entertainments grew the greatest support of our principal, if not of all our theatres, he continued it seems so long after his brother's death, as even to the latter end of his own life. The curiosity at this time of the most noted actors to learn something from him of his brother, &c. they justly held him in the highest veneration. And it may be well believed, as there was besides a kinsman and descendant of the family, who was then a celebrated actor among them, [*Charles Harte.* See Shakespeare's Will] this opportunity made them greedily inquisitive into every little circumstance, more especially in his dramatick character, which his brother could relate of him. But he, it seems, was so stricken in years, and possibly his memory so weakened with infirmities (which might make him the easier pass for a man of weak intellects) that he could give them but little light into their enquiries; and all that could be recollected from him of his brother *Will*, in that station was, the faint, general, and almost lost ideas he had of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak and drooping and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." See the character of *Adam* in *As you like it.* Act. II. Sc. ult.

"Verses by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the motto to the Globe Theatre.——*Totus mundus agit histrionem.*

Jonson.

Jonson.

If, but *stage actors*, all the world displays,
Where shall we find *spectators* of their plays?

Shakespeare.

Little, or much, of what we see, we do;
We're all both *actors* and *spectators* too.

Poetical Characteristicks, 8vo. MS. vol. I. some time in the Harleian Library; which volume was returned to its owner."

"Old Mr. Bowman the player reported from Sir William Bishop, that some part of Sir John Falstaff's character was drawn from a townsman of Stratford, who either faithlessly broke a contract, or spitefully refused to part with some land, for a valuable consideration, adjoining to Shakespeare's, in or near that town."

To these anecdotes I can only add the following.

At the conclusion of the advertisement prefixed to Lintot's edition of Shakespeare's poems, it is said, "That most learned prince and great patron of learning, King James the First, was pleased with his own hand to write an amicable letter to Mr. Shakespeare; which letter, though now lost, remained long in the hands of Sir William Davenant, as a credible person now living can testify."

Mr. Oldys, in a MS. note to his copy of Fuller's Worthies, observes, that "the story came from the duke of Buckingham, who had it from Sir William D'Avenant."

It appears from *Roscius Anglicanus*, (commonly called Downes the prompter's book) 1708, that Shakespeare took the pains to instruct Joseph Taylor in the character of *Hamlet*, and John Lowine in that of *K. Henry VIII.* STEEVENS.

Extract from the Rev. Dr. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.

In 1751, was reprinted "A compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints of diuers of our Countrymen in these our days: which although they are in some parte unjust and friuolous, yet are they all by way of dialogue thoroughly debated and discussed by *William Shakespeare*, Gentleman." 8vo.

This extraordinary piece was originally published in 4to, 1581, and dedicated by the author, "To the most vertuous

ous and learned Lady, his most deare and soveraigne Princesse, *Elizabeth*; being inforced by her majesties late and singular clemency in pardoning certayne his unduetifull misdemeanour." And by the modern editors, to the late king; as "a treatise composed by the most extensive and fertile genius, that ever any age or nation produced."

Here we join issue with the writers of that excellent, though very unequal work, the *Biographia Britannica*: if, say they, this piece could be written by our poet, it would be absolutely decisive in the dispute about his learning; for many quotations appear in it from the Greek and Latin classicks.

The concurring circumstances of the *name*, and the *misdemeanor*, which is supposed to be the old story of *deer-stealing*, seem fairly to challenge our poet for the author: but they hesitate.—His claim may appear to be confuted by the date 1581, when *Shakespeare* was only *seventeen*, and the *long* experience, which the writer talks of.—But I will not keep the reader in suspense: the book was *not* written by *Shakespeare*.

Strype, in his *Annals*, calls the author SOME *learned man*, and this gave me the first suspicion. I knew very well, that honest *John* (to use the language of Sir *Thomas Bodley*) did not waste his time with such *baggage books* as *plays* and *poems*; yet I must suppose, that he had *heard* of the name of *Shakespeare*. After a while I met with the original edition. Here in the title-page, and at the end of the dedication, appear only the initials, W. S. gent. and presently I was informed by *Anthony Wood*, that the book in question was written, not by *William Shakespeare*, but by *William Stafford*, gentleman*: which at once accounted for the *misdemeanour* in the dedication. For *Stafford* had been concerned at that time, and was indeed afterward, as *Camden* and the other annalists inform us, with some of the conspirators against *Elizabeth*; which he properly calls his *unduetifull* behaviour.

I hope by this time, that any one open to conviction may be nearly satisfied; and I will promise to give on this head very little more trouble.

The justly celebrated Mr. Warton hath favoured us, in

* *Fasti*. 2d Edit. V. 1. 208.—It will be seen on turning to the former edition, that the latter part of the paragraph belongs to another *Stafford*.—I have since observed, that *Wood* is not the first, who hath given us the true author of the pamphlet.

his

his *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, with some *hearsay* particulars concerning Shakespeare from the papers of Aubrey, which had been in the hands of Wood; and I ought not to suppress them as the *last* seems to make against my doctrine. They came originally, I find, on consulting the MS. from one Mr. Beeston: and I am sure Mr. Warton, whom I have the honour to call my friend, and an associate in the question, will be in no pain about their credit.

"William Shakespeare's father was a butcher,—while he was a boy he exercised his father's trade, but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a high style, and make a speech. This William being inclined *naturally* to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about *eighteen*, and was an actor in one of the playhouses, and did act *exceedingly well*. He began *early* to make essays in dramatique poetry.—The humour of the *Constable* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he happen'd to take at Crendon* in Bucks.—I think, I have been told, that he left near three hundred pounds to a *sister*. *He understood Latin pretty well*, FOR *he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country*."

I will be short in my animadversions; and take them in their order.

The account of the *trade* of the family is not only contrary to all other tradition, but, as it may seem, to the instrument from the Herald's office, so frequently reprinted.—Shakespeare most certainly went to London, and commenced actor through necessity, not natural inclination.—Nor have we any reason to suppose, that he did act, *exceedingly well*. Rowe tells us from the information of Betterton, who was inquisitive into this point, and had very early opportunities of enquiry from Sir W. Davenant, that he was no *extraordinary actor*; and that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d' oeuvre* did not please: I will give you an original stroke at it. Dr. Lodge, who was for ever pestering the town with pamphlets, published in the year 1596, *Wits Miserie, and the Worlds*

* This place is not met with in *Spelman's Villare*, or in *Adam's Index*; nor in the *first* and the *last* performance of this sort, *Speed's Tables*, and *Whatley's Gazetteer*: perhaps, however, it may be meant under the name of *Crandon*;—but the inquiry is of no importance.—It should, I think, be written *Credendon*; though better antiquaries than *Aubrey* have acquiesced in the vulgar corruption.

Madnesse,

Madnesse, discovering the Devils incarnat of this Age, 4to. One of these devils is *Hate-virtue*, or *Sorrow for another man's good su cesse*, who, says the doctor, is "*a foule lubber*, and looks as pale as the visard of the *Ghost*, which cried so miserably at the theatre, like an oister-wife, *Hamlet revenge* *." Thus you see Mr. Holt's supposed *proof*, in the appendix to the late edition, that *Hamlet* was written after 1597, or perhaps 1602, will by no means hold good; whatever might be the case of the particular passage on which it is founded.

Nor does it appear, that Shakespeare did begin *early* to make *essays in dramatique poetry*: the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, which hath so often been ascribed to him on the credit of Kirkman and Winstanley †, was written by George Peele; and Shakespeare is not met with, even as an *assistant*, 'till at least seven years afterward ‡.—Nash in his epistle to

* To this observation of Dr. Farmer it may be added, that the play of *Hamlet* was better known by this scene, than by any other. In *Decker's Satiromastix* the following passage occurs.

Asinius.

"Would I were hang'd if I can call you any names but captain, and *Tucca*."

Tucca.

"No, fye; my name's *Hamlet Revenge*: thou hast been at Paris Garden, hast thou not?"

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607.

"Let these husbands play *mad Hamlet, and cry revenge!*"

STEEVENS.

Dr. Farmer's observation may be further confirmed by the following passage in an anonymous play, called *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599. We also learn from it the usual dress of the stage ghosts of that time.

"——— A filthie whining ghost
"Lapt in some foule sheet, or a *leather pilch*,
"Comes screaming like a pigge half stickt,
"And cries *vindicta—revenge, revenge*."

The leathern pilch, I suppose, was a theatrical substitute for armour. MALONE.

† These people, who were the *Curls* of the last age, ascribe likewise to our author those miserable performances, *Mucedorus*, and the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*.

‡ Mr. Pope asserts "The troublesome Raigne of King *John*," in 2 parts, 1611, to have been written by Shakespeare and Rowley:—which edition is a mere copy of another in *black letter*, 1591. But I find his assertion is somewhat to be doubted: for the old edition hath no name of *author* at all; and that of 1611, the initials only, *W. Sh.* in the title-page.

the

the gentlemen students of both universities, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, 4to. *black letter*, recommends his friend, Peele, "as the chiefe supporter of pleasance now living, the *Atlas* of poetrie, and *primus verborum artifex:* whose first increase, the *Arraignment of Paris*, might plead to their opinions his pregnant dexteritie of wit and manifold varietie of inuention *."

In the next place, unfortunately, there is neither such a character as a *Constable* in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:* nor was the *three hundred pounds* legacy to a sister, but a daughter.

And to close the whole, it is not possible, according to Aubrey himself, that Shakespeare could have been some *years a schoolmaster in the country:* on which circumstance only the supposition of his learning is professedly founded. He was not surely *very* young, when he was employed to *kill calves*, and he commenced player about *eighteen!* — The

* Peele seems to have been taken into the patronage of the Earl of Northumberland about 1593, to whom he dedicates in that year, "*The Honour of the Garter*, a poem gratulatorie——the *Firstling* consecrated to his noble name."——"He was esteemed, says Anthony Wood, a most noted poet, 1579; but when or where he died, I cannot tell, for *so it is*, and always *hath been*, that most POETS die *poor*, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves. *Claruit* 1599." *Ath. Oxon.* vol. I. p. 300.

We had lately in a periodical pamphlet, called, *The Theatrical Review*, a very *curious* letter under the name of George Peele, to one Master Henrie Marle; relative to a dispute between Shakespeare and Alleyn, which was compromised by Ben Jonson.—— "I never longed for thy companye more than last night; we were all verie merrie at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyrme pleasauntly to thy friende Will, that he had stolen hys speeche about the excellencie of acting in Hamlet hys tragedye, from conversaytions manifold, whych had passed between them, and opinions gyven by Alleyn touchyng that subjecte. Shakespeare did not take this talk in good sorte; but Jonson did put an end to the stryfe wyth wittelie saying, thys affaire needeth no contentione: you stole it from Ned no doubte: do not marvel: haue you not seene hym acte tymes out of number?"——This is pretended, to be printed from the original MS. dated 1600; which agrees well enough with Wood's *Claruit:* but unluckily, Peele was dead at least two years before. "As Anacreon died by the *pot*, says Meres, so George Peele by the *pox*." *Wit's Treasury*, 1598. p. 286.

 truth

truth is, that he left his father, for a wife, a year sooner; and had at least two children born at Stratford before he retired from thence to London. It is therefore sufficiently clear, that poor Anthony had too much reason for his character of Aubrey: we find it in his own account of his life, published by Hearne, which I would earnestly recommend to any hypochondriack:

"A pretender to antiquities, roving, magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crased: and being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with *folliries* and misinformations." p. 577. FARMER.

The late Mr. Thomas Osborne, bookseller, (whose exploits are celebrated by the author of the Dunciad) being ignorant in what form or language our *Paradise Lost* was written, employed one of his garreteers to render it from a French translation into English prose. Lest, hereafter, the compositions of Shakespeare should be brought back into their native tongue from the version of Monsieur le Comte de Catuelan, le Tourneur, &c. it may be necessary to observe, that all the following particulars, extracted from the preface of these gentlemen, are as little founded in truth as their description of the Jubilee at Stratford, which they have been taught to represent as an affair of general approbation and national concern.

They say, that Shakespeare came to London without a plan, and finding himself at the door of a theatre, instinctively stopped there, and offered himself to be a holder of horses:—that he was remarkable for his excellent performance of the Ghost in Hamlet:—that he borrowed nothing from preceding writers:—that all on a sudden he left the stage, and returned without eclat into his native county:—that his monument at Stratford is of copper:—that the courtiers of James I. paid several compliments to him which are still preserved:—that he relieved a widow, who, together with her numerous family, was involved in a ruinous lawsuit:—that his editors have restored many passages in his plays, by the assistance of the manuscripts he left behind him, &c. &c.

Let me not however forget the justice due to these ingenious Frenchmen, whose skill and fidelity in the execution of their very difficult undertaking, is only exceeded by such a display of candour as would serve to cover the imperfections of much less elegant and judicious writers. STEEVENS.

* Baptifms, Marriages, and Burials of the Shakfpeare family; tranfcribed from the Regifter-book of the Parifh of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickfhire.

† JONE, daughter of John Shakfpere, was baptized Sept. 15, 1558.

Margaret, daughter of John Shakfpere, was buried April 30, 1563.

‡ WILLIAM, fon of John Shakfpere, was baptized April 26, 1564.

Gilbert, fon of John Shakfpere, was baptized Oct. 13, 1566.

§ Jone, daughter of John Shakfpere, was baptized April 15, 1569.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakfpere, was baptized Sept. 28, 1571.

Richard, fon of Mr. John Shakfpere, was baptized March 11, 1573.

Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakfpere, was buried April 4, 1579.

Edmund, fon of Mr. John Shakfpere, was baptized May 3, 1580.

Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Shakfpere, of Hampton, was baptized Feb. 10, 1583.

Sufanna, daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was baptized May 26, 1583.

|| Samuel and Judith, fon and daughter of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, were baptized Feb. 2, 1584.

John Shakfpere and Margery Roberts were married Nov. 25, 1584.

Margery, wife of John Shakfpere, was buried Oct. 29, 1587.

Urfula, daughter of John Shakfpere, was baptized March 11, 1588.

Thomas Greene, alias Shakfpere, was buried March 6, 1589.

Humphrey, fon of John Shakfpere, was baptized May 24, 1590.

* With this extract from the regifter of Stratford, I was favoured by the Hon. James Weft, efq. STEEVENS.

† She married the anceftor of the Harts of Stratford.

‡ Born April 23, 1564.

§ This feems to be a grand-daughter of the firft John.

|| This Samuel, only fon of the poet, died aged 12.

Philip, ſon of John Shakſpere, was baptized Sept. 21, 1591.

Samuel, ſon of WILLIAM SHAKSPERE, was buried Aug. 11, 1596.

Mr. John Shakſpere was buried Sept. 8, 1601.

* John Hall, gent. and Suſanna Shakſpere were married June 5, 1607.

Mary Shakſpere, widow, was buried Sept. 9, 1608.

Gilbert Shakſpere, adoleſcens, was buried Feb. 3, 1611.

Richard Shakſpere was buried Feb. 4, 1612.

† Thomas Queeny and ‡ Judith Shakſpere were married Feb. 10, 1616.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE ||, gentleman, was buried April 25, 1616 §.

¶ Mrs. Shakſpere was buried Aug. 6, 1623.

* This gentleman was a phyſician: he married the poet's eldeſt daughter.

† Judith was the poet's youngeſt daughter.

‡ As Shakeſpeare the poet married his wife from Shottery, a village near Stratford, poſſibly he might become poſſeſſor of a remarkable *houſe* there, as part of her portion; and jointly with his wife convey it as part of their daughter Judith's portion to Thomas Queeny. It is certain that one Queeny, an elderly gentleman, ſold it to —— Harvey, eſq. of Stockton, near Southam, Warwickſhire, father of John Harvey Thurſby, eſq. of Abington, near Northampton; and that the aforeſaid Harvey ſold it again to Samuel Tyler, eſq. whoſe ſiſters, as his heirs, now enjoy it.

|| Died the 23d.

§ No one hath protracted the life of *Shakeſpeare* beyond 1616, except Mr. Hume; who is pleaſed to add a year to it, in contradiction to all manner of evidence. FARMER.

¶ The poet's widow. She died at the age of ſixty-ſeven.

Extracts

Extracts from the Rev. Mr. Granger's *Biographical History of England.*

The PORTRAITS of SHAKESPEARE.

Vol. I. p. 259. 8vo. Edition.

" William Shakespeare; *ad orig. tab penes D. Harley; Vertue sc.* 1721; 4*to* *."

" William Shakespeare, &c. *Vertue sc.* 1719. *Done from the original, now in the possession of Robert Keck of the Inner Temple, Esq.*† *large h sh*"

" William Shakespeare. *In the possession of John Nicoll of Southgate, Esq. Houbraken sc.* 1747; *Illust. Heads.*"

" William Shakespeare; *Zoust p. From a capital picture in the collection of T. Wright, painter in Covent Garden. J. Simon f. h. sh. mezz.*"

" This was painted in the reign of Charles II."

* " The portrait palmed upon Mr. Pope (I use the words of the late Mr. Oldys in a MS. note to his edition of Langbaine) for an original of Shakespeare, from which he had his fine plate engraven, is evidently a juvenile portrait of K. James I." I am no judge in these matters, but only deliver an opinion, which if ill grounded, may be easily overthrown. The portrait, to me at least, has no traits of Shakespeare. The following observations are from the printed work of Mr. Granger. Steevens.

† " It has been said that there never was an original portrait of Shakespeare; but that Sir Thomas Clarges, after his death, caused a portrait to be drawn for him, from a person who nearly resembled him. Mr. Walpole informs me, that the only original picture of Shakespeare is that which belonged to Mr. Keck, from whom it passed to Mr. Nicoll, whose only daughter married the marquis of Caernarvon. This agrees with what is said in the *Critical Review* for Dec. 1770, in relation to the same portrait, which is there also said to have been " painted either by Richard Burbage, or John Taylor the player, the latter of whom left it by will to Sir William Davenant. After his death, Betterton, the actor, bought it; and when he died, Mr. Keck of the Temple gave forty guineas for it to Mrs. Barry the actress." Mr. Walpole adds, that Marshall's print is genuine too, and probably drawn from the life."

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *W. Marſhall ſc. Frontiſpiece to his poems*, 1640; 12*mo* *."

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *Arlaud del. Duchange ſc.* 4*to*."

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *J. Payne ſc. He is repreſented with a laurel branch in his left hand*."

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *L. du Guernier ſc*."

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *ſmall; with ſeveral other heads, before Jacob's " Lives of the Dramatic Poets*," 1719; 8*vo*."

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *with the heads of Jonſon, &c. h. ſh. mezz.*"

VOL. II. p. 6.

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. *Frontiſpiece to his plays*, Folio. 1623. *Martin Droeſhout ſc* †."

" This print gives us a truer repreſentation of Shakeſpeare, than ſeveral more pompous memorials of him; if the teſtimony of Ben Jonſon may be credited, to whom he was perſonally known. Unleſs we ſuppoſe that poet to have ſacrificed his veracity to the turn of thought in his epigram (*annexed to it*) which is very improbable; as he might have been eaſily contradicted by ſeveral that muſt have remembered ſo celebrated a perſon. The author of a letter from Stratford upon Avon, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, about twenty years ſince, informs us, that this head is as much like his monumental effigy, as a print can be."

" WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; *R. Earlom ſ. large octavo, mezz. neat. Engraved for a new edition of Shakeſpeare's works*."

" This print is ſaid to be from an original by Cornelius Janſen, in the collection of C. Jennens, Eſq. but as it is dated in 1610, before Janſen was in England, it is highly probable that it was not painted by him; at leaſt, that he did not paint it as a portrait of Shakeſpeare."

* The reader will find a faithful copy of this head, prefixed to the will of Shakeſpeare. There is a ſmall head of Shakeſpeare in an oval, before his *Rape of Lucrece*, republiſhed in 12mo. 1655, with the baniſhment of Tarquin, by John [the ſon of Philip] Quarles: but it is apparently copied from the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

† From this print the head of Shakeſpeare prefixed to our preſent edition is engraved. STEEVENS.

" WIL-

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *his monument at Stratford*; *under his bust is the following inscription.*"

"Ingenio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
"Terra tegit, populus mæret, Olympus habet."

"Stay passenger, why dost thou go so fast,
"Read, if thou canst, whom envious death has plac'd
"Within this monument; Shakespeare, with whom
"Quick nature dy'd; whose name doth deck the tomb
"Far more than cost; since all that he has writ
"Leaves living art but page to serve his wit."
Ob. An°. Dni. 1616. *Æt.* 53.

"*Vertue sc. small h. sh.*"
"*His monument is also done in mezz. by Miller.*"

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *his monument in Westminster Abbey*; *two prints h. sh.*"

"In one of these prints, instead of *The cloud-capt towers, &c.* is the following inscription on a scroll, to which he points with his finger:

"Thus Britain lov'd me, and preserv'd my fame
"Pure from a Barber's or a Benson's name.
A. POPE.

"This monument was erected in 1741, by the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martin. Mr. Fleetwood and Mr. Rich, gave each of them a benefit towards it, from one of Shakespeare's own plays. It was executed by Scheemaker, after a design of Kent *."

* "On the monument is inscribed—*Amor publicus posuit.* Dr. Mead objected to the word *amor*, as not occurring in old classical inscriptions; but Mr. Pope, and the other gentlemen concerned, insisting that it should stand, Dr. Mead yielded the point saying,

Omnia vincit *amor*, et nos cedamus *amori*.

This anecdote was communicated by Mr. Lort, late Greek professor of Cambridge, who had it from Dr. Mead himself."

Ancient and Modern Commendatory VERSES on SHAKESPEARE.

Upon the Effigies of my worthy Friend, the Author Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and his Works.

SPectator, this life's ſhadow is;—to ſee
The truer image, and a livelier he,
Turn reader: but obſerve his comick vein,
Laugh; and proceed next to a tragick ſtrain,
Then weep: ſo,—when thou find'ſt two contraries,
Two different paſſions from thy rapt ſoul riſe,—
Say, (who alone effect ſuch wonders could)
Rare Shakeſpeare to the life thou doſt behold. B. J.

To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author Mr WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakeſpeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confeſs thy writings to be ſuch,
As neither man, nor muſe, can praiſe too much;
'Tis true, and all men's ſuffrage: but theſe ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praiſe:
For ſeelieſt ignorance on theſe may light,
Which, when it ſounds at beſt, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praiſe,
And think to ruin where it ſeem'd to raiſe:
Theſe are as ſome infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praiſe a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof againſt them; and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need:
I, therefore, will begin:—Soul of the age,
The applauſe, delight, the wonder of our ſtage,
My Shakeſpeare, riſe! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenſer; or bid Beaumont lie

A little

A little further, to make thee a room *:
Thou art a monument, without a tomb;
And art alive ſtill, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiſe to give.
That I not mix thee ſo, my brain excuſes;
I mean, with great but diſproportion'd muſes:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I ſhould commit thee ſurely with thy peers;
And tell—how far thou didſt our Lilly † outſhine,
Or ſporting Kyd ‡, or Marlow's mighty line §.

And

* This and the next lines have reference to the following epitaph on Shakeſpeare, written by *Dr. Donne*, and printed among his poems:

"Renowned *Spenſer*, lie a thought more nigh
"To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lie
"A little nearer *Spenſer*, to make room
"For *Shakeſpeare* in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
"To lie all four in one bed make a ſhift,
"Until doomſday; for hardly will a fifth
"Betwixt this day and that, by fates be ſlain,
"For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
"But if precedency in death doth bar
"A fourth place in your ſacred ſepulchre,
"Under this curled marble of thine own,
"Sleep, rare tragedian; *Shakeſpeare*, ſleep alone!
"Thy unmoleſted peace, in an unſhar'd cave,
"Poſſeſs as lord, not tenant of thy grave;
"That, unto us, and others it may be
"Honour, hereafter to be laid by thee!" STEEVENS.

† *Lylly* wrote nine plays during the reign of Q. Eliz. viz. *Alexander and Campaſpe*, T. C; *Endymion*, C; Galatea, C; *Love his Metamorphoſis*, Dram. Paſt; *Maid her Metamorphoſis*, C; *Mother Bombie*, C; *Mydas*, C; *Sapho and Phao*, C; and *Woman in the Moon*, C., To the pedantry of this author perhaps we are indebted for the firſt attempt to poliſh and reform our language. See his *Euphues and his England*. STEEVENS.

‡ —— or *ſporting* Kyd, It appears from Heywood's *Actor's Vindication* that *Thomas Kyd* was the author of the *Spaniſh Tragedy*. The late *Mr. Hawkins* was of opinion that *Soliman and Perſeda* was by the ſame hand. The only piece however, which has deſcended to us, even with the initial letters of his name affixed to it, is *Pompey the Great his fair Cornelia's Tragedy*, which was firſt publiſhed in 1594, and, with ſome alteration in the title-page, again in 1595. This is no more than a tranſlation from *Robert Garnier*, a French poet, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf during the

reigns

And though thou hadſt ſmall Latin, and leſs Greek,—
From thence to honour thee, I would not ſeek
For names; but call forth thundring Æſchylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead;
To live again, to hear thy buſkin tread
And ſhake a ſtage: or, when thy ſocks were on,
Leave thee alone; for the compariſon
Of all, that inſolent Greece, or haughty Rome,
Sent forth, or ſince did from their aſhes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou haſt one to ſhow,
To whom all ſcenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muſes ſtill were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herſelf was proud of his deſigns,
And joy'd to wear the dreſſing of his lines;
Which were ſo richly ſpun, and woven ſo fit,
As, ſince, ſhe will vouchſafe no other wit:
The merry Greek, tart Ariſtophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not pleaſe;
But antiquated and deſerted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet muſt I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakeſpeare, muſt enjoy a part:—
For, though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the faſhion: and that he,
Who caſts to write a living line, muſt ſweat,
(Such as thine are) and ſtrike a ſecond heat
Upon the Muſes' anvil; turn the ſame,
(And himſelf with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a ſcorn,—
For a good poet's made, as well as born:

reigns of Charles IX. Henry III. and Henry IV. and died at Mans in 1602, in the 56th year of his age. STEEVENS.

§ —— or *Marlow's* mighty line.] *Marlow* was a performer as well as an author. His contemporary *Heywood* calls him *the beſt of poets*. He wrote ſix tragedies, viz. *Dr. Fauſtus's Tragical Hiſtory*; *K. Edward II*; *Jew of Malta*; *Luſt's Dominion*; *Maſſacre of Paris*; and *Tamburlaine the Great*, in two parts. He likewiſe joined with *Naſh* in writing *Dido Queen of Carthage*, and had begun a tranſlation of Muſæus's *Hero and Leander*, which was finiſhed by *Chapman*, and publiſhed in 1606. STEEVENS.

And ſuch wert thou: Look, how the father's face
Lives in his iſſue; even ſo the race
Of Shakeſpeare's mind, and manners, brightly ſhines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines;
In each of which he ſeems to ſhake a lance,
As brandiſh'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet ſwan of Avon, what a ſight it were,
To ſee thee in our waters yet appear;
And make thoſe flights upon the banks of Thames,
That ſo did take Eliza, and our James!
But ſtay; I ſee thee in the hemiſphere
Advanc'd, and made a conſtellation there:—
Shine forth, thou ſtar of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping ſtage;
Which, ſince thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
And deſpairs day, but by thy volume's light!

BEN JONSON *.

Upon

* ——— *extinctus amabitur idem.*

This obſervation of *Horace* was never more completely verified than by the poſthumous applauſe which *Ben Jonſon* has beſtowed on *Shakeſpeare*:

——— the gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth*:—marry, *he was dead.*

Let us now compare the preſent elogium of old *Ben* with ſuch of his other ſentiments as have reached poſterity.

In April 1748, when the *Lover's Melancholy* by *Ford*, (a friend and contemporary of Shakeſpeare) was revived for a benefit, the following letter appeared in the *General*, now the *Public*, *Advertiſer*.

'— It is hoped that the following *gleaning of theatrical hiſtory* will readily obtain a place in your paper. It is taken from a pamphlet written in the reign of Charles I. with this quaint title, "Old *Ben's Light Heart* made heavy by Young *John's Melancholy Lover*;" and as it contains ſome hiſtorical anecdotes and altercations concerning *Ben Jonſon*, *Ford*, *Shakeſpeare*, and the *Lover's Melancholy*, it is imagined that a few extracts from it at this juncture, will not be unentertaining to the public.'

'Thoſe who have any knowledge of the theatre in the reigns of *James* and *Charles* the Firſt, muſt know, that *Ben Jonſon*, from great critical language, *which was then the portion but of very few*, his merit as a poet, and his conſtant aſſociation with men of letters, did, for a conſiderable time, *give laws to the ſtage*.'

'*Ben* was by nature *ſplenetic and ſour*; with a ſhare of envy, (for every anxious genius has ſome) more than was warrantable in ſociety. By education rather *critically* than *politely* learned; which

ſwell'd

Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenick Poet, Maſter WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Thoſe hands, which you ſo clapt, go now and wring,
You Britains brave; for done are Shakeſpeare's days;
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd

ſwell'd his mind into an oſtentatious pride *of his own works*, and an overbearing *inexorable* judgment of his *contemporaries*.'

'This raiſed him many enemies, who towards the cloſe of his life endeavoured to dethrone *this tyrant*, as the pamphlet ſtiles him, out of the dominion of the theatre. And what greatly contributed to their deſign, was the *ſlights* and *malignances* which the *rigid Ben* too frequently threw out againſt the *lowly Shakeſpeare*, whoſe fame ſince his death, as appears by the pamphlet, was grown too great for *Ben's envy* either to *bear* with or *wound*.'

'It would greatly exceed the limits of your paper to ſet down all the *contempts* and *invectives* which were uttered and written by *Ben*, and are collected and produced in *this pamphlet*, as unanſwerable and ſhaming evidences to prove his *ill-nature* and *ingratitude* to *Shakeſpeare*, who firſt introduced him to the *theatre and fame*.

'But though the whole of theſe invectives cannot be ſet down at preſent, ſome few of the heads may not be diſagreeable, which are as follow.'

"That the man had *imagination* and *wit* none could deny, but that they were *ever* guided by *true judgment* in the *rules* and *conduct* of a piece, none could with juſtice aſſert, *both* being ever ſervile to raiſe the *laughter of fools* and the *wonder of the ignorant*. That he was a good poet only *in part*—being ignorant of *all dramatic laws*,—had *little* Latin—*leſs* Greek—and ſpeaking of plays, &c.

'To make a child new ſwaddled, to proceed
'Man, and then ſhoot up, in one beard and weed,
'Paſt threeſcore years: or, with three ruſty ſwords,
'And help of ſome few *foot and half foot* words,
'Fight over *York* and *Lancaſter's* long jars,
'And in the tyring-houſe bring wounds to ſcars.
'He rather prays you will be pleas'd to ſee
'One ſuch to-day, as *other plays ſhould be*;
'Where neither *chorus* wafts you o'er the ſeas, &c."

'This, and ſuch like behaviour, brought *Ben* at laſt from being the *lawgiver* of the theatre to be the *ridicule* of it, being *perſonally* introduced there in ſeveral pieces, to the *ſatisfaction* of the public,
who

Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phœbus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.

If

who are ever fond of encouraging *personal* ridicule, when the follies and vices of the object are supposed to deserve it.'

'But what wounded his pride and fame most sensibly, was the preference which the public and most of his contemporary wits, gave to *Ford's* LOVER'S MELANCHOLY, before his NEW INN OR LIGHT HEART. They were both brought on in the *same week* and on the same stage; where *Ben's was damn'd*, and *Ford's* received with *uncommon applause*: and what made this circumstance still more galling, was, that *Ford* was at the head of the partisans who supported *Shakespeare's fame* against *Ben Jonson's invectives*.'

'This so incensed old *Ben*, that as an everlasting stigma upon his audience, he prefixed this title to his play——"The *New Inn* or *Light Heart*. A comedy, as it was *never acted*, but most negligently play'd by some, the *King's idle servants*; and more squeamishly beheld and censur'd by others, the *King's foolish subjects*." This title is followed by an abusive preface upon the audience and reader.'

'Immediately upon this, he wrote his memorable ode against the public, beginning

"Come leave the loathed stage,
"And the more loathsome age, &c."

The revenge he took against *Ford*, was to write an epigram on him as a plagiary.

"*Playwright*, by chance, hearing *toys I had writ*,
"Cry'd to my face—they were th' elixir of wit.
"And I must now believe him, for to-day
"Five of my *jests*, then stoln, pass'd him a play."

Alluding to a character in the *Ladies Trial*, which *Ben* says *Ford* stole from him.'

'The *next* charge against *Ford* was, that the *Lover's Melancholy* was not his own, but *purloined from Shakespeare's papers*, by the connivance of *Hemings and Condel*, who *in conjunction with Ford*, had the revisal of them.'

'The malice of this charge is gravely refuted, and afterwards laughed at in many verses and epigrams, the best of which are those that follow, with which I shall close this theatrical extract.'

"To my worthy friend, *John Ford*.

"'Tis said, from Shakespeare's mine, your play you drew,
"What need?—when Shakespeare still survives in you:
"But grant it were from his vast treasury reft,
"That *plund'rer Ben* ne'er made *so rich a theft*."

Thomas May.

Upon

If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this;
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tyring-house) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND*.

To the Memory of
the deceased Author, Master W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive

Upon *Ben Jonson*, and his Zany, *Tom Randolph*.

" Quoth *Ben* to *Tom*, the *Lover's* stole,
" 'Tis *Shakespeare's* every word;
" Indeed, says *Tom*, upon the whole,
" 'Tis much too good for *Ford*.

" Thus *Ben* and *Tom* the *dead* still praise,
" The *living* to decry;
" For none must dare to wear the bays,
" Till *Ben* and *Tom* both die.

" Even *Avon's swan* could not escape
" These letter-tyrant elves;
" They on his fame contriv'd a rape,
" To raise their pedant selves.

" But after times with full consent
" This truth will all acknowledge,—
" *Shakespeare* and *Ford* from heaven were sent,
" *But Ben and Tom from college.* *Endymion Porter*."

Mr. Macklin the comedian was the author of this letter; but the pamphlet which furnished his materials, was lost in its passage from Ireland.

The following stanza, from a copy of verses by Shirley, prefixed to Ford's *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633, alludes to the same dispute, and is apparently addressed to Ben Jonson.

" Look here *thou* that hast *malice* to the stage,
" And *impudence* enough for the whole age;
" *Voluminously ignorant!* be vext
" To read this tragedy, and thy owne be next."

STEEVENS.

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxon. edit. 1721, vol. I. p. 583.

Thy

Thy tomb, thy name muſt: when that ſtone is rent,
And time diſſolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive ſhall view thee ſtill; this book,
When braſs and marble fade, ſhall make thee look
Freſh to all ages; when poſterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakeſpeare's, every line, each verſe,
Here ſhall revive, redeem thee from thy herſe.
Nor fire, nor cank'ring age—as Naſo ſaid
Of his,—thy wit-fraught book ſhall once invade:
Nor ſhall I e'er believe or think thee dead,
Though miſt, until our bankrout ſtage be ſped
(Impoſſible), with ſome new ſtrain to out-do
Paſſions of Juliet, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a ſcene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-ſword parlying Romans ſpake:
Till theſe, till any of thy volume's reſt,
Shall with more fire more feeling be expreſs'd,
Be ſure, our Shakeſpeare, thou canſt never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES*.

To the Memory of Maſter W. SHAKESPEARE.

We wonder'd, Shakeſpeare, that thou went'ſt ſo ſoon
From the world's ſtage to the grave's tyring-room:
We thought thee dead; but this thy printed worth
Tells thy ſpectators, that thou went'ſt but forth
To enter with applauſe: an actor's art
Can die, and live to act a ſecond part;
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plaudite. J. M.†

On worthy Maſter SHAKESPEARE,

and his Poems.

A mind reflecting ages paſt, whoſe clear
And equal ſurface can make things appear,

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxonienſes, vol. I. p. 599, and 600, edit. 1721.

† Perhaps John Marſton.

Diſtant

Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Rowl back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In that deep dusky dungeon, to discern
A royal ghost from churls; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain,
Senseless and soul-less shews: To give a stage,—
Ample, and true with life,—voice, action, age,
As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
Both smile and weep; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd; affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
Tortur'd and tickl'd; by a crab-like way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravin for our sport:—
—While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love;
To strike up and stroak down, both joy and ire;
To steer the affections; and by heavenly fire
Mold us anew, stoln from ourselves:—
This,—and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,—
Was Shakespear's freehold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train;—
e buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
louder tone of Clio, nimble hand

And

And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another;—
Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother;—
And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright:
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring;
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden-wire, each line of silk: there run
Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice:
Here hangs a mossy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, purled: not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn;
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.
Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,'
They say, his body; but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes our hands shall give:
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak; with laurel crown'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambrosial meat,
In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat:
So with this robe they cloath him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly Admirer of his Endowments,

J. M. S.

Part of Shirley's Prologue to The Sisters.

And if you leave us too, we cannot thrive,
I'll promise neither play nor poet live
'Till ye come back; think what you do, you see
What audience we have, what company
To Shakespeare comes, whose mirth did once beguile
Dull hours, and buskin'd, made even sorrow smile:

So lovely were the wounds, that men would say
They could endure the bleeding a whole day.

Extract from Michael Drayton's "Elegy to Henry Reynolds, Esq. of Poets and Poesy."

Shakespear, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strong conception, and as clear a rage
As any one that traffick'd with the stage.

To Master W. SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare, that nimble Mercury thy braine
  Lulls many hundred Argus-eyes asleepe,
So fit for all thou fashionest thy vaine,
  At th' horse-foot fountaine thou hast drunk full deepe.
Vertue's or vice's theme to thee all one is;
  Who loves chaste life, there's *Lucrece* for a teacher:
Who list read lust, there's *Venus* and *Adonis*,
  The modell of a most lascivious leacher.
Besides, in plaies thy wit winds like Meander,
  When needy new composers borrow more
Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander:
  But to praise thee aright, I want thy store.
Then let thine owne works thine owne worth upraise,
And help t'adorne thee with deserved baies.

Epigram 92, in an ancient collection, entitled *Run and a great Cast*, 4to. by Tho. Freeman, 1614.

An Epitaph on the

admirable dramatick Poet, W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument:

For

For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON.

See, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakespeare rise,
An awful ghost, confess'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
About whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage:
And if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'Twas, that my own abundance gave me more:
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain rich without supply.

Dryden's Prologue to his alteration of Troilus and Cressida.

Shakespeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art!
He, monarch-like, gave those his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops that fell from Shakespeare's pen.

Dryden's Prologue to his Alteration of the Tempest.

Our Shakespeare wrote too in an age as blest,
The happiest poet of his time, and best;
A gracious prince's favour chear'd his muse,
A constant favour he ne'er fear'd to lose;

Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind.

Otway's Prologue to Caius Marius.

Shakeſpeare, whoſe genius to itſelf a law,
Could men in every height of nature draw.

Rowe's Prologue to the Ambitious Stepmother.

Shakeſpeare (whom you and every play-houſe bill
Style the divine, the matchleſs, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own deſpight.

Pope's Imitation of Horace's Epiſtle to Auguſtus.

Shakeſpeare, the genius of our iſle, whoſe mind
(The univerſal mirror of mankind)
Expreſs'd all images, enrich'd the ſtage,
But ſometimes ſtoop'd to pleaſe a barb'rous age.
When his immortal bays began to grow,
Rude was the language, and the humour low.
He, like the god of day, was always bright;
But rolling in its courſe, his orb of light
Was ſully'd and obſcur'd, tho' ſoaring high,
With ſpots contracted from the nether ſky.
But whither is th' advent'rous muſe betray'd?
Forgive her raſhneſs, venerable ſhade!
May ſpring with purple flow'rs perfume thy urn,
And Avon with his greens thy grave adorn:
Be all thy faults, whatever faults there be,
Imputed to the times, and not to thee!

Fenton's Epiſtle to Southerne, 1711.

An Inſcription for a Monument of SHAKESPEARE.

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale misfortune's ſlaves: O ye who dwell
Unknown with humble quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden ſeat of kings;

O ſons

O sons of sport and pleasure: O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while you stand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakespeare's form;
"Who walk'd in every path of human life,
"Felt every passion; and to all mankind
"Doth now, will ever that experience yield
"Which his own genius only could acquire."

AKINSIDE.

From the same Author's Pleasures of Imagination, Book 3.

——— when lightening fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky;
Amid the general uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakespeare looks abroad
From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
The elemental war.——

——— For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and nature's boast?

Thomson's Summer.

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Prologue at the opening of Drury-Lane Theatre in 1747.
By Dr. Samuel Johnson.

What are the lays of artful Addison,
Coldly correct, to Shakespeare's warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the smiling babe
To a close cavern: (still the shepherds shew
The sacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whisp'ring of sweet musick thro' the air)
Here, as with honey gathered from the rock,
She fed the little prattler, and with songs
Oft sooth'd his wond'ring ears, with deep delight
On her soft lap he sat, and caught the sounds.

The Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature, a Poem, by the
Rev. Joseph Warton.

From the Rev. Thomas Warton's Address to the Queen on
her Marriage.

Here, boldly mark'd with every living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:
But chief, the dreadful groupe of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest.

Monody, written near Stratford upon Avon.

Avon, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th' embattled sedge;
Thy brink with watery foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd;
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.

But

But while I muse, that here the Bard Divine
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd isles inclose;
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows,
Above th' embowering shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy-circled shrine;
Of daisies pied his infant offering made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe;
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And aweful shapes of leaders and of kings,
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wisard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe, with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

By the same.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Gray's Ode on the Progress of Poesy.

Next Shakespeare sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magick rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:

Whatever ſpirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad, or good, obey his dread command;
To his beheſts theſe willingly repair,
Thoſe aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their powers united might withſtand.

Lloyd's Progreſs of Envy, 1751.

Oh, where's the bard, who at one view
Could look the whole creation through,
Who travers'd all the human heart,
Without recourſe to Grecian art?
He ſcorn'd the rules of imitation,
Of altering, pilfering, and tranſlation,
Nor painted horror, grief, or rage,
From models of a former age;
The bright original he took,
And tore the leaf from nature's book.
'Tis Shakeſpeare ——

Lloyd's Shakeſpeare, a Poem.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat Shakeſpeare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd a maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd through nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And, paſſing nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Churchill's Roſciad.

Names of the original Actors in the Plays of Shakespeare: From the Folio, 1623.

William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbadge.	Robert Armin *.
John Hemmings.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips.	Nathan. Field †.
William Kempe.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone.
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson.
Samuel Crosse.	John Shanke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rice.

It may appear singular that the name of the celebrated *Alleyn* (founder of Dulwich College) should not occur in this list of performers. But Alleyn was master of the *Fortune* playhouse, which he is said either to have built or re-built; and therefore might have no connection with other theatres where the plays of Shakespeare were exhibited. We learn however from Langbaine, that he had been "an ornament to Black Friers." *John Wilson*, who appears to have acted in our author's *Much Ado about Nothing*, is likewise excluded from this catalogue; though Meres, in the Second Part of his *Wits' Common-wealth*, 1598, praising several who were "famous for extemporall verse," says, "Of our *Tarlton*, doctor Case that learned physitian thus speaketh in the seventh book and seventeenth chapter of his Politikes; *Aristoteles suum* Theodoretum *laudavit, quendam peritum tragœdiarum actorem*; Cicero *suum* Roscium; *nos Angli* Tarletonum, *in cujus voce & vultu omnes jocosi affectus, in cujus cerebroso capite lepidæ facetiæ habitant.* And so is our wittie Wilson, who, for learning and extemporall witte in this facultie, is without compare or compeere, &c." STEEVENS.

* Author of the Two Maids of Moorclacke, Com. 1609.

† Author of *Amends for Ladies*, Com. 1639, and *Woman is a Weathercock*, Com. 1612. He also assisted Massinger in the *Fatal Dowry*.

A

A LIST OF SUCH

ANCIENT EDITIONS

OF

SHAKESPEARE's PLAYS,

as have hitherto been met with by his different Editors.

Thoſe marked with Aſteriſks are in no former Tables; and thoſe which are printed in the Italic character I have never ſeen.

I. { 1. Midſummer Night's Dream, William Shakeſpeare, 1600, Thomas Fiſher.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1600, James Roberts.

II. { 1. Merry Wives of Windſor, William Shakeſpeare, 1602. T. C. for Arthur Johnſon.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1619, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1630, T. H. for R. Meighen.

III. { Much Ado about Nothing, William Shakeſpeare, 1600; V. S. For Andrew Wiſe and William Aſpley.

IV. { 1. Merchant of Venice, William Shakeſpeare, 1600. J. R. for Thomas Heyes.
2. W. Shakeſpeare, 1600, J. Roberts.
3. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1637, M. P. for Laurence Hayes.
4. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1652, for William Leake.

V. { 1. Love's Labour Loſt, William Shakeſpeare, 1598, W. W. for Cuthbert Burbey.
2. D°. William Shakeſpeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

VI.

VI.
- 1. Taming of the Shrew, 1607, V.S. for Nich. Ling.
- 2. D°. Will. Shakespeare, 1631, W. S. for John Smethwicke.

VII.
- 1. King Lear, William Shakespeare, 1608, for Nathaniel Butter.
- 2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1608, for D°.
- 3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1655, Jane Bell.

VIII. †
- 1. King John, 2 Parts, 1591, *for Sampson Clarke.*
- 2. D°. W. Sh. 1611, Valentine Simmes, for John Helme.
- 3. D°. W. Shakespeare, 1622, Aug. Matthewes, for Thomas Dewe.

IX.
- 1. Richard II. 1597, Valentine Simmes for Andrew Wise.
- 2. Richard II. William Shakespeare, 1598, Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wise.
- 3. Do. W. Shakespeare, 1608, W. W. for Matthew Law.
- 4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1615, for Matthew Law.
- 5. D°. William Shakespeare, 1634, John Norton.

X.
- * 1. Henry IV. First Part, 1598, P. S. for Andrew Wise.
- 2. D°. W. Shakespeare, 1599, S. S. for D°.
- 3. *Do.* 1604.
- * 4. D°. 1608, for Matthew Law.
- 5. D°. W. Shakespeare, 1613, W. W. for D°.
- 6. D°. William Shakespeare, 1622, T. P. sold by D°.
- * 7. D°. William Shakespeare, 1632, John Norton, sold by William Sheares.
- 8. D°. William Shakespeare, 1639, John Norton, sold by Hugh Perry.

XI.
- 1. Henry IV. Second Part, William Shakespeare, 1600, V. S. for Andrew Wise and William Aspley.
- 2. D°. 1600. D°.

† These three are only copies of the spurious play.

XII.

XII.
1. Henry V. 1600: Tho. Creede, for T. Millington, and John Busby.
2. D°. 1602, Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pavier.
3. D°. 1608, for T. P.

XIII. XIV.
1. Henry VI. William Shakespeare, 1600, Val. Simmes, for Tho. Millington.
2. D°. William Shakespeare, W. W. for T. Millington, 1600.
3. D°. William Shakespeare, T. P.

XV.
1. *Richard III* 1597, *Valentine Simmes, for Andrew Wise.*
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1598, Thomas Creede, for D°.
3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1602, Thomas Creede, for D°.
4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1612, Thomas Creede, sold by Matthew Lawe.
5. D°. William Shakespeare, 1622, Thomas Purfoot, sold by D°.
6. D°. William Shakespeare, 1629, John Norton, sold by D°.
7. D°. William Shakespeare, 1634, John Norton.

XVI. Titus Andronicus, 1611, for Edward White.

XVII.
1. Troilus and Cressida, William Shakespeare, 1609, G. Eld, for R. Bonian and H. Whalley, with a Preface.
2. D°. 1609, for D°.
* 3. D°. no Date, D°.

XVIII. *
1. Romeo and Juliet, 1597, John Danter.
2. D° 1599, Tho. Creede, for Cuthbert Burby.
3. D° 1609, for John Smethwicke.
4. D°. William Shakespeare, no Date, John Smethwicke.
5. D° William Shakespeare, 1637, R. Young for D°.

XIX.

XIX. *

1. Hamlet, William Shakespeare, J. R. for N. L 1604.
2. Hamlet, William Shakespeare, 1605, I. R. for N. L
3. D°. William Shakespeare, 1611, for John Smethwicke
4. D°. William Shakespeare, no Date, W. S. for D°.
5. D°. William Shakespeare, 1637, R. Young, for D°.
6. D°. R Bentley, 1695.

XX.

1. *Othello, William Shakespeare, no Date, Thomas Walkely.*
2. D°. William Shakespeare, 1622, N. O. for Thomas Walkely.
3 D° William Shakespeare, 1630, A. M. for Richard Hawkins
4. D°. William Shakespeare, 1655, for William Leake.

☞ Of all the remaining plays the most authentic edition is the folio 1623; yet that of 1632 is not without value; for though it be in some places more incorrectly printed than the preceding one, it has likewise the advantage of various readings, which are not merely such as reiteration of copies will naturally produce. The curious examiner of Shakespeare's text, who possesses the first of these, ought not to be unfurnished with the second. As to the third and fourth impressions, (which include the seven rejected plays) they are little better than waste paper, for they differ only from the preceding ones by a larger accumulation of errors. I had inadvertently given a similar character of the folio 1632; but take this opportunity of confessing a mistake into which I was led by too implicit a reliance on the assertions of others.

FOLIO EDITIONS.

I. Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true original Copies. 1623 Fol. Isaac Jaggard and Ed. Blount.

II. D°. 1632. Fol. Tho. Cotes, for Rob. Allot.

III. D°, 1664. Fol. for P. C.

IV.

IV. D°. 1685. Fol. for H. Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley.

MODERN EDITIONS.

Octavo, Rowe's, London, 1709. 7 Vols.
Quarto, Pope's, Ditto, 1723. 6 D°.
Duodecimo, Pope's, Ditto, 1728. 10 D°.
Octavo, Theobald's, Ditto, 1733. 7 D°.
Duodecimo, Theobald's Ditto, 1740, 8 D°.
Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1744, 6 D°.
Octavo, Warburton's, London, 1747, 8 D°.
Ditto, Johnson's, ditto, 1765, 8 D°.
Ditto, Steevens's, ditto, 1766, 4 D°.
Crown 8vo. Capel's, 1768, 10 D°.
Quarto, Hanmer's, Oxford, 1771, 6 D°.
Octavo, Johnson and Steevens, London, 1773, 10 D°.
D°. second Edition, ditto, 1778, 10 D°.

The reader may not be displeased to know the exact sums paid to the different Editors of Shakespeare. The following account is taken from the books of the late Mr. Tonson.

		£	s.	d.
To Mr. Rowe	——	£ 36	10	0
Mr Hughes*	——	28	7	0
Mr. Pope	——	217	12	0
Mr. Fenton †	——	30	12	0
Mr. Gay ‡	——	35	19	6
Mr. Whatley §	——	12	0	0
Mr. Theobald ‖	——	652	10	0
Mr. Warburton	——	560	0	0
Dr. Johnson	——			
Mr. Capell	——	300	0	0

Of these editions some have passed several times through the press; but only such as vary from each other are here enumerated.

To this list might be added several spurious and mutilated impressions; but as they appear to have been executed without

* For correcting the press and making an index to Mr. Rowe's 12mo edition.

† For assistance to Mr. Pope in correcting the press.

‡ For the same services.

§ For correcting the sheets of Pope's 12mo.

‖ Of Mr. Theobald's edition no less than 11360 have been printed.

the smallest degree of skill either in the manners or language of the time of Shakespeare; and as the names of their respective editors are prudently concealed, it were useless to commemorate the number of their volumes, or the distinct date of each publication.

Some of our legitimate editions will afford a sufficient specimen of the fluctuation of price in books.—An ancient quarto was sold for six pence; and the folios 1623 and 1632, when first printed, could not have been rated higher than at ten shillings each.—Very lately, one, and two guineas, have been paid for a quarto; the first folio is usually valued at seven or eight: but what price may be expected for it hereafter, is not very easy to be determined, the conscience of Mr. Fox, bookseller in Holborn, having lately permitted him to ask no less than *two guineas* for *two leaves* out of a mutilated copy of that impression, though he had several, almost equally defective, in his shop. The second folio is commonly rated at two or three guineas.

At the late Mr. Jacob Tonson's sale, in the year 1767, one hundred and forty copies of Mr. Pope's edition of Shakespeare, in six volumes quarto (for which the subscribers paid six guineas) were disposed of among the booksellers at sixteen shillings per set. Seven hundred and fifty of this edition were printed.

At the same sale, the remainder of Dr. Warburton's edition, in eight volumes 8vo. printed in 1747 (of which the original price was two pounds eight shillings, and the number printed 1000) was sold off: viz. 178 copies, at eighteen shillings each.

On the contrary, Sir Thomas Hanmer's edition, printed at Oxford in 1744, which was first sold for three guineas, had arisen to nine or ten, before it was reprinted.

It appears however from the foregoing catalogue (when all reiterations of legitimate editions are taken into the account, together with five spurious ones printed in Ireland, one in Scotland, one at Birmingham, and four in London, making in the whole thirty-five impressions) that not less than 35,000 copies of our author's works have been dispersed, exclusive of the quartos, single plays, and such as have been altered for the stage. Of the latter, as exact a list as I have been able to form, with the assistance of Mr. Reed of Staple Inn, (than whom no man is more conversant with English publications both ancient and modern, or more willing to assist the literary undertakings of others) will be found in the course of the following pages.

 OLD

OLD EDITIONS of SHAKESPEARE's POEMS.

I. Shakespeare's Poems, 1609, 4to.

II. D°. 1640. 8vo. Tho. Cotes, sold by John Benson.

III. Passionate Pilgrim, Poems by D°, 1599, 8vo. small, for W. Jaggard, sold by W. Leake.

IV. Rape of Lucrece, a Poem, 1594, 4to, Richard Field, for John Harrison.

V. D°, 1598, 8vo. P. S. for D°.

VI. D°. 1607, 8vo. N. O. for D°.

VII. D°. 12mo. (Newly revised) T. S. for Roger Jackson, 1616.

VIII. Venus and Adonis, a Poem, 1620, 8vo. for J. P.*

IX. D°. 12mo. by J. H. sold by Francis Coules, 1636.

X. The Rape of Lucrece, whereunto is annexed the Banishment of Tarquin, by John Quarles, 12mo, 1665.

MODERN EDITIONS.

Shakespeare's Poems, 8vo. for Bernard Lintot, no date.
——————— 8vo. by Gildon, 1710.
——————— 4to. and 12mo. by Sewell, 1728.

PLAYS ascribed to SHAKSPEARE, either by the Editors of the Two later Folios, or by the Compilers of ancient Catalogues.

1. Arraignment of Paris, 1584 †, Henry Marsh.

2. Birth of Merlin, 1662, Tho. Johnson, for Francis Kirkman and Henry Marsh.

3. Edward III ‡. 1596, for Cuthbert Burby. 2. 1599, Simon Stafford, for D°

4. Fair Em §, 1631, for John Wright.

5. Locrine, 1595 ||, Thomas Creede.

6. London

* See the following Extract of Entries in the books of the Stationers' Company.

† It appears from an epistle prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, that the *Arraignment of Paris* was written by George Peele, the author of *King David and Fair Bethsabe*, &c. 1599.

‡ See the following extracts from the books at Stationers' hall.

§ *Fair Em*] In Mr. Garrick's Collection, is a volume, formerly belonging to King Charles I. which is lettered on the back, SHAKESPEARE, vol. I. This vol. consists of *Fair Em*, *The Merry Devil*, &c. *Mucedorus*, &c. There is no other authority for ascribing *Fair Em* to our author.

|| The title-page of this play offers no sufficient evidence to convict Shakespeare of having been its author, as it only says, "newly set foorth, overseene and corrected by W. S." Supposing W. S. to have been meant for W. Shakespeare; as the manager of a theatre,

6. London Prodigal, 1605.
7. *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608, Henry Ballard, for Arthur Johnson. 2. 1617. G. Eld, for D°. 3. 1626, A. M. for Francis Falkner. 4. 1631. T. P. for D°. 5. 1655, for W. Gilbertson.
8. Mucedorus †. 1598, for William Jones. 2. 1610, for D°. 3. 1615. N. O. for D°. 4. 1639, for John Wright. 5. No Date, for Francis Coles. 6 1668, E. O. for D°.
9. Pericles ‡, 1609, for Henry Gosson. 2. 1619, for T. P. 3. 1630. J. N. for R. B. 4. 1635. Tho. Cotes.
10. Puritan, 1600 §, and 1607. G. Eld.
11. Sir John Oldcastle, 1600, for T. P.
12. Thomas Lord Cromwell, 1613. Tho. Snodham.
13. Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634, Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson.
14. Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608 ‖. R. B. for T. Pavyer. D°. 1619. for T. P.

theatre, or as a friend to the author, he might have condescended to correct what his genius could not have stoop'd to write. This piece likewise exhibits several antiquated and affected words never used by Shakespeare; as *lore* for lesson, *stoure* for tumult, *virent* for green, and *occision* for slaughter; besides *equalize*, *rosiall*, *mavortial*, *Eos*, *Fames* (a personification of *Hunger*,) *Puriphlegeton*, *macerate*, *venerean*, *suspires* (for *sighs* subst.) *frumps*, *arcane* for secret, *feer* for wife, *exequies* for obsequies, &c. It contains also a Spanish quotation and many Latin verses; and is full of those *inexplicable dumb shews* which Shakespeare has ridiculed in *Hamlet*.

Whoever was the author of *Locrine*, it could not have been printed till after the 17th of November 1595, when Queen Elizabeth entered into the 38th year of her reign, as at the conclusion of it is the following prayer for her Majesty:

"So let us pray for that *renowned Maid*
"That *eight and thirty* years the sceptre sway'd, &c."

The story of this play is taken from Gower, or in part from the ancient romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, which was translated from the French by Robert Copland, who had worked under Caxton. I have a copy of it printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510.

* See the following extracts from the books at Stationers' hall.

† See, &c.

‡ Ben Jonson, in an ode published at the end of his *New Inn*, has the following sarcasm on this piece:

"No doubt some mouldy tale
"Like *Pericles*, and stale
"As the shrieves crusts, &c."——

§ See, &c. ‖ See, &c.

LIST of PLAYS alter'd from SHAKESPEARE.

INVENIES ETIAM DISJECTI MEMBRA POETAE.

Tempeſt.

The Tempeſt, or the Enchanted Iſland. A Comedy, acted in Dorſet Garden. By Sir W. Davenant and Dryden—4to.—1669.

The Tempeſt, an Opera taken from Shakeſpeare. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Garrick.—8vo.—1756.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona. A Comedy written by Shakeſpeare, with alterations and additions, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Victor.—8vo.—1763.

Merry Wives of Windſor.

The Comical Gallant, or the Amours of Sir John Falſtaffe. A Comedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſties Servants. By Mr. Dennis. 4to.—1702.

Meaſure for Meaſure.

The Law againſt Lovers, by Sir William Davenant.—Fol.—1673.

Meaſure for Meaſure, or Beauty the beſt Advocate. As it is acted at the Theatre in Lincolns Inn Fields; written originally by Mr. Shakeſpeare, and now very much altered: with additions of ſeveral Entertainments of Muſick. By Mr. Gildon.—4to.—1700.

Much Ado about Nothing.

The Law againſt Lovers. By Sir W. Davenant.—Fol.—1673.

The Univerſal Paſſion. A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſties Servants. By James Miller.—8vo.—1737.

Love's

Love's Labour's Loſt.

The Students, a Comedy altered from Shakeſpeare's Love's Labour's Loſt, and adapted to the ſtage.—8vo.—1762.

Midſummer Night's Dream.

The Humours of Bottom the Weaver, by Robert Cox. 4to.

The Fairy Queen, an Opera, repreſented at the Queen's Theatre by their Majeſties Servants.—4to.—1692.

Pyramus and Thiſbe, a Mock Opera, written by Shakeſpeare. Set to muſick by Mr. Lampe. Performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.—8vo.—1745.

The Fairies, an Opera, taken from a Midſummer Night's Dream written by Shakeſpeare, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Garrick.—8vo.—1755.

A Midſummer Night's Dream, written by Shakeſpeare, with Alterations and Additions, and ſeveral new Songs. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Colman.—8vo.—1763.

A Fairy Tale, in two acts, taken from Shakeſpeare. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Colman.—8vo.—1763.

Merchant of Venice.

The Jew of Venice, a Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, by his Majeſty's Servants. By George Granville, Eſq. afterwards Lord Lanſdowne.—4to.—1701.

As you like it.

Love in a Foreſt, a Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majeſty's Servants. By C. Johnſon.—8vo.—1723.

The Modern Receipt, or a Cure for Love. A Comedy altered from Shakeſpeare. The Dedication is ſigned J. C. 12mo.—1739.

Taming of the Shrew.

Sawny the Scott, or the Taming of the Shrew; a Comedy, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, and never before printed. By John Lacy.—4to.—1698.

The Cobler of Preston, a Farce, as it is acted at the New Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. By Christopher Bullock. 12mo — 1716.

The Cobler of Preston, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane by his Majesty's Servants. By C. Johnson.—8vo. — 1716.

Catherine and Petruchio. By Mr. Garrick.—8vo.—1756.

Winter's Tale.

The Winter's Tale, a Play altered from Shakespeare. By Charles Marsh.—8vo.—1756.

Florizel and Perdita, by Mr. Garrick. — 8vo.—1758.

Sheepshearing, or Florizel and Perdita, by —— Dublin. 12mo.— 1767.

The Sheep-shearing: a Dramatic Pastoral. In three acts. Taken from Shakespeare. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket.—8vo.—1777.

Macbeth.

Macbeth, a Tragedy, with all the Alterations, Amendments, Additions, and new Songs, as it is now acted at the Duke's Theatre. By Sir William Davenant.—4to.—1674.

The Historical Tragedy of Macbeth (written originally by Shakespear) newly adapted to the stage, with Alterations, as performed at the Theatre in Edinburgh. — 8vo.—1753.

King John.

Papal Tyranny in the Reign of King John, a Tragedy; as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, by his Majesty's Servants. By Colley Cibber. — 8vo.—1744.

K. Richard II.

The History of King Richard the Second. Acted at the Theatre Royal under the title of the Sicilian Usurper: with a prefatory Epistle in vindication of the Author, occasioned by the Prohibition of his Play on the Stage. By N. Tate. 4to. 1681.

The Tragedy of King Richard II. altered from Shakespear. By Lewis Theobald. 8vo. 1720.

King Richard II. a Tragedy, altered from Shakespeare, and the stile imitated. By James Goodhall. Printed at Manchester. 8vo. 1772.

King Henry IV. Part I.

King Henry IV. with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff, a Tragi-comedy, as it is acted at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields, by his Majesty's Servants. Revived with Alterations. By Mr. Betterton. 4to. 1700.

King Henry IV. Part II.

The Sequel of Henry IV. with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff and Justice Shallow; as it is acted by his Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Altered from Shakespeare by the late Mr. Betterton. 8vo. No Date.

King Henry VI. Three Parts.

Henry the Sixth, the First Part, with the Murder of Humphrey Duke of Glocester. As it was acted at the Duke's Theatre. By John Crowne. 4to. 1681.

Henry the Sixth, the Second Part, or the Misery of Civil War. As it was acted at the Duke's Theatre. By John Crowne. 4to. 1681.

Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, a Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane by his Majesty's Servants. [A few speeches and lines *only* borrowed from Shakespeare.] By Ambrose Philips.

An Historical Tragedy of the Civil Wars in the Reign of King Henry VI. (being a Sequel to the Tragedy of Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, and an Introduction to the Tragical History of King Richard III.) Altered from Shakespeare in the year 1720. By Theo. Cibber. 8vo. No date.

King Richard III.

The Tragical History of King Richard III. Altered from Shakespeare. By Colley Cibber.

Coriolanus.

The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth, or the Fall of Caius Martius Coriolanus. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal. By Nahum Tate. 4to. 1682.

The Invader of his Country, or the Fatal Resentment. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, by his Majesty's Servants. By John Dennis. 8vo. 1720.

Coriolanus, or the Roman Matron, a Tragedy, taken from Shakespeare and Thomson. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden: to which is added the Order of the Ovation. By Thomas Sheridan. 8vo. 1755.

Julius Cæsar.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, with the Death of Brutus and Cassius: written originally by Shakespeare, and since altered by Sir William D'Avenant and John Dryden, Poets Laureat; as it is now acted by his Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal. To which is prefixed the Life of Julius Cæsar, abstracted from Plutarch and Suetonius. 12mo. 1719.

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, altered, with a Prologue and Chorus. 4to. 1722.

The Tragedy of Marcus Brutus, with the Prologue and the two last Chorusses. 4to. 1722. Both by John Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Antony and Cleopatra, an Historical Play, written by William Shakespeare, fitted for the stage by abridging only; and now acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane by his Majesty's Servants. By Edward Capell. 12mo. 1758.

Timon of Athens.

The History of Timon of Athens, the Man-hater. As it is acted at the Duke's Theatre, made into a Play, by Tho. Shadwell. 4to. 1678.

Timon of Athens. As it is acted at the Theatre Royal on Richmond Green. Altered from Shakespeare and Shadwell. By James Love. 8vo. 1768.

Timon of Athens, altered from Shakespeare, a Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. By Mr. Cumberland. 8vo. 1771.

Titus Andronicus.

Titus Andronicus, or the Rape of Lavinia: Acted at the Theatre Royal. A Tragedy, altered from Mr. Shakespeare's Works. By Edward Ravenscroft. 4to. 1687.

Troilus and Cressida.

Troilus and Cressida, or Truth found too late. A Tragedy, as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre. By John Dryden. 4to. 1679.

Cymbeline.

The Injured Princess, or the Fatal Wager. As it was acted at the Theatre Royal, by his Majesty's Servants. By Tho. Durfey. 4to. 1682.

Cymbeline, King of Great Britain, a Tragedy written by Shakespeare, with some alterations. By Charles Marsh. 8vo. 1755.

Cymbeline, a Tragedy, altered from Shakespeare, As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, by W. Hawkins. 8vo. 1759.

Cymbeline, altered by Mr. Garrick in the same year.

King Lear.

The History of King Lear, acted at the Duke's Theatre. Revived with Alterations. By Nahum Tate. 4to. 1681.

The History of King Lear, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. By George Colman. 8vo. 1768.

Romeo and Juliet.

Romeo and Juliet, altered into a Tragi-comedy, by James Howard, Esq. See Downes, p. 22.

Caius Marius, by Tho. Otway.

Romeo and Juliet, a Tragedy, revised and altered from Shakespeare. By Theo. Cibber. 8vo. No date.

Romeo and Juliet, altered by Mr. Garrick. 12mo.

From the Preface to the Republication of Marsh's Cymbeline in 1762, it appears that he had likewise made an alteration of Romeo and Juliet.

Hamlet.

Hamlet, altered by Mr. Garrick.

LIST of Detached PIECES of CRITICISM on SHAKESPEARE, his Editors, &c.

A ſhort View of Tragedy. Its original Excellency and Corruption. With ſome Reflections on Shakeſpear and other Practitioners for the Stage. By Mr. Rymer, Servant to their Majeſties. 8vo. 1693.

Remarks on the Plays of Shakeſpeare. By C. Gildon, 8vo. Printed at the end of the ſeventh volume of Rowe's edition. 1710.

An Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Shakeſpear, with ſome Letters of Criticiſm to the Spectator. By Mr. Dennis. 8vo. 1712.

Shakeſpeare reſtored: or a Specimen of the many Errors as well committed as unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late Edition of this Poet. Deſigned not only to correct the ſaid Edition, but to reſtore the true Reading of Shakeſpeare in all the Editions ever yet publiſhed. By Mr. Theobald. 4to. 1726.

An Anſwer to Mr Pope's Preface to Shakeſpear in a letter to a friend, being a Vindication of the old Actors who were the publiſhers and performers of that Author's Plays. Whereby the Errors of their Edition are further accounted for, and ſome Memoirs of Shakeſpeare and the Stage Hiſtory of his Time are inſerted, which were never before collected and publiſhed. By a ſtrolling Player [John Roberts] 8vo. 1729.

Some Remarks on the Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark, written by William Shakeſpeare. Printed for W. Wilkins in Lombard Street. 8vo. 1736.

Explanatory and Critical Notes on divers Paſſages of Shakeſpeare's Plays, by Francis Peck. Printed with his " New Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. John Milton." 4to. 1740.

An Eſſay towards fixing the true Standards of Wit and Humour, Raillery, Satire, and Ridicule: to which is add-

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ed an Analysis of the Characters of an Humourist, Sir John Falstaff, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Don Quixote. [By Corbyn Morris.] 8vo. 1744.

Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth: with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's Edition of Shakespeare. To which is affixed—Proposals for a new Edition of Shakespeare, with a Specimen. [By Dr. Samuel Johnson.] 12mo. 1745.

Critical Observations on Shakespeare: by John Upton, Prebendary of Rochester. First Edition, 8vo. 1746. Second Edition, 1748.

An Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare, with Remarks on several Passages of his Plays. In a Conversation between Eugenius and Neander. By Peter Whalley, A. B. Fellow of St. John's College Oxford. 8vo. 1748.

An Answer to certain Passages in Mr. W——'s Preface to his Edition of Shakespeare, together with some Remarks on the many Errors and false Criticisms in the Work itself. 8vo. 1748.

Essay on English Tragedy, with Remarks on the Abbé Le Blanc's Observations on the English Stage. By William Guthrie, Esq. 8vo. no date, but printed about the year 1748.

Remarks upon a late Edition of Shakespear: with a long string of Emendations borrowed by the celebrated Editor from the Oxford Edition without acknowledgment. To which is prefixed a Defence of the late Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. Addressed to the Rev. Mr. Warburton, Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, &c. 8vo. No date.

An Attempte to rescue that aunciente English Poet and Play-wrighte Maister Williame Shakespeare from the many errours faulsely charged on him by certaine new-fangled Wittes; and to let him speak for himself, as right well he wotteth; when freede from the many carelesse mistakings of the heedlesse first Imprinters of his Workes. By a Gentleman formerly of Grey's Inn. [Mr. Holt] 8vo. 1749.

Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark: with a Preface containing some general

general Remarks on the Writings of Shakespeare. 8vo. 1752.

The Beauties of Shakespeare: regularly selected from each Play: with a general Index digesting them under proper Heads. Illustrated with explanatory Notes, and similar Passages from ancient and modern Authors. By William Dodd, B. A. late of Clare Hall, Cambridge. 2 Vols. 12mo. first Edition, 1752. Second Edition, 1757.

Shakespeare Illustrated: or the Novels and Histories on which the Plays of Shakespeare are founded, collected and translated from the original Authors, with critical Remarks. In two Volumes. [By Mrs. Lenox.] 12mo. 1753.

A third Volume with the same Title, 1754.

The Novel from which the Play of the Merchant of Venice written by Shakespeare, is taken, translated from the Italian. To which is added, a Translation of a Novel from the Decamerone of Bocaccio. 8vo. 1755.

Critical, Historical, and Explanatory Notes on Shakespeare, with Emendations of the Text and Metre: by Zachary Grey, LL. D. 2 Vols. 1755.

The Canons of Criticism and Glossary, being a Supplement to Mr. Warburton's Edition of Shakespeare. Collected from the Notes in that celebrated Work, and proper to be bound up with it. By the other Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn. (Mr. Edwards.) First Edition, 8vo. 1748. Seventh Edition with Additions. 8vo. 1765.

Remarks on Shakespeare by Mr. Roderick, are printed at the end of this Edition.

A Revisal of Shakespeare's Text, wherein the Alterations introduced into it by the more Modern Editors and Criticks are particularly considered. (By Mr. Heath.) 8vo. 1765.

A Review of Dr. Johnson's New Edition of Shakespeare; in which the Ignorance or Inattention of that Editor is exposed, and the Poet defended from the Persecution of his Commentators. By W. Kenrick. 8vo. 1765.

An Examination of Mr. Kenrick's Review of Mr. Johnson's Edition of Shakespeare. 8vo. 1766.

A Defence of Mr. Kenrick's Review of Dr. Johnson's Shakespeare,

Shakeſpeare, containing a number of curious and ludicrous Anecdotes of Literary Biography. By a Friend. 8vo. 1766.

Obſervations and Conjectures on ſome Paſſages of Shakeſpeare. (by Tho. Tyrwhitt, Eſq.) 8vo. 1766.

An Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare, addreſſed to Joſeph Cradock, Eſq. (By the Rev. Dr. Richard Farmer.) 8vo. 1767. Second Edition 12mo. 1767.

A Letter to David Garrick, Eſq. concerning a Gloſſary to the Plays of Shakeſpeare, on a more extenſive Plan than has hitherto appeared. To which is added a Specimen. By Richard Warner, Eſq. 8vo. 1768.

An Eſſay on the Writings and Genius of Shakeſpeare, compared with the Greek and French Dramatic Poets, with ſome Remarks upon the Miſrepreſentations of Monſieur de Voltaire. By Mrs. Montague. 8vo. 1770. Second Edition, 1776.

The Tragedy of King Lear as lately publiſhed, vindicated from the Abuſe of the Critical Reviewers; and the wonderful Genius and Abilities of thoſe Gentlemen for Criticiſm, ſet forth, celebrated and extolled. By the Editor of King Lear. (Charles Jennens, Eſq.) 8vo. 1772.

Introduction to the School of Shakeſpeare, held on Wedneſday Evenings in the Apollo, at the Devil Tavern, Temple Bar. To which is added, A Retort Courteous on the Criticks, as delivered at the Second and Third Lectures. 8vo. No Price or Date, but printed in 1774.

Curſory Remarks on Tragedy, on Shakeſpeare, and on certain French and Italian Poets, &c. Crown 8vo. 1774.

A Philoſophical Analyſis and Illuſtration of ſome of Shakeſpeare's remarkable Characters. By William Richardſon, Eſq. Profeſſor of Humanity in the Univerſity of Glaſgow. Firſt Edition. 12mo. 1773. Second, 1774.

The Morality of Shakeſpeare's Drama illuſtrated. By Mrs. Griffith. 8vo. 1775.

A Letter to George Hardinge, Eſq. on the Subject of a Paſſage in Mr. Stevens's Preface to his Impreſſion of Shakeſpeare. (By the Rev. Mr. Collins.) 4to. 1777.

Diſcours

Discours sur Shakespeare et sur Monsieur de Voltaire, par Joseph Baretti, Secretaire pour la Correspondence etrangere de l'Academie Royale Britannique. 8vo. 1777.

An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff. 8vo. 1777.

A Letter from Monsieur de Voltaire to the French Academy. Translated from the original Edition just published at Paris. 8vo. 1777.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS of ENTRIES

ON THE

Books of the STATIONERS' Company.

A Charter was granted to the Company of Stationers, on the 4th of May, 1556, (third and fourth of Philip and Mary) and was confirmed by Queen Elizabeth in 1560. The first volume of these Entries has been either lost or destroyed, as the earliest now to be found is lettered B. The hall was burnt in the Fire of London. The entries begin July 17, 1576.

Feb. 18, 1582. Vol. B.

M. Tottell.] Romeo and Juletta *. p. 193

April 3, 1592.

Edw. White.] The tragedie of Arden of Feversham and Black Will †. 286

N. B. The terms *book* and *ballad* were anciently used to signify dramatic works as well as any other forms of composition; while *tragedy* and *comedy* were titles very often bestowed on novels of the serious and the lighter kind.

* Perhaps the original work on which Shakespeare founded his play of Romeo and Juliet.

† This play was reprinted in 1770 at Feversham, with a preface attributing it to Shakespeare. The collection of parallel passages which the editor has brought forward to justify his supposition, is such as will make the reader smile. The following is a specimen.

Arden of Feversham, p. 74.

"Fling down Endimion, and snatch him up."

Merchant of Venice, Act V. Sc. i.

"Peace! how the moon sleeps with Endymion!"

Arden of Feversham, p. 87.

"Let my death make amends for all my sin."

Much Ado about Nothing, Act IV. Sc. ii.

"Death is the fairest cover for her shame."

April

April 18, 1593.

Rich. Field.] A booke entitled Venus and Adonis *. 297 b.
Afterwards entered by —— Harrison, sen. June 23, 1594: by W. Leake, June 23, 1596:—by W. Barrett, Feb. 16, 1616, and by John Parker, March 8, 1619.

Oct. 19, 1593.

Symon Waterson.] A booke entitled the Tragedie of Cleopatra †. 301 b.

Feb. 6, 1593.

John Danter.] A booke entitled a noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus. 304 b.
Entered also unto him by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof.

March 12, 1593.

Tho. Millington.] A booke entituled the First Part of the Contention of the twoo famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrie, and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of Yorke, and the tragical Ende of the proude Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade, and the Duke of Yorke's first Claime unto the Crown. 305 b.

May 2, 1594.

Peter Shorte.] A pleasaunt conceyted hystorie called

* The last stanza of a poem entitled "Mirrha the Mother of Adonis; or Lustes Prodegies, by William Barksted," 1607, has the following praise of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*.

" But stay, my muse, in thy own confines keepe;
" And wage not warre with so deere lov'd a neighbor;
" But having sung thy day-song rest and sleepe,
" Preserve thy small fame and his greater favor.
" His song was worthie merit (Shakspeare hee)
" Sung the faire blossome, thou the withered tree:
" Laurel is due to him; his art and wit
" Hath purchas'd it; cypres thy brow will fit."

† I suppose this to be Daniel's tragedy of Cleopatra. Simon Waterson was one of the printers of his other works.

the

the Tayminge of a Shrowe *. 306 b.

May 12, 1594.

Tho. Strode.] A booke entituled the famous Victories of Henry the Fift, containing the honorable Battell of Agincourt †. 306 b.

May 14, 1594.

Edw. White.] A booke entituled the famous Chronicle Historye of Leire King of England and his three Daughters ‡. 307

May 22, 1594.

Edw. White.] A booke intituled a Winter Nyghts Pastime §. 307 b.

June 19, 1594.

Tho. Creede.] An enterlude entitled the Tragedie of Richard the Third, wherein is shown the Death of Edward the Fourthe, with the Smotheringe of the twoo Princes in the Tower, with the lamentable End of Shore's Wife, and the Contention of the two Houses of Lancaster and York ‖. 309 b.

July 20, 1594.

Tho. Creede.] The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine, the eldest Son of K. Brutus, discoursinge the Warres of the Britains, &c. 310 b.

Vol. C.

Before the beginning of this volume are placed two leaves containing irregular entries, prohibitions, notes, &c. Among these are the following.

* I conceive it to be the play that furnished Shakespeare with the materials which he afterwards worked up into another with the same title.

† This might have been the *very displeasing play* mentioned in the epilogue to the second part of King Henry IV.

‡ I suppose this to be the play on the same subject as that of our author, but written before it.

§ Query, if the *Winter's Tale*.

‖ This could not have been the work of Shakespeare, as the death of Jane Shore makes no part of his drama.

Aug.

Aug. 4th.

As You like it, a book.
Henry the Fift, a book *.
Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing. } to be ſtaied.

The dates ſcattered over theſe pages are from 1596 to 1615.

Dec. 1, 1595.

Cuthbert Burby.] A booke entituled Edward the Third and the Black Prince, their warres with King John of France †. 6

Aug. 5, 1596.

Edw. White.] A new ballad of Romeo and Juliett ‡. 12 b.

Aug. 15, 1597.

Rich. Jones.] Two ballads, being the firſt and ſecond parts of the Widowe of Watling-ſtreet §. 22 b.

Aug. 29, 1597.

Andrew Wiſe.] The tragedye of Richard the Seconde. 23

Oct. 20, 1597.

Andrew Wiſe.] The tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Deathe of the Duke of Clarence. 25

Feb. 25, 1597.

Andrew Wiſe.] A booke entitled the Hiſtorie of Henry the Fourth, with his Battle at Shrewſbury againſt Henry Hotſpurre of the North, with the conceipted Mirth of Sir John Falſtoff. 31

July 22, 1598.

James Roberts.] A booke of the Merchaunt of Ve-

* Probably the play before that of Shakeſpeare.

† This is aſcribed to Shakeſpeare by the compilers of ancient catalogues.

‡ Quere, if Shakeſpeare's play, the firſt edition of which appeared in 1597.

§ Perhaps the ſongs on which the play with the ſame title was founded. It may, however, be the play itſelf. It was not uncommon to divide one dramatic piece, though deſigned for a ſingle exhibition, into two parts. See the *K. John* before that of Shakeſpeare.

nyſe,

nyſe, otherwiſe called the Jewe of Venyſe. Provided that it be not prynted by the ſaid James Roberts or any other whatſoever, without leave firſt had from the ryght honourable the Lord Chamberlen. 39 b.

Jan. 9, 1598.

Mr. Woolff.] A booke called the Firſte Parte of the Life and Reign of King Henry the Fourthe, extending to the End of the firſt Year of his Reign. 45 b.

Aug. 4, 1600.

Tho. Pavyer.] Firſt Part of the Hiſtory of the Life of Sir John Oldcaſtle Lord Cobham.

Item, The Second Part of the Hiſtory of Sir John Oldcaſtle Lord Cobham, with his Martyrdom. 63

Aug. 14, 1600.

Tho. Pavyer.] The Hiſtorye of Henry the Fifth, with the Battel of Agincourt, &c. 63

Aug. 23, 1600.

And. Wiſe, and Wm. Aſpley.] Much Ado about Nothing. 63 b.

Second Part of the Hiſtory of King Henry the Fourth, with the Humors of Sir John Falſtaff, written by Mr. SHAKESPERE. ibid.

Oct. 8, 1600.

Tho. Fiſher.] A booke called a Midſomer Nyghte Dreame. 65 b.

Oct. 28, 1600.

Tho. Heyes.] A booke called the Book of the Merchaunt of Venyce. 66

Jan. 18, 1601.

John Buſby.] An excellent and pleaſaunt conceited comedie of Sir John Faulſtoff and the Merry Wyves of Windſore. 78

Arth. Johnſton.] The preceding entered as aſſigned to him from John Buſby. ibid.

April 19, 1602.

Tho. Pavyer.] A booke called Titus Andronicus. 80 b.

July 26, 1602.

James Roberts.] A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince of Denmarke, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. 84 b.

Aug. 11, 1602.

Wm. Cotton.] A booke called the Lyfe and Death of the Lord Cromwell, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his servantes. 85 b.

Feb. 7, 1602.

Mr. Roberts.] The booke of Troilus and Cressida, as it is acted by my Lo. Chamberlen's men. 91 b.

June 25, 1603.

Matt. Law.] Richard 3. Richard 2. Henry 4. 1st. Part. } all kings. 98

Feb. 12, 1604.

Nath. Butter.] That he get good allowance for the Enterlude of Henry 8, before he begin to print it; and then procure the warden's hand to it for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy*. 120

May 8, 1605.

Simon Stafford.] A booke called the tragicall Historie of King Leir and his three Daughters, as it was lately acted. 123

John Wright.] By assignment from Simon Stafford and consent of Mr. Leake, the tragical History of King Lear, &c. provided that Si-

* Though it be uncertain whether this Enterlude was Shakespeare's King Henry VIII. or not, yet we have never heard of any other play professedly written on the same subject; and have reason to think that our author's performance was produced during the reign of queen Elizabeth, on account of the compliment paid to her at the conclusion of it.

Nathaniel Butter was the publisher of Shakespeare's King Lear. The particular cautions shown concerning the licence to print the present dramatic piece, might lead us to suspect it to have been Shakespeare's, and that the sagacious Company of Stationers were of opinion that this compliment to the memory of the queen, might not prove very pleasing to her inglorious successor.

mon

mon Stafford ſhall have the printing of this book *. ibid.

July 3, 1605.

Tho. Pavyer.] A ballad of a lamentable Murder done in Yorkſhire, by a Gent. upon two of his owne Children, ſore wounding his Wife and Nurſe, &c †. 126

Jan. 22. 1606.

Nich. Ling.] Romeo and Juliett.
Love's Labour Loſt.
Taming of a Shrewe. 147

Aug. 6, 1607.

Geo. Elde.] A booke called the Comedie of the Puritan Wydowe. 157 b.

Aug. 6, 1607.

Tho. Thorpe.] A comedy called What you Will ‡. ibid.

Oct. 22, 1607.

Arth. Johnſon.] The Merry Devil of Edmonton §. 159 b.

Nov. 19, 1607.

John Smythwick.] A booke called Hamlett.
The Tamingе of a Shrewe.
Romeo and Julett.
Love's Labour Loſt. 161

Nov. 26, 1607.

Nath. Butter and John Buſby.] Mr. William Shakeſpeare, his Hyſtorie of King Lear, as it was played before the King's Majeſtie at Whitehall, upon St. Stephen's night at Chriſtmas laſt, by his Majeſties ſervants playing uſually at the Globe on the Bank-ſide. 161 b.

April 5, 1608.

Joſeph Hunt and Tho. Archer.] A book called the

* This is the *King Lear* before that of Shakeſpeare.

† Query, if the play.

‡ Perhaps this is Marſton's comedy of *What you Will*. I have a copy of it dated 1607. *What you Will*, however, is the ſecond title to Shakeſpeare's *Twelfth Night*.

§ The *Merry Devil of Edmonton* is mentioned in the *Blacke Booke* by T. M. 1604. "Give him leave to ſee the *Merry Divel of Edmunton*, or *A Woman kill'd with Kindneſſe*."

Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, with the pleaſant Pranks of Smugg the Smith, Sir John, and mine Hoſte of the George, about their ſtealing of Veniſon. By T. B *. 165 b.

May 2, 1608.

Mr. Pavyer.] A booke called a Yorkſhire Tragedy, written by Wylliam Shakeſpeare. 167

May 2, 1608.

Edw. Blount.] The book of Pericles Prince of Tyre. 167 b.
A book called Anthony and Cleopatra. ibid.

Jan. 28, 1608.

Rich. Bonian and Hen. Whalley.] A booke called the Hiſtory of Troylus and Creſſida. 178 b.

May 20, 1609.

Tho. Thorpe.] A booke called Shakeſpeare's Sonnets. 183 b.

Oct. 16, 1609.

Mr Welby.] Edward the Third. 189

Dec. 16, 1611.

John Browne.] A booke called the Lyfe and Death of the Lo. Cromwell, by W. S. 214 b.

Nov. 29, 1614.

John Beale.] A booke called the Hyſtorie of Lord Faulconbridge, baſtard Son to Richard Cordelion †. 256 b.

Feb. 16, 1616.

Mr. Barrett.] Life and Death of Lord Cromwell. 279

March 20, 1617.

Mr. Snodham.] Edward the Third, the play. 288

Sept. 17, 1618.

John Wright.] The comedy called Mucedorus ‡. 293 b.

...ollection. The initial letters at the end of this entry, fu... ly free Shakeſpeare from the charge of having been its author.

† Query, if this was Shakeſpeare's *K. John*, or ſome old romance like that of *Richard Coeur de Lion*.

‡ Bound up in a volume of plays attributed to Shakeſpeare, and once belonging to King Charles the Firſt. See Mr. Garrick's Collection.

July 8, 1619.

Nich. Okes.] A play called the Merchaunt of Venice. 303

Vol. D.

Oct. 6, 1621.

Tho. Walkely.] The tragedie of Othello the Moore of Venice. 21

Nov. 8, 1623.

Mr. Blount and Isaak Jaggard.] Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedyes and Tragedyes, soe many of the said Copies as are not formerly entered to other men.

Viz.

Comedyes.
- The Tempest.
- Two Gentlemen of Verona.
- Measure for Measure.
- The Comedy of Errors.
- As You Like it.
- Alls Well that Ends Well.
- Twelfe Night.
- The Winter's Tale.

Histories.
- The Third Part of Henry the Sixt.
- Henry the Eight.

Tragedies.
- Coriolanus.
- Timon of Athens.
- Julius Cæsar.
- Mackbeth.
- Anthonie and Cleopatra.
- Cymbeline. 69

Dec. 14, 1624.

Mr. Pavyer.] Titus Andronicus.
Widow of Watling Street. 93

Feb. 23, 1625.

Mr. Stansby.] Edward the Third, the play. 115

April 3, 1626.

Mr. Parker.] Life and Death of Lord Cromwell. 120

Aug. 4, 1626.

Edw. Brewster. Rob. Birde.] Mr. Pavyer's right in Shakespeare's plays, or any of them.

Sir John Oldcaſtle, a play.
Tytus Andronicus.
Hyſtorie of Hamblett. 127

Jan. 29, 1629.

Mr. Meighen.] Merry Wives of Windſor. 193

Nov. 8, 1630.

Ric. Cotes.] Henrye the Fift.
Sir John Oldcaſtle.
Tytus Andronicus.
Yorke and Lancaſter.
Agincourt.
Pericles.
Hamblett.
Yorkſhire Tragedy. 208

The ſixteen plays in p. 69, were aſſigned by Tho. Blount to Edward Allot, June 26, 1632. 109
Edward Allott was one of the publiſhers of the ſecond Folio, 1632.

It is worth remark, that on theſe books of the Stationers' Company, *Titus Andronicus*, *Venus and Adonis*, two parts of *King Henry VI. Locrine*, *Widow of Watling Street*, *King Richard II. King Richard III. King Henry IV.* &c. are the firſt performances attributed to Shakeſpeare. Thus might the progreſs of his dramatic art be aſcertained, were we abſolutely ſure that his productions were ſet down in chronological arrangement on theſe records of ancient publication. It may be added, that although the private intereſts of playhouſes had power to ſuſpend the printing of his theatrical pieces, they could not have retarded the appearance of his poems; and we may therefore juſtly date the commencement of his authorſhip from the time when the firſt of them came out, viz. his *Venus and Adonis*, when he was in the twenty-ninth year of his age. In the dedication of this poem to the Earl of Southampton, Shakeſpeare calls it "The firſt heir of his invention."

Of all his undiſputed plays, the only one omitted on the books of the Stationers' Company, is *King John*. The ſame attention to ſecure a laſting property in the works of Ben Jonſon and Beaumont and Fletcher, does not appear to have been exerted; as of the former I have met with no more than ſeven or eight entries, and of the latter a ſtill leſs conſiderable number.

number. Beaumont died in 1615, Fletcher in 1625, and Jonson in 1637. My researches, however, were not continued below the year 1632, the date of the second folio edition of Shakespeare.

Let it likewise be added to the praises of our author, that if he did not begin to write till 1593, nor ceased till within three years of his death, which happened in 1616, in the course of twenty years he had produced no less than thirty-five plays, admitting that eight others (among which is to be reckoned *Titus Andronicus* *) were spurious. I seize this opportunity, however, to express my doubts concerning all but the last mentioned piece, and *Locrine*. *Locrine* has only the letters W. S. prefixed to it, and exhibits internal proofs that it was not only the composition of a scholar but of a pedant. See a note to the *List of Plays ascribed to Shakespeare by the Editors of the two later folios, or the Compilers of Ancient Catalogues*, where the same assertion is more fully supported. See also another note at the beginning of *Troilus and Cressida*. Neither has it ever yet been sufficiently proved that it was once customary to set the names of celebrated living authors at full length in the title pages to the works of others, or to enter them under these false colours in the books at Stationers' Hall. Such frauds indeed have been attempted at a later period, but with little success. The most inconsiderable of all the pieces rejected by the editors of Shakespeare, is the *Yorkshire Tragedy*; and yet in 1608 it was both registered and published with his name. At this time too, he was probably in London, presiding at the Globe theatre, in consequence of the licence granted by K. James I. to him and his fellow-comedians in 1603. The *Yorkshire Tragedy* is only one out of four short dramas which were exhibited for the entertainment of a single evening, as the title page informs us; and perhaps would have been forgotten with the other three, but that it was known to have been the work of our celebrated author. Such miscellaneous representations were not uncommon, and the reader will find a specimen of them in the tenth volume of Mr. Seyward's edition of Beaumont and Fletcher. Shakespeare, who has expressed such a solicitude that his *clowns should speak no more than was set down for them*, would naturally have taken some opportunity to shew his impatience at being rendered answerable, in a still more

* See the notes at the end of this play.

decisive manner, for entire compositions which were not his own. It is possible likewise, that the copies of the plays omitted in the first folio, had been already disposed of to proprietors, out of whose hands they could not be redeemed; or if Heminge and Condell were discerning friends to the reputation of their associate, conscious as they might have been that such pieces were his, they would have omitted them by design, as inferior to his other productions. From this inferiority, and from a cast of style occasionally different, nothing relative to their authenticity can with exactness be inferred; for as Dr. Johnson very justly observes on a similar occasion, "There is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last." But could it even be proved that these rejected pieces were not among the earliest effusions of Shakespeare, such proof would by no means affect their authenticity, as both *Dryden* and *Rowe*, after having written their best plays, are known to have produced others, which reflect a very inconsiderable degree of honour on their memory.

It has hitherto been usual to represent the ancient quartos of our author as by far more incorrect than those of his contemporaries; but I fear that this representation has been continued by many of us, with a design to magnify our own services rather than to exhibit a true state of the question. The reason why we have discovered a greater proportion of errors in the former than in the latter, is because we have sought after them with a greater degree of diligence; for let it be remembered, that it was no more the practice of other writers than of Shakespeare, to correct the press for themselves. Ben Jonson only (who, being versed in the learned languages, had been taught the value of accuracy) appears to have superintended the publication of his own dramatic pieces; but were those of Lilly, Chapman, Marlow, or the Heywoods, to be revised with equal industry, an editor would meet with as frequent opportunities for the exertion of his critical abilities, as in these quartos which have been so repeatedly censured by those who never took the pains to collate them, or justify the many valuable readings they contain; for when the character of them which we have handed down, was originally given, among typographical blunders, &c. were enumerated all terms and expressions which were not strictly grammatical, or not easily understood. As yet we had employed in our attempts at explanation only such materials as casual reading had sup-

plied;

plied; but how much more is requisite for the complete explanation of an early writer, the last edition of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer* may prove a sufficient witness; a work which in respect of accuracy and learning is without a rival, at least in any commentary on an English poet. The reader will forgive me if I desert my subject for a moment, while I express an ardent wish that the same editor may find leisure and inclination to afford us the means of reading the other works of the father of our poetry, with advantages which we cannot derive from the efforts of those who have less deeply and successfully penetrated into the recesses of ancient Italian, French, and English literature. —An author has received the highest mark of distinction, when he has engaged the services of such a commentator.

The reader may perhaps be desirous to know by whom these quartos of Shakespeare are supposed to have been sent into the world. To such a curiosity no very adequate gratification can be afforded; but yet it may be observed, that as these elder copies possess many advantages over those in the subsequent folio, we should decide perversely were we to pronounce them spurious. They were in all probability issued out by some performer, who deriving no benefit from the theatre except his salary, was uninterested in that retention of copies, which was the chief concern of our ancient managers. We may suppose too that there was nothing criminal in his proceeding; as some of the persons whose names appear before these publications, are known to have filled the highest offices in the company of Stationers with reputation, bequeathing legacies of considerable value to it at their decease. Neither do I discover why the first manuscripts delivered by so careless a writer to the actors, should prove less correct than those which he happened to leave behind him, unprepared for the press, in the possession of the same fraternity. On the contrary, after his plays had past for twenty years through the hands of a succession of ignorant transcribers, they were more likely to become maimed and corrupted, than when they were printed from papers less remote from the originals. It is true that *Heminge* and *Condell* have called these copies *surreptitious*, but this was probably said with a view to enhance the value of their own impression, as well as to revenge themselves as far as possible on those who had in part anticipated the publication of works from which they expected considerable gleanings of advantage, after their first harvest on the stage

was

was over.——I mean to except from this general character of the quartos, the author's rough draughts of the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Romeo and Juliet*; together with the play of *King Henry V.* and the two parts of *King Henry VI*; for these latter carry all the marks of having been imperfectly taken down by the ear, without any assistance from the originals belonging to the playhouses in which they were first represented.

A preceding table of those ancient copies of the plays of Shakespeare which his commentators have really met with and consulted, if compared with the earliest of these entries on the books already mentioned, may tempt the reader to suppose that some quartos have not yet been found, from which future assistance may be derived. But I fear that no such resources remain; as it seems to have been the practice of the numerous theatres in the time of Shakespeare, to cause some bookseller to make immediate entries of their new pieces, as a security against the encroachments of their rivals, who always considered themselves as justified in the exhibition of such dramas as had been enfranchised by the press. Imperfect copies, but for these precautions, might have been more frequently obtained from the repetition of hungry actors invited for that purpose to a tavern; or something like a play might have been collected by attentive auditors, who made it their business to attend succeeding representations with a like design *. By these means, without any intent of hasty publication, one company of players was studious to prevent the trespasses of another †. Nor did their policy conclude here; for I have not unfrequently met with registers of both tragedies and comedies, of which the titles were at some other time to be declared. Thus, July 26, 1576, John Hunter enters "A new and pleasant comedie or plaie, after the manner of common condycyons;" and one Fielder, in Sept. 1581, prefers his right to four others, "Whereof he will bring the titles." "The famous Tragedy of the Rich Jewe of Malta," by Christopher Marlow, is ascertained to be the property of Nich. Ling and Tho. Millington, in May 1594, though it was

* See the notes of Mr. Collins and Mr. Malone at the end of the third part of K. Henry VI.

† From the year 1570 to the year 1629, when the playhouse in White Friars was finished, it appears that no less than seventeen theatres had been built.

not

not printed by Nich. Vavasour till 1633, as Tho. Heywood, who wrote the preface to it, informs us. In this manner the contending theatres (seventeen in number*) were prepared to assert a priority of title to any copies of dramatic performances; and thus were they assisted by our ancient stationers, who strengthened every claim of literary property, by entries secured in a manner which was then supposed to be obligatory and legal.

I may add, that the difficulty of procuring licences was another reason why some theatrical publications were retarded and others entirely suppressed. As we cannot now discover the motives which influenced the conduct of former Lord Chamberlains and Bishops, who stopped the sale of several works, which neverthcless have escaped into the world, and appear to be of the most innocent nature, we

* Mr. Dodsley, in a note to the preface to his collection of *Old Plays*, has the following enumeration of the different theatres which had been built between the years 1570 and 1629, when that in White Friars was finished:—"St. Paul's Singing-school. The Globe on the Bank-side, Southwark. The Swan and the Hope there. The Fortune between Whitecross Street and Golding Lane, which Maitland tells us was the first playhouse erected in London. The Red Bull in St. John's Street. The Cross Keys in Gracechurch Street. The Tuns. The Theater. The Curtain. The Nursery in Barbican. One in Black Friers. One in White Friers. One in Salisbury Court. The Cockpit, and the Phoenix in Drury Lane."

To this account I may subjoin, that the *Fortune* (as appears from the following advertisement in the *Mercurius Politicus*, Tuesday Feb. 14, to Tuesday 21, 1661,) must have been a place of considerable extent; and it is by no means improbable that all the actors resided within its precincts. "The *Fortune* playhouse situate between Whitecross Street and Golding Lane, in the parish of St. Giles Cripplegate, with the ground thereunto belonging, is to be lett to be built upon; where 23 tenements may be erected, with gardens; and a street may be cut through for the better accommodation of the buildings." The *Curtain* was in Shoreditch, a part of which district still retains the name of *The Curtain*. The original sign hung out at this theatre was the painting of a *striped Curtain*. We learn likewise from Prynne's *Histriomastix*, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth there were two other playhouses, the one called the *Bell Savage* (situated, very probably, on Ludgate Hill,) the other in Bishopsgate Street: and Taylor the Water-poet in "The true Cause of the Water-men's Suit concerning Players, 1613," mentions another theatre called the *Rose*.

may

may be tempted to regard their ſeverity as rather dictated by jealouſy and caprice, than by judgment and impartiality. See a note to my *Advertiſement* which follows Dr. Johnſon's Preface.

The public is now in poſſeſſion of as accurate an account of the dates, &c. of Shakeſpeare's works as perhaps will ever be compiled. This was by far the moſt irkſome part of my undertaking, though facilitated as much as poſſible by the kindneſs of Mr. Longman of Pater-noſter Row, who readily furniſhed me with the three earlieſt volumes of the records of the Stationers' Company, together with accommodations which rendered the peruſal of them convenient to me though troubleſome to himſelf.

Mr. Malone has attempted in the following pages to aſcertain the chronological order in which the plays of Shakeſpeare were written. By the aid of the regiſters at Stationers' Hall, and ſuch internal evidence as the pieces themſelves ſupply, he has ſo happily accompliſhed his undertaking, that he only leaves me the power to thank him for an arrangement which I profeſs my inability either to diſpute or to improve.

STEEVENS.

A N

AN ATTEMPT TO ASCERTAIN THE ORDER IN WHICH THE PLAYS attributed to SHAKSPEARE were Written.

——— Primuſque per avia campi
Uſque procul, (necdum totas lux moverat umbras)
Neſcio quid viſu dubium, incertumque moveri,
Corpo[illegible] videt. STATIUS.

Trattando l'ombre come coſa ſalda. DANTE.

EVERY circumſtance that relates to thoſe perſons whoſe writings we admire, intereſts our curioſity. The time and place of their birth, their education and gradual attainments, the dates of their productions and the reception they ſeverally met with, their habits of life, their private friendſhips, and even their external form, are all points, which, how little ſoever they may have been adverted to by their contemporaries, ſtrongly engage the attention of poſterity. Not ſatisfied with receiving the aggregated wiſdom of ages as a free gift, we viſit the manſions where our inſtructors are ſaid to have reſided, we contemplate with pleaſure the trees under whoſe ſhade they once repoſed, and wiſh to ſee and to converſe with thoſe ſages, whoſe labours have added ſtrength to virtue, and efficacy to truth.

Shakſpeare above all writers, ſince the days of Homer, has excited this curioſity in the higheſt degree; as perhaps no poet of any nation was ever more idolized by his countrymen. An ardent deſire to underſtand and explain his works, has, to the honour of the preſent age, ſo much encreaſed within theſe laſt thirty years, that more has been done

done towards their elucidation, during that period [a], than perhaps in a century before. All the ancient copies of his plays, hitherto discovered, have been collated with the most scrupulous accuracy. The meanest books have been carefully examined, only because they were of the age in which he lived, and might happily throw a light on some forgotten custom, or obsolete phraseology: and, this object being still kept in view, the toil of wading through *all such reading as was never read*, has been chearfully endured, because no labour was thought too great, that might enable us to add one new laurel to the father of our drama. Almost every circumstance that tradition or history has preserved relative to him or his works, has been investigated, and laid before the publick; and the avidity with which all communications of this kind have been received, sufficiently proves that the time expended in the pursuit has not been wholly misemployed.

However, after the most diligent enquiries, very few particulars have been recovered, respecting his private life, or literary history: and while it has been the endeavour of all his editors and commentators, to illustrate his obscurities, and to regulate and correct his text, no attempt has been made to trace the progress and order of his plays. Yet surely it is no incurious speculation, to mark the gradations [b] by

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[a] Within the period here mentioned, the commentaries of Warburton, Edwards, Heath, Johnson, Tyrwhitt, Farmer, and Steevens, have been published.

[b] It is not pretended that a regular scale of gradual improvement is here presented to the publick; or that, if even Shakspeare himself had left us a chronological list of his dramas, it would exhibit such a scale. All that is meant, is, that, as his knowledge increased, and as he became more conversant with the stage and with life, his performances *in general* were written more happily and with greater art; or (to use the words of Dr. Johnson) "*that however favoured by nature, he could only impart what he had learned, and as he must encrease his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.*" Of this opinion also was Mr. Pope. "*It must be observed,* (says he) *that when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former.—And I make* no

by which he roſe from mediocrity to the ſummit of excellence; from artleſs and unintereſting dialogues, to thoſe unparalleled compoſitions, which have rendered him the delight and wonder of ſucceſſive ages.

The materials for aſcertaining the order in which his plays were written, are indeed ſo few, that, it is to be feared, nothing very deciſive can be produced on this ſubject.

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no doubt that this obſervation would be found true in every inſtance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was compoſed, and whether writ for the town or the court."—From the following lines it appears, that Dryden alſo thought that our author's moſt imperfect plays were his earlieſt dramatick compoſitions:

" Your Ben and Fletcher in their firſt young flight,
" Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write;
" But hopp'd about, and ſhort excurſions made
" From bough to bough, as if they were afraid;
" And [illegible] were guilty of ſome *Slighted Maid*.
" Shakſpeare's own muſe his *Pericles* firſt bore,
" *The Prince of Tyre* was elder than *the Moor:*
" 'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play;
" As hawthorns do not bloom on Chriſtmas-day.
" A tender poet muſt have time to grow,
" And ſpread and burniſh as his brothers do:
" Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome p— is curſt,
" But no man can be *Falſtaff* fat at firſt."

Prologue to the tragedy of *Circe.*

The plays which Shakſpeare produced before the year 1600, are known, and are about eighteen in number. The reſt of his dramas, we may conclude, were compoſed between that year and the time of his retiring to the country. It is incumbent on thoſe, who differ in opinion from the great authorities abovementioned, who think with Rowe, that "*we are not to look for his beginning in his leaſt perfect works,*" it is incumbent, I ſay, on thoſe perſons, to enumerate in the former claſs, that is, among the plays produced before 1600, compoſitions of equal merit with *Othello*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, the *Tempeſt* and *Twelfth Night*, which we have reaſon to believe were all written in the latter period; and among his late performances, that is, among the plays which are ſuppoſed to have appeared after the year 1600, to point out five pieces, as haſty, indigeſted, and unintereſting, as *the firſt* and *third parts of K. Henry VI. Love's Labour Loſt*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which, we know, were among his earlier works.

In the following attempt to trace the progress of his dramatick art, probability alone is pretended to. The silence and inaccuracy of those persons, who, after his death, had the revisal of his papers, will perhaps for ever prevent our attaining to any thing like proof on this head. Little then remains, but to collect into one view, from his several dramas, and from the ancient tracts in which they are mentioned, or alluded to, all the circumstances that can throw any light on this new and curious enquiry. From these circumstances, and from the entries in the books of the Stationers' company, extracted and now first published by Mr. Steevens, (to whom every admirer of Shakspeare has the highest obligations), it is probable, that the plays ascribed to our author were written nearly in the following succession; which, though it cannot at this day be ascertained to be their true order, may yet be considered as approaching nearer to it, than any which has been observed in the various editions of his works. The *rejected* pieces are here enumerated with the rest; but no opinion is thereby meant to be given concerning their authenticity.

Of the nineteen genuine plays which were not printed in our author's life-time [c], the majority were, I believe, late compositions [d]. The following arrangement is in some measure

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[c] They are, *King Henry VI. P. I. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Winter's Tale, The Comedy of Errors, King John, All's Well that End's Well, As you like it, King Henry VIII. Measure for Measure, Cymbeline, Macbeth, The Taming of the Shrew, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Othello, The Tempest*, and *Twelfth Night*. Of these nineteen plays, *four*, viz. *The first part of K. Henry VI. King John, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and The Comedy of Errors*, were certainly early compositions, and are an exception to the general truth of this observation. Perhaps, the ill success of the two latter, was the occasion that they were not printed so soon as his other early performances. *Two* others, viz. *The Winter's Tale*, and *All's well that ends well*, though supposed to have been early productions, were, it must be acknowledged, not published in Shakspeare's life-time; but for the dates of these we rely only on conjecture.

[d] This supposition is strongly confirmed by *Meres's* list of our author's plays, in 1598. From that list, and from other circumstances, we learn, that of the sixteen genuine plays which were printed in Shakspeare's life-time, thirteen were written before the end of the year 1600.—The sixteen plays published in our author's

ſure, formed on this idea. Two reaſons may be aſſigned, why Shakſpeare's late performances were not publiſhed till after his death. 1. If we ſuppoſe him to have written for the ſtage during a period of twenty years, thoſe pieces which were produced in the latter part of that period, were leſs likely to paſs through the preſs in his life-time, as the curioſity of the publick had not been ſo long engaged by them, as by his early compoſitions. 2. From the time that Shakſpeare had the ſuperintendance of a playhouſe, that is, from the year 1603[e], when he and ſeveral others obtained a licence from King James to exhibit comedies, tragedies, hiſtories, &c. at the Globe Theatre, and elſewhere, it became ſtrongly his intereſt to preſerve thoſe pieces unpubliſhed, which were compoſed between that year and the time of his retiring to the country; manuſcript plays being then the great ſupport of every theatre. Nor were the plays which he wrote after he became a manager, ſo likely to get abroad, being confined to his own theatre, as his former productions, which probably had been acted on many different ſtages, and of conſequence afforded the players at the ſeveral houſes where they were exhibited, an eaſy opportunity of making out copies from the ſeparate parts tranſcribed for their uſe, and of ſelling ſuch copies to printers; by which means, there is great reaſon to believe, that they

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author's life-time, are—*Love's Labour Loſt*, *The Second and Third Parts of K. Henry VI.* *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *K. Richard II.* *K. Richard III.* *The Firſt Part of K. Henry IV.* *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* *K. Henry V.* *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, *Troilus and Creſſida*, and *K. Lear*.

[e] None of the plays which in the enſuing liſt are ſuppoſed to have been written ſubſequently to this year, were printed till after the author's death, except *K. Lear*, the publication of which was probably haſtened by that of the old play with the ſame title, in 1605.—The copy of *Troilus and Creſſida*, which ſeems to have been compoſed the year before K. James granted a licence to the company at the Globe Theatre, appears to have been obtained by ſome uncommon artifice. "Thank fortune (ſays the Editor) for the *ſcape* it hath made amongſt you; ſince, by the grand poſſeſſors' wills, I believe, you ſhould have pray'd for them, rather than been pray'd."—By *the grand poſſeſſors*, Shakſpeare and the other managers of the Globe Theatre, were clearly intended.

were submitted to the press, without the consent of the author.

1.	*Titus Andronicus*,	1589.
2.	LOVE'S LABOUR LOST,	1591.
3.	FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.	1591.
4.	SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.	1592.
5.	THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.	1592.
6.	*Pericles*,	1592.
7.	*Locrine*,	1593.
8.	THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA,	1593.
9.	THE WINTER'S TALE,	1594.
10.	A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,	1595.
11.	ROMEO AND JULIET,	1595.
12.	THE COMEDY OF ERRORS,	1596.
13.	HAMLET,	1596.
14.	KING JOHN,	1596.
15.	KING RICHARD II.	1597.
16.	KING RICHARD III.	1597.
17.	FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.	1597.
18.	THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,	1598.
19.	ALL'S WELL THAT END'S WELL,	1598.
20.	*Sir John Oldcastle*,	1598.
21.	SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.	1598.
22.	KING HENRY V.	1599.
23.	*The Puritan*,	1600.
24.	MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,	1600.
25.	AS YOU LIKE IT.	1600.
26.	MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR,	1601.
27.	KING HENRY VIII.	1601.
28.	*Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*,	1602.
29.	TROILUS AND CRESSIDA,	1602.
30.	MEASURE FOR MEASURE,	1603.
31.	CYMBELINE,	1604.
32.	*The London Prodigal*,	1605.
33.	KING LEAR,	1605.
34.	MACBETH,	1606.
35.	THE TAMING OF THE SHREW,	1606.
36.	JULIUS CÆSAR,	1607.
37.	*A Yorkshire Tragedy*,	1608.
38.	ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA,	1608.
39.	CORIOLANUS,	1609.
40.	TIMON OF ATHENS,	1610.

41. OTHELLO,

41. OTHELLO, 1611.
42. THE TEMPEST, 1612.
43. TWELFTH NIGHT, 1614.

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1. *Titus Andronicus*, 1589.

In what year our author began to write for the stage, or which was his first performance, has not been hitherto ascertained. And indeed we have so few lights to direct our enquiries, that any speculation on this subject may appear an idle expence of time. But the method which has been already marked out, requires that such facts should be mentioned, as may serve in any manner to elucidate these points.

Shakspeare was born on the 23d of April, 1564, and was probably married in, or before, September 1582, his eldest daughter, Susanna, having been baptized on the 26th of May, 1583. At what time he left Warwickshire, or was first employed in the playhouse, tradition does not inform us. However, as his son Samuel and his daughter Judith were baptized at Stratford Feb. 2, 1584—5, we may presume that he had not left the country at that time.

He could not have wanted an easy introduction to the theatre; for Thomas Green[f], a celebrated comedian, was his

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[f] "There was not (says Heywood in his preface to *Greene's Tu quoque*, a comedy,) an actor of his nature in his time, of better ability in the performance of what he undertook, more applauded by the audience, of greater grace at the court, or of more general love in the city." The birth-place of Thomas Greene is ascertained by the following lines, which he speaks in one of the old comedies, in the character of a clown:

> "I pratled poesie in my nurse's arms,
> And, born where late our swan of Avon sung,
> In Avon's streams we both of us have lav'd,
> And both came out together."

Chetwood quotes this passage, in his *British Theatre*, from the comedy of the *Two Maids of Moreclack*; but no such passage is there to be found. He deserves but little credit; having certainly forged many of his dates; however, he probably met these lines in some ancient play, though he forgot the name of the piece from which he transcribed them. Greene was a writer as well as an actor.

his townſman, perhaps his relation, and Michael Drayton was likewiſe born in Warwickſhire; the latter was nearly of his own age, and both were in ſome degree of reputation ſoon after the year 1590. If I were to indulge a conjecture, I ſhould name the middle of the year 1591, as the era when our author commenced a writer for the ſtage; at which time he was ſomewhat more than twenty ſeven years old. The reaſons that induce me to fix on that period are theſe. In Webbe's *Diſcourſe of Engliſh Poetry*, publiſhed in 1586, we meet with the names of moſt of the celebrated poets of that time; particularly thoſe of George Whetſtone[g] and Antony Munday[h], who were *dramatick* writers; but we find

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actor. There are ſome verſes of his prefixed to a collection of Drayton's poems, publiſhed in the year 1613. He was perhaps a kinſman of Shakſpeare's. In the regiſter of the pariſh of Stratford, Thomas Greene, alias Shakſpere, is ſaid to have been buried March 6, 1689. He might have been the actor's father.

[g] The author of *Promos and Caſſandra*, a play which furniſhed Shakſpeare with the fable of *Meaſure for Meaſure*.

[h] This poet is mentioned by Meres, in his *Wit's Treaſury*, as an eminent comick writer, and the *beſt plotter* of his time. He ſeems to have been introduced under the name of Don Antonio Balladino, in a comedy that has been attributed to Ben Jonſon, called *The Caſe is Altered*, and from the following paſſages in that piece appears to have been city-poet; whoſe buſineſs it was to compoſe an annual panegyrick on the Lord Mayor, and to write verſes for the pageants: an office which has been diſcontinued ſince the death of Elkanah Settle in 1722:

Onion. "Shall I requeſt your name?
Ant. My name is Antonio Balladino.
On. Balladino! You are not pageant poet to the city of Milan, Sir, are you?
Ant. I ſupply the place, Sir, when a worſe cannot be had, Sir.——Did you ſee the laſt pageant I ſet forth?"

Afterwards Antonio, ſpeaking of the plays he had written, ſays,

"Let me have good ground—no matter for the pen; *the plot* ſhall carry it.
On. Indeed that's right; *you are in print, already, for* THE BEST PLOTTER.
Ant. Ay; I might as well have been put in for a dumb-ſhew too."

It is evident, that this poet is here intended to be ridiculed by Ben Jonſon: but he might, notwithſtanding, have been deſervedly eminent.

find no trace of our author, or of any of his works. Three years afterwards, Puttenham printed his *Art of English Poesy*; and in that work also we look in vain for the name of Shakspeare[i]. Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetry*, prefixed to the *Translation of Ariosto*, (which was entered in the Stationers' books Feb 26, 1590—1, in which year, it was printed) takes occasion to speak of the theatre, and mentions some of the celebrated dramas of that time; but says not a word of Shakspeare, or of any of his plays If even *Love's Labour Lost* had then appeared, which was probably his first dramatick composition, is it imaginable, that Harrington should have mentioned the Cambridge *Pedantius*, and *The Play of the Cards*, (which last, he tells us was a *London* comedy) and have passed by, unnoticed, the new prodigy of the dramatick world?

That Shakspeare had commenced a writer for the stage, and had even excited the jealousy of his contemporaries, before September 1592, is now decisively proved by a passage[k] extracted

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eminent. That malignity which endeavoured to tear a wreath from the brow of Shakspeare, would, certainly, not spare inferior writers.

i The thirty-first chapter of the first book of Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy* is thus entitled: "Who in any age have bene the most commended writers in our English Poesie, and the author's censure given upon them."

After having enumerated several authors who were then celebrated for various kinds of composition, he gives this succinct account of those who had written for the stage: "*Of the later sort I thinke thus;—that for tragedie, the Lord Buckhurst and Maister Edward Ferrys, for such doings as I have sene of theirs, do deserve the hyest price; the Earl of Oxford and Maister Edwardes of her Majestie's Chappell, for comedie and enterlude.*"

k See vol. VI. p. ult. where the passage is given at large. The paragraph which immediately follows that quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt, though obscure, is worth transcribing, as it seems to allude to Shakspeare's country education, and to intimate, that he had not removed to London long before the year 1592.—After having mentioned a person who had newly appeared in the double capacity of actor and author, one, "*who is in his owne conceit the only* Shake-scene *in a country*," and exhorted his brother poets to seek *better masters* than the players, Greene proceeds thus: "*In this I might insert two more, that both have written against these buckram gentlemen* [the players:] *but let their owne worke serve to witnesse*

 '*against*

extracted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from Robert Greene's *Groatsworth of Witte bought with a Million of Repentance*[1], in which there is an evident allusion to our author's name, as well as to one of his plays.

At what time soever he became acquainted with the theatre, we may presume that he had not composed his first play *long before it was acted*; for being early incumbered with a young family, and not in very affluent circumstances, it is improbable that he should have suffered it to lie in his closet, without endeavouring to derive some profit from it; and in the miserable state of the drama in those days, the meanest of his genuine plays must have been a valuable acquisition, and would hardly have been *refused* by any of the managers of our ancient theatres.

Titus Andronicus appears to have been *acted* before any other play attributed to Shakspeare; and therefore, as it has been admitted into all the editions of his works, whoever might have been the writer of it, it is entitled to the first place in this general list of his dramas. From Ben Jonson's induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614, we learn that *Titus Andronicus* had been exhibited twenty-five or thirty years before, that is, at the lowest computation, in 1589; or, taking a middle period, (which is perhaps more just) in 1587. In our author's dedication of his *Venus and Adonis* to lord Southampton, in 1593, he tells us, as Mr. Steevens has observed, that that poem was "*the first heir of his invention:*" and if we were sure that it was published immediately, or soon, after it was written, it would at once prove *Titus Andronicus* not to be the production of Shakspeare, and nearly ascertain the time when he commenced a dramatick writer. But we

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against their own wickednesse, if they persever to maintaine any more such peasants. *For* other new-commers, *I leave them to the mercie of these painted monsters, who, I doubt not, will drive the best minded to despise them*, &c." Greene's *Groatsworth of Witte*, &c. Sig. E. 4.

1 This tract has no date, but was published after the author's death, agreeably to his dying request. It appears to have been written not long before his death; for near the conclusion he says, "*Albeit* weakness will scarce suffer me to write, *yet to my fellow schollers about this citie will I direct these few insuing lines.*" He died, according to Dr. Gabriel Harvey's account, on the third of September 1592. *Additions* by Oldys to Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, MS.

do not know what interval might have elapsed between the composition and the publication of that poem. There is indeed a passage in the dedication already mentioned, which, if there were not such decisive evidence on the other side, might induce us to think that he had not written, in 1593, any piece of more dignity than a love-poem, or at least any on which he himself set a value. "If (says he to his noble patron) your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some *graver* labour."

"A booke, entitled a *Noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus*," (without any author's name) was entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 6, 1593—4. This I suppose to have been the play, as it was printed in that year, and acted (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition) by the servants of the earls of Pembroke, Derby, and Essex.

Mr. Pope thought, that *Titus Andronicus* was not written by Shakspeare, because Ben Jonson spoke slightingly of it, while Shakspeare was yet living. This argument will not, perhaps, bear a very strict examination. If it were allowed to have any validity, many of our author's genuine productions must be excluded from his works; for Ben Jonson has ridiculed several of his dramas, in the same piece in which he has mentioned *Andronicus* with contempt.

It has been said that Francis Meres, who in 1598 enumerated this among our author's plays, might have been misled by a title-page; but we may presume that he was informed or deceived by some other means; for Shakspeare's name is *not* in the title-page of the edition printed in 1611, and therefore, we may conclude, was not in the title page of that in 1594, of which the other was probably a re-impression.

However, (notwithstanding the authority of Meres) the high antiquity of the piece, its entry on the Stationers' books without the name of the writer, the regularity of the versification, the dissimilitude of the style from that of those plays which are undoubtedly composed by our author, and the tradition [m] mentioned by Ravenscroft, at a period when some

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m "I have been told, by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it [*Titus Andronicus*] was not originally his, but brought by a private author, to be acted, and he only gave some master touches

some of his contemporaries had not been long dead[n], render it highly improbable that this play should have been the composition of Shakspeare.

2. Love's Labour Lost, 1591.

Shakspeare's natural disposition leading him, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to comedy, it is highly probable that his first dramatick production was of the comick kind: and of his comedies none appears to me to bear stronger marks of a first essay than *Love's Labour Lost*. The frequent rhymes with which it abounds[o], of which, in his early performances

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touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." Ravenscroft's preface to *Titus Andronicus*, altered by him.

[n] John Lowin, and Joseph Taylor, two of the actors in Shakspeare's plays, were alive a few years before the Restoration of K. Charles II; and Sir William D'Avenant, who had himself written for the stage in 1629, (thirteen years after the death of our author) did not die till April 1668. Ravenscroft's alteration of *Titus Andronicus* was published in 1687.

[o] As this circumstance is more than once mentioned, in the course of these observations, it may not be improper to add a few words on the subject of our author's metre. A mixture of rhymes with blank verse, in the same play, and sometimes in the same scene, is found in almost all his pieces, and is not peculiar to Shakspeare, being also found in the works of Jonson, and almost all our ancient dramatick writers. It is not, therefore, merely the use of rhymes, mingled with blank verse, but their *frequency*, that is here urged, as a circumstance which seems to characterize and distinguish our poet's earliest performances. In the whole number of pieces which were written antecedent to the year 1600, and which, for the sake of perspicuity, have been called his *early compositions*, more rhyming couplets are found, than in all the plays composed subsequently to that year; which have been named his *late productions*. Whether in process of time, Shakspeare grew weary of the bondage of rhyme, or whether he became convinced of its impropriety in a dramatick dialogue, his neglect of rhyming (for he never wholly disused it) seems to have been *gradual*. As, therefore, most of his early productions are characterized by the multitude of similar terminations which they exhibit, whenever, of two early pieces it is doubtful which preceded the other, I am disposed to believe, (other proofs being wanting) that play in which the greater number of rhymes is found, to have been first composed. This, however, must be acknowledged to be

ances he seems to have been extremely fond, its imperfect versification, its artless and desultory dialogue, and the irregularity of the composition, may be all urged in support of this conjecture.

Love's Labour Lost was not entered at Stationers' hall till the 23d of January 1606, but is mentioned by Francis Meres [p] in his *Wit's Treasury*, or *the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth* [q], in 1598, and was printed in that year. In the title page of this edition, (the oldest hitherto discovered) this piece is said to have been *presented before her highness* [Queen Elizabeth] *the last Christmas* [1597], and to be *newly corrected and augmented:* from which it should seem, that there had been a former impression.

Mr. Gildon, in his observations on *Love's Labour Lost*, says, "*he cannot see why the author gave it this name*"—The following lines exhibit the train of thoughts, which probably suggested to Shakspeare this title, as well as that which anciently was affixed to another of his comedies—— *Love's Labour Won*.

"To be *in love* where scorn is bought with groans,
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's [mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply *won*, perhaps a hapless gain;
If *lost*, why then a grievous *labour won*."

Two Gentlemen of Verona. Act. I. sc. i.

NOTES.

be but a fallible criterion; for the *Three Parts of K. Henry VI.* which appear to have been among our author's earliest compositions, do not abound in rhymes.

[p] This writer, to whose list of our author's plays we are so much indebted, appears, from the following passage of the work here mentioned, to have been personally acquainted with Shakspeare:

"As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare. Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends, &c." *Wit's Treasury*, p. 282. There is no edition of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, now extant, of so early a date as 1598, when Meres's book was printed; so that we may conclude, he was one of those friends to whom they were privately recited, before their publication.

[q] This book was probably published in the latter end of the year 1598; for it was not entered at Stationers' hall till September in that year.

3. THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI. 1591.

The regular *First Part of K. Henry VI.* was not published till 1623, at which time it was entered at Stationers' hall by the printers of the earliest folio, under the name of the *Third Part of K. Henry VI.* In one sense it might be called so; for *two* parts had appeared before. But considering the history of that reign, and the period of time it comprehends, it ought to have been called, what in fact it is, the FIRST *Part of K. Henry VI.* Why this *First Part* was not entered on the Stationers' books with the other two, it is impossible now to determine. That it was written before the *Second* and *Third Parts*, Dr. Johnson thinks, appears indubitably from the series of events. "It is apparent," he says, "that *the Second Part* begins where the former ends, and continues the series of transactions of which it pre-supposes the first part already known. This is a sufficient proof that the *Second* and *Third Parts* were not written without dependence on *the First*, though they were printed as containing a complete period of history."

I once thought differently from the learned commentator; imagining that *the First Part of King Henry VI.* was not written till after the two other parts. But on an attentive examination of these three plays, I have found sufficient reason to subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion.

This piece is supposed to have been produced in the year 1591, on the authority of Thomas Nashe, who in a tract entitled *Pierce Pennyless his Supplication to the Devil,* which was published in 1592 [r], expresly mentions one of the characters in it, who does not appear in the *second or third Part of K. Henry VI.* nor, I believe, in any other play of that time. "How (says he) would it have joyed brave *Talbot,* the terror of the French [s], to think that after he had lain two hundred years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage,

NOTES.

[r] This was the first edition, for it was not entered on the Stationers' books before that year.

[s] Thus *Talbot* is described in *the first part of K. Henry VI.* Act I. sc. iii.

"Here, said they, is *the terror of the French.*"

Again in Act V. sc. i.

"Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmens' only scourge,
"Your kingdom's *terror?*"——

ſtage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thouſand ſpectators at leaſt (at ſeveral times), who, in the tragedian that repreſents his perſon, imagine they behold him freſh bleeding."

4. } 5. } Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. 1592.

In a tract already mentioned, entitled *Greene's Groatſworth of Wit*, &c. which was written before the end of the year 1592, there is, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved[†], a parody on a line in *the Third Part of K. Henry VI.* and an alluſion to the name of Shakſpeare.

These two hiſtorical dramas were entered on the books of the Stationers' company, March 12, 1593—4, but were not printed till the year 1600. In their ſecond titles they are called—The First and Second Parts *of the Contention of the two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*; but in reality they are the Second and Third Parts of *King Henry VI.*

In the laſt chorus of *King Henry V.* Shakſpeare alludes to *the Second Part*, perhaps to *all* the parts of *K. Henry VI.* as popular performances, that had frequently been exhibited on the ſtage; and expreſſes a hope, that *K. Henry V.* may, *for their ſake*, meet with a favourable reception: a plea, which he ſcarcely would have urged, if he had not been their author.

6. *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1592.

There is reaſon to believe that *Pericles*, whoever was the writer of it, was compoſed about this time. The poet introduces *John Gower* by way of chorus to it, as Middleton introduces *Rainulph*, the monk of Cheſter, in his *Mayor of Quinborough*, and as Thomas Heywood does *Skelton* and *Fryar Tuck*, in his *Robert of Huntingdon:* performances nearly of this date. Ben Johnſon, in his ode on the ill reception of his *New Inn*, ſpeaks of *Pericles* as a play of great antiquity, calling it a *mouldy* tale. It was not entered on the books of the Stationers' company till May 2, 1608, nor printed till 1609; but the following ſtanza, in a metrical

NOTE.

† See vol. VI. p. ult.

pamphlet, entitled *Pymlico or Run away Redcap*, published in 1596, ascertains it to have been written and exhibited on the stage, prior to that year:

" Amaz'd I stood, to see a crowd
" Of civil throats stretch'd out so lowd:
" As at a new play, all the rooms
" Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;
" So that I truly thought, all these
" Came to see *Shore*[w], or *Pericles*."

In this piece are introduced many dumb shews, which were much admired at this time; and they afford one argument against its being the production of Shakspeare; he having never admitted a *serious* dumb shew in any play unquestionably his: and having in *Hamlet*, four years after the date here assigned to *Pericles*, expressly marked his disapprobation of them, by calling them *inexplicable*. Dryden, however, seems to have thought *Pericles* genuine, and our author's first composition:

" Shakespeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore,
" *The Prince of Tyre* was elder than *the Moor*[x]."

7. *Locrine*, 1593.

Entered on the Stationers' books July 20, 1594. Printed in 1595, without any author's name. In the title-page this piece is said to be *newly set foorth, overseene and corrected by W. S.*

NOTES.

[w] See the entry on the books of the Stationers' company, June 19, 1594, where *the lamentable End of Shore's Wife* is mentioned as a part of *Richard III.* This piece in which Shore's wife was introduced was, probably, in possession of the stage a year or two before this entry; and from the manner in which these plays are mentioned in the verses above quoted, we may conclude that *Pericles* was equally ancient, and equally well known.

[x] Prologue to the tragedy of *Circe*, by Charles Davenant, 1677. —Mr. Rowe, in his *Life of Shakespeare*, (first edition) says, " There is good reason to believe that the greatest part of *Pericles* was not written by him, *though it is owned, some part of it certainly was, particularly the last act.*" I have not been able to learn on what authority this latter assertion was grounded.—Rowe, in his second edition, omitted the passage.

8. THE

8. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1593.

This comedy was not entered on the books of the Stationers' company till 1623, at which time it was first printed; but is mentioned by Meres in 1598, and bears strong internal marks of an early composition.

9. The Winter's Tale, 1594.

The Winter's Tale was, *perhaps*, entered on the Stationers' books, May 22, 1594, under the name of *A Wynter Nyght's Pastime*; which might have been the same play. It is observable that Shakspeare has two other similar titles;—Twelfth *Night*, and A Midsummer *Night's* Dream: and it appears that the titles of his plays were sometimes changed; thus, *All's Well that Ends Well*, we have reason to think, was called *Love's Labour Won*; and *Hamlet* was sometimes called *Hamlet's* Revenge, sometimes The History *of Hamlet*. However, it must not be concealed, that *The Winter's Tale* is not enumerated among our author's plays, by Meres, in 1598: a circumstance which, yet, is not decisive to shew that it was not then written; for neither is *Hamlet* nor *King Henry VI.* mentioned by him.

Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, from which the plot of this play is borrowed, was published in 1588.

The Winter's Tale was acted at court in the beginning of the year 1613[y]. It was not printed till 1623.

Mr. Walpole thinks, that this play was intended by Shakspeare as an indirect apology for Anne Boleyn; and considers it as a Second Part to *K. Henry VIII*[z]. My respect for that very judicious and ingenious writer, the silence of Meres, and the circumstance of there not being one rhyming couplet throughout this piece, except in the chorus, make me doubt whether it ought not to be ascribed to the year 1601, or 1602, rather than that in which it is here placed.

10. A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1595.

The poetry of this piece, glowing with all the warmth

NOTES.

y Mss. of the late Mr. Vertue.

z *Historick Doubts.*

of a youthful and lively imagination, the many ſcenes that it contains of almoſt continual rhyme[a], the poverty of the fable, and want of diſcrimination among the higher perſonages, diſpoſe me to believe that it was one of our author's earlieſt attempts in comedy.

It ſeems to have been written, while the ridiculous competitions, prevalent among the hiſtrionick tribe, were ſtrongly impreſſed by novelty on his mind. He would naturally copy thoſe manners firſt, with which he was firſt acquainted. The ambition of a theatrical candidate for applauſe he has happily ridiculed in *Bottom* the weaver. But among the more dignified perſons of the drama we look in vain for any traits of character. The manners of Hippolita, *the Amazon*, are undiſtinguiſhed from thoſe of other females. Theſeus, the aſſociate of Hercules, is not engaged in any adventure, worthy of his rank or reputation, nor is he in reality an agent throughout the play. Like K. Henry VIII. he goes out a Maying. He meets the lovers in perplexity, and makes no effort to promote their happineſs; but when ſupernatural accidents have reconciled them, he joins their company, and concludes his day's entertainment by uttering ſome miſerable puns at an interlude repreſented by a troop of clowns. Over the fairy part of the drama he cannot be ſuppoſed to have any influence. This part of the fable, indeed, (at leaſt as much of it as relates to the quarrels of Oberon and Titania) was not of our author's invention[b].—Through the whole

NOTES.

[a] Ante p. 282.

[b] The learned editor of *Chaucer's Canterbury Tales*, printed in 1775, obſerves in his introductory diſcourſe (vol. IV. p. 161.) that Pluto and Proſerpine in the Marchant's Tale, appear to have been "the true progenitors of Shakſpeare's Oberon and Titania." In a tract already quoted, *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, 1592, a player is introduced, who boaſts of having performed the part of *the King of Fairies* with applauſe. Greene himſelf wrote a play, entitled *The Scottiſhe Story of James the Fourthe, ſlaine at Floddon, intermixed with a pleaſant Comedie preſented by Oberon King of the Fairies*; which was entered at Stationers' hall in 1594, and printed in 1599. Shakſpeare, however, does not appear to have been indebted to this piece. The plan of it is ſhortly this: Bohan, a Scot, in conſequence of being diſguſted with the world, having retired to a tomb where he has fixed his dwelling, is met by *Aſter Oberon*, king of the fairies, who entertains him with an antick or dance by his ſubjects. Theſe two perſonages, after ſome converſation,

whole piece, the more exalted characters are subservient to the interests of those beneath them. We laugh with Bottom and his fellows, but is a single passion agitated by the faint and childish sollicitudes of Hermia and Demetrius, of Helena and Lysander, those shadows of each other?—That a drama, of which the principal personages are thus insignificant, and the fable thus meagre and uninteresting, was one of our author's earliest compositions, does not, therefore, seem a very improbable conjecture; nor are the beauties with which it is embellished, inconsistent with this supposition; for the genius of Shakspeare, even in its minority, could embroider the coarsest materials with the brightest and most lasting colours.

A Midsummer Night's Dream was not entered at Stationers' hall till Oct. 8, 1600, in which year it was printed; but is mentioned by Meres in 1598.

From the comedy of *Dr. Dodipoll* Mr. Steevens has quoted a line, which the author seems to have borrowed from Shakspeare:

> "'Twas I that led you through the painted meads,
> "Where the light *fairies* danc'd upon the *flowers*,
> "*Hanging in ev'ry leaf an orient pearl.*"

So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,

> "And *hang a pearl* in ev'ry cowslip's ear."

Again,

> "And that same dew, which sometimes on the buds
> "Was wont to swell, like round and *orient pearls*,
> "Stood now within the pretty *flouret's* eyes,
> "Like tears," &c.——

There is no earlier edition of the anonymous play in which the foregoing lines are found, than that in 1600; but *Dr. Dodipowle* is mentioned by Nashe, in his preface to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, printed in 1596. This, therefore, is another circumstance, that in some measure authorises the date here assigned to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The passage in the fifth act, which, with some probabili-

NOTES.

conversation, determine to listen to a tragedy, which is acted before them, and to which they make a kind of chorus, by moralizing at the end of each act.

ty, has been thought to allude to the death of Spenser *, is not inconsistent with the early appearance of this comedy; for it might have been inserted between the time of the poet's death, and the year 1600, when the play was published. And indeed, if the allusion was intended, the passage must have been added in that interval; for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was certainly written in, or before, 1598, and Spenser, we are told by Sir James Ware, (whose testimony with respect to this controverted point must have great weight) did not die till 1599: "others, (he adds) have it *wrongly*, 1598[c]." So careful a searcher into antiquity, who lived so near the time, is not likely to have been mistaken in a fact, concerning which he appears to have made particular enquiries.

11. Romeo and Juliet, 1595.

It has been already observed, that our author, in his early plays appears to have been much addicted to rhyming; a practice from which he gradually departed, though he never wholly deserted it. In this piece *more* rhymes, I believe, are found, than in any other of his plays, *Love's Labour Lost* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* only excepted. This circumstance, the story on which it is founded, so likely to captivate a young poet, the imperfect form in which it originally

NOTES.

* "The thrice three muses mourning for the death
Of learning, *late* deceas'd in beggary."

c Preface to Spenser's *View of the State of Ireland*. Dublin, fol. 1633. This treatise was written, according to Sir James Ware, in 1596. The testimony of that historian, relative to the time of Spenser's death, is confirmed by a fact related by Ben Jonson to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, and recorded by that writer. When Spenser and his wife were forced in great distress to fly from their house, which was burnt in the Irish Rebellion, the Earl of Essex sent him twenty pieces; but he refused them; telling the person that brought them, he was sure he had no time to spend them. He died soon after, according to Ben Jonson's account, in King Street [Dublin.] Lord Essex was not in Ireland in 1598, and was there from April to September in the following year.—If Spenser had died in London, as Camden says he did, his death would probably have been mentioned by Rowland Whyte, in his letters to Sir Robert Sydney, (brother to the poet's great patron) which are still extant, and contain a minute detail of most of the memorable occurrences of that time.

ginally appeared, and its very early publication [d], all incline me to believe that this was Shakspeare's first tragedy; for the three parts of *K. Henry VI.* do not pretend to that title.

" A new ballad of *Romeo and Juliet*," (perhaps our author's play) was entered on the Stationers' books August 5, 1596 [e], and the first sketch of the play was printed in 1597; but it did not appear in its present form till two years afterwards.

Few of his plays appear to have been entered at Stationers' hall, till they had been some time in possession of the stage; on which account it may be conjectured that this tragedy was written in 1595.

If the following passage in an old comedy already mentioned, entitled *Dr. Dodipoll*, which had appeared before 1596, be considered as an imitation, it may add some weight to the supposition that *Romeo and Juliet* had been exhibited before that year:

" The glorious parts of fair Lucilia,
" Take them and join them in the heavenly spheres,
" And fix them there as an eternal light
" For lovers to adore and wonder at."

Dr. Dodipoll.

NOTES.

d There is no edition of any of our author's genuine plays extant, prior to 1597, when *Romeo and Juliet* was published.

e There is no entry in the Stationers' books relative to the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, antecedent to its publication in 1597, if this does not relate to it. This entry was made by Edward Whyte, and therefore is not likely to have related to the *poem* called *Romeo and Juletta*, which was entered in 1582, by Richard Tottel. How vague the description of plays was at this time, may appear from the following entry, which is found in the Stationers' books, an. 1590, and seems to relate to Marlowe's *tragedy* of Tamburlaine, published in that year, by Richard Jones.

" To Richard Jones] Twoe Commical *Discourses* of Tamburlein, the Cythian Shepparde."

In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, as originally performed, several comick enterludes were introduced; whence perhaps, the epithet *comical* was added to the title.—As tragedies were sometimes entitled *discourses*, so a grave poem or *sad discourse* in verse, (to use the language of the times) was frequently denominated a *tragedy*. All the poems inserted in the *Mirrour for Magistrates*, and some of Drayton's pieces, are called *tragedies*, by Meres and other ancient writers. Some of Sir David Lindsay's poems, though not in a dramatick form, are also by their author entitled *tragedies*.

"Take him and cut him out into little stars,
"And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
"That all the world shall be in love with night,
"And pay no worship to the garish sun."

Romeo and Juliet.

Mr. Steevens in his observations on *Romeo and Juliet* has quoted these lines from Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond:*

"And nought-respecting *death* (the last of paines)
"Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *ensign* of his might)
"Upon his new-got spoil, &c."

So in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V. Sc. iii.

———— "Beauty's *ensign* yet
"Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
"And *death's pale flag* is not advanced there."

That Shakespeare imitated Daniel, or was imitated by him, there can, I think, be little doubt. The early appearance of *The Complaint of Rosamond*[f], (which is commended by Nashe, in a tract entitled *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, *&c.* 1592,) seems to authorize the former opinion.

From a speech of the Nurse in this play, which contains these words—"*It is now since the earthquake eleven years*, &c." Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or at least part of it, was written in 1591; the novels from which Shakspeare may be supposed to have drawn his story, not mentioning any such circumstance; while, on the other hand, there actually was an earthquake in England on the 6th of April, 1580, which he might here have had in view[g].—It is not without great distrust of my own opinion that I express my dissent from a gentleman, to whose judgment the highest respect is due; but, I own, this argument does not appear to me conclusive. It seems extremely improbable, that Shakspeare, when he was writing this tragedy, should have adverted, with such precision, to the date of an earthquake that had been felt in his youth; unless we suppose him to have entertained so strange and incongruous a thought, as to wish to persuade his audience, that the events which

NOTES.

f "A booke called *Delia* containynge diverse sonates, with *the Complainte of Rosamonde*," was entered at Stationers' hall by Simon Waterson in Feb. 1591—2.

g See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. Sc. iii.

are the subject of his play, happened at Verona in 1591, at the very moment that a dramatick representation of them was exhibiting in London: (for if *Romeo and Juliet* was written in 1591, it probably was then also represented.) The passage quoted strikes me, as only displaying one of those characteristical traits, which distinguish old people of the lower class; who delight in enumerating a multitude of minute circumstances that have no relation to the business immediately under their consideration[h], and are particularly fond of computing time from extraordinary events, such as battles, comets, plagues, and earthquakes. This feature of their character our author has in various places, strongly marked. Thus (to mention one of many instances) the Grave-digger in *Hamlet* says, that he came to his employment, "of all the days i'th'year, that day that the last king *o'ercame Fortinbras*—that very day that young *Hamlet* was *born*."—Shakspeare probably remembered the earthquake in 1580, and thought he might introduce one, *for the nonce*, at Mantua. Why he has placed this earthquake at the distance of *eleven* years, it is not very easy to determine. However, it may be observed, that having supposed it to have happened on the day on which Juliet was weaned, he could not well have made it more distant than *thirteen* years; which, indeed, from the context, should seem to be the true reading. Supposing the author to have used figures, the mistake might easily have happened.—At present there is a manifest contradiction in the Nurse's account; for she expressly says that Juliet was within a fortnight and odd days of completing her *fourteenth year*; and yet, according to the computation here made, she could not well be much more than *twelve* years old. Perhaps Shakspeare was more careful to mark the garrulity, than the precision, of the old woman—or perhaps, he meant this very incorrectness as a trait of her character:—or, without having recourse to either of these suppositions, shall we say, that our author was here, as in some other places, hasty and inattentive? It is certain

NOTE.

h Thus Mrs. Quickly in *K. Henry IV.* reminds Falstaff, that he "swore on a parcel-gilt goblet, to marry her, sitting in her Dolphin chamber, at a round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke his head for likening his father to a singing man of Windsor."

 that

that there is nothing in which he is less accurate, than the computation of time. Of his negligence in this respect, *As you Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Othello*, furnish remarkable instances. [i].

12. Comedy of Errors, 1596.

In a tract, written by Thomas Decker, entitled *Newes from Hell brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606, there seems to be an allusion to this comedy:

"—— his ignorance (arising from his blindness) is the only cause of this *Comedie of Errors*."

This play was neither entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623, but is mentioned by Meres in 1598; and exhibits internal proofs of having been an early production. It could not, however, have been written before 1596; for the translation of the Menæchmi of Plautus, from which the plot was taken, was not published till 1595.

13. Hamlet, 1596.

The tragedy of *Hamlet* was not registered in the books of the Stationers' company till the 26th of July 1602, nor printed till 1604. This circumstance, and indeed the general air of the play itself, which has not, it must be owned, the appearance of an early composition, might induce us to class it five or six years later than 1596, were we not overpowered by the proof adduced by Dr. Farmer, and by other circumstances, from which it appears to have been acted in, or before, that year[k]. The piece, however, which was then exhibited, was probably but a rude sketch of that which we now possess; for from the title page of the first edition, in 1604, we learn, that (like *Romeo and Juliet*, and the

NOTES.

[i] See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II. Sc. last.—*Meas. for Meas.* Act I. Sc. iii and iv.—*As you Like It*, Act IV. Sc. i. and iii.—*Othello*, Act III. Sc. iii. "I slept the *next night* well," &c.

[k] "Dr. Lodge published, in the year 1596, a pamphlet called *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness, discovering the incarnate Devils of the age*, quarto. One of these devils is *Hate-virtue, or sorrow for another man's successe*, who, says the doctor, is a *foule lubber*, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *ghost*, who cried so miserably at the theatre, *Hamlet* revenge." Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*.

Merry

Merry Wives of Windsor) it had been enlarged to almost twice its original size.

The Case is altered, a comedy, attributed to Ben Jonson, and written before the end of the year 1599[l], contains a passage, which seems to me to have a reference to this play:

Angelo. "But first I'll *play the ghost*; *I'll call him out*[m]."

In the second act of *Hamlet*, a contest between the children of the queen's chapel[n], and the actors of the established theatres, is alluded to. At what time that contest began, is uncertain. But, should it appear not to have commenced till some years after the date here assigned, it would not, I apprehend, be a sufficient reason for ascribing this play to a later period; for, as we are certain that considerable additions were made to it after its first production, and have some authority for attributing the first sketch of it to 1596, till that authority is shaken, we may presume, that any passage which is inconsistent with that date, was not in the play originally, but a subsequent insertion.

With respect to the allusion in question, it probably was an addition; for it is not found in the quarto of 1604, (which has not the appearance of a mutilated or imperfect copy,) nor did it appear in print till the publication of the folio in 1623.

The same observation may be made on the passage produced by Mr. Holt, to prove that this play was not written till after 1597. "*Their inhibition comes by means of the late innovation.*" This, indeed, does appear in the quarto of 1604, but, we may presume, was added in the interval be-

NOTES.

[l] This comedy was not printed till 1609, but it had appeared many years before. The time when it was written, is ascertained with great precision by the following circumstances. It contains an allusion to Meres's *Wit's Treasury*, first printed in the latter end of the year 1598, (Ante p. 276.) and is itself mentioned by Nashe in his *Lenten Stuff*, 4to. 1599.—"It is right of the merry cobler's stuff, in that witty play of *the Case is Altered*."

[m] Jonson's works, vol. VII. p. 362. Whalley's edit.

[n] Between the years 1595 and 1600, some of Lilly's comedies were performed by these children. Many of the plays of Jonson were represented by them between 1600 and 1609.—From a passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or the Comedy of Pasquil and Catherine*, which was printed in 1601, we learn that they were much followed at that time.

 tween

tween 1597, (when the ſtatute alluded to,—39 Eliz. ch. 4—was enacted) and that year.

Hamlet [o] Sadler was one of the witneſſes to Shakſpeare's Will. He was probably born ſoon after the firſt exhibition of this play; and, according to this date, was twenty years old at the time of his atteſtation.

If this tragedy had not appeared till ſome years after the date here aſſigned, he would not have been at the time of Shakſpeare's death above ſixteen or ſeventeen years old; at which age he ſcarcely would have been choſen as a witneſs to ſo ſolemn an act.

The following paſſage, in *An Epiſtle to the Gentlemen Students of the Two Univerſities* by Thomas Naſhe, prefixed to Greene's *Arcadia*, (which has no date) has been thought to allude to this play.—"I will turn back to my firſt text of ſtudies of delight, and talk a little in friendſhip with a few of our trivial tranſlators. It is a common practice now a-days, among a ſort of ſhifting companions, that runne through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and buſie themſelves with the endevors of art, that could ſcarcely latinize their neck-verſe if they ſhould have neede; yet Engliſh *Seneca*, read by candle light, yeelds many good ſentences, as *Bloud is a beggar*, and ſo forth: and if you intreat him faire in a froſty morning he will afoord you whole hamlets, I ſhould ſay, handfuls of tragical ſpeeches. But O grief! *Tempus edax rerum*—what is that will laſt always? The ſea exhaled by drops will in continuance be drie; and *Seneca*, let bloud line by line and page by page, at length muſt needes die to our ſtage."

This paſſage does not, in my apprehenſion, deciſively prove that our author's *Hamlet* was written ſo early as 1591; (in which year [p] Dr. Farmer, on good grounds, conjectures that

NOTES.

[o] It has been obſerved to me, that there are other inſtances of this being uſed as a chriſtian name; it is certainly very uncommon; and may be fairly ſuppoſed, in this caſe, to have taken its riſe from the play.—After all, however, it is not quite clear that this was his name. The name ſubſcribed to Shakſpeare's original Will (which I have ſeen) *ſeems* to be *Hamnet*: but in the body of the Will, he is called *Hamlet* Sadler.

[p] Mr. Oldys, in his Mſ. Additions to Langbaine's *Lives of the Dramatick Poets*, ſays, on I know not what authority, that Greene's *Arcadia*

that Greene's *Arcadia* was published:) for supposing this to have been a sneer at Shakspeare, it might have been inserted in some new edition of this tract after 1596; it being a frequent practice of Nashe and Greene, to make additions to their pamphlets at every re-impression.

But it is by no means clear, that Shakspeare was the person whom Nashe had here in contemplation. He seems to point at some dramatick writer of that time, who had been originally a scrivener or attorney:

> " *A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,*
> *Who* pen'd *a stanza when he should engross*"—

who, instead of transcribing deeds and pleadings, chose to imitate Seneca's plays, of which a translation had been published not many years before.—" *The trade of Noverint*" is the trade of an attorney or notary[q]. Shakspeare was not bred to the law, at least we have no such tradition; nor, however freely he may have borrowed from North's *Plutarch* and Holinshed's *Chronicle*, does he appear to be at all indebted to the translation of *Seneca*.

Of all the writers of the age of queen Elizabeth, Nashe is the most licentious in his language; perpetually distorting words from their primitive signification, in a manner often puerile and ridiculous, but more frequently incomprehensible and absurd. His prose works, if they were collected together, would perhaps exhibit a greater farrago of unintelligible jargon, than is to be found in the productions of any author ancient or modern. An argument that rests on a term used by such a writer, has but a weak foundation.

The phrase—" *whole hamlets of tragical speeches*"—is certainly intelligible, without supposing an allusion to the play; and might have only meant *a large quantity*.—We meet a similar expression in our author's *Cymbeline*.

> " I'd let a *parish* of such Clotens blood."—

N O T E S.

Arcadia was printed in 1589. If he is right, it is still less probable that this passage should have related to our author's *Hamlet*.

q " The Country Lawyers too jog down apace,
Each with his *noverint universi* face."

Ravenscroft's Prologue prefixed to *Titus Andronicus*.

Our ancient deeds were written in Latin, and frequently began with the words, *Noverint Universi*. The form is still retained. *Know all men*, &c.

 It

It should also be observed, that "hamlets," in the foregoing passage, is not printed in Italicks, though the word *Seneca*, in the same sentence, is; and all the quotations, authors' names, and *books* mentioned in this epistle, are distinguished by that character.

14. King John, 1596.

This is the only one of the uncontested plays of Shakspeare, that is not entered in the books of the Stationers' company. It was not printed till 1623, but is mentioned by Meres in 1598, unless he mistook the old play in two parts, printed in 1591, for the composition of Shakspeare*.

In the first act of *King John*, an ancient tragedy, entitled *Solyman and Perseda*, is alluded to. The earliest edition of that play, now extant, is that of 1599, but it was written, and probably acted, many years before; for it was entered on the Stationers' books, by Edward Whyte, Nov, 20, 1592.

Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, printed in 1603, contains a passage, which, if it should be considered as an imitation of a similar one in *King John*, will ascertain this historical drama to have been written at least before that year:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
"*Like a proud river, overflow their bounds.*"

So in *King John*:

"Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
"*Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds.*"

15. Richard II. 1597.

King Richard II. was entered on the Stationers' books, August, 29, 1597, and printed in that year.

Dr Farmer supposes that there was a former play on this subject, because when Sir Gilly Merricke, one of the fol-

NOTE.

* It is observable, that on the republication of this old play in 1611, the two parts are set forth—"as they were (sundry times) lately acted by the *Queene's Majesties servants*"—a description, which, probably, was copied literally from the former edition in 1591. If this had been really Shakspeare's performance, it would have been described, on its re-impression, *as acted by his Majesty's servants*; for so runs the title of most of his genuine pieces, that were either originally printed or re-published after the year 1603. The bookseller, the better to impose on the publick, prefixed the letters W. Sh. to the new edition of this play in 1611, which do not appear in the former impression in 1591.

lowers of the Earl of Essex, on the 7th of February 1600—1, desired a company of actors to perform *King Richard II.* they alleged "that the play was *old*, and that they should have a loss in playing it."

Our author's performance, however, might have been intended; and the players, perhaps, considered a play as *old*, that had been three or four years in possession of the stage. They might have only meant, that it was not *of that season*. Indeed, I the rather think that this was their meaning, because there is no trace in the Stationers' books, nor in any ancient catalogue that I have seen, of any play on this subject, except that of Shakspeare.

In further support of his hypothesis, Dr. Farmer relies on the doctrines of indefeasable right contained in this play, which, he thinks, could not have been agreeable to the insurgents abovementioned. But they do not appear to have been so much concerned about the sentiments of the piece, (with which, perhaps, they were unacquainted) as desirous to behold the catastrophe that it exhibits.—This, I conceive, may be collected from the paragraph subjoined to that which Dr. Farmer has quoted—"So earnest hee (Merricke) was, to satisfy his eyes *with a sight of that tragedie*, which he thought soone after his Lord should bring from the stage to the state *."

16. RICHARD III. 1597.

Entered at the Stationers' hall, Oct. 20, 1597. Printed in that year.

17. FIRST PART OF K. HENRY IV. 1597.

Entered Feb. 25, 1597, according to our present reckoning, 1598. Written therefore probably in 1597. Printed in 1598.

18. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, 1598.

Entered July 22, 1598; and mentioned by Meres in that year. Published in 1600.

19. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, 1598.

All's Well that Ends Well was not registered at Stationers'

NOTE.

* *Proceedings at the Arraignment of Sir Gilly Merricke*, 4to. 1601.

hall,

hall, nor printed, till 1623; but probably is the play mentioned by Meres, in 1598, under the title of *Love's Labour Won*. This comedy was, I believe, alſo ſometimes called *A Bad Beginning makes a Good Ending*; for I find that a play with that title, together with *Hotſpur*, *Benedict and Beatrix*, and ſeveral others, was acted at court, by John Heminge's company in the year 1613: and no ſuch piece is to be found in any collection however complete or extenſive, nor is ſuch a title preſerved in any liſt or catalogue whatſoever. As the titles of *Hotſpur*, and *Benedict* and *Beatrix*, were ſubſtituted in the place of *the firſt part of K. Henry IV.* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, it is probable that the other was only a new name for *All's Well that Ends Well*.

By an entry in the hand writing of king Charles I. in a copy of the ſecond edition of our author's plays in folio, which formerly belonged to that monarch, and is now in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Steevens, it appears, that this play was alſo ſometimes called *Mr. Parolles*.

20. *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1598,

This play was entered at Stationers' hall, Auguſt 4, 1600, and printed in the ſame year. It was acted very early[1] in that year, by the Lord Chamberlain's ſervants, before Monſ. Vereiken, ambaſſador to Queen Elizabeth from the Archduke and the Infanta.

The prologue to this piece furniſhes a ſtrong argument to ſhew that it was not written by Shakſpeare. The following lines particularly deſerve our attention:

" The doubtfull title, (gentlemen) prefixt
" Upon the argument we have in hand
" May breed ſuſpence ——
" To ſtop which ſcruple let this breefe ſuffice:
" It is no pamper'd glutton we preſent,
" Nor aged councellour to youthfull ſinne;
" But one whoſe vertue ſhone above the reſt,
" A valiant *martyr*, and a vertuous peere—
" ———— Let fair truth be grac'd,
" Since forg'd invention former time defac'd."

NOTE.

[1] On the 16th of March 1599, in fact 1600. See the *Letters of the Sydney Family*, vol. II. p. 175.

The—

The character here alluded to, which the author was apprehensive the audience might confound with his *virtuous peer*, appears to have been one that had been exhibited in the *old* play of *King Henry V.* ([u] prior to Shakspeare's) under the name of Sir John Oldcastle [x]. This exhibition was *the forg'd invention that had defaced former time.* In this old play are found the outlines of some of the characters which Shakspeare has introduced in the two parts of *King Henry IV.* and *King Henry V.* The Sir John Oldcastle of the old play was probably the prototype of Sir John Falstaff. It is not necessary here to enter into the question, whether Falstaff was originally called by the name of Oldcastle. Whether he was or not, these lines could not, I apprehend, have come from the pen of Shakspeare. If Falstaff originally went by the name of Oldcastle, Shakspeare was then as guilty as the author of the old *Henry V.* and he never would have arraigned himself for exhibiting the pampered glutton and aged debauchee, under the name of Sir John Oldcastle, the good lord Cobham. Though this were not the case, and the fat knight bore originally the name of Falstaff, Shakspeare would hardly have touched upon this string; for the representing of Sir John Fastolfe, a celebrated general, and a knight of the garter, under the character of a debauchee and a *counsellor to youthful sin*, was no less a forgery, and a departure from the truth of history, than the other.

Our author himself too seems to ridicule this very prologue, in his epilogue to *the Second Part of King Henry IV.* "For Oldcastle dyed a *martyr*, and this is not the man."— This surely ought to decide the question.

This reference induces me to think that *Sir John Oldcastle* was written before *the Second Part of King Henry IV.*

21. Second Part of K. Henry IV. 1598.

The Second Part of K. Henry IV. was entered on the Sta-

NOTES.

[u] The old *K. Henry V.* must have been written before 1590, for Tarleton, who acted two parts in it, (the Clown, and the Judge) died in that year.

[x] If the allusion should be supposed to have been, not to the Oldcastle of the old play, but to our author's Sir John Falstaff, as exhibited in The First Part *of King Henry IV.* such a supposition will not at all weaken the argument in the text.

 tioners'

tioners' books, August 23, 1600, and was printed in that year. It was probably written in the latter end of the year 1598, for from the epilogue it appears to have been composed before *K. Henry V.* which itself must have been written in, or before, 1599.

It is observable that the FIRST PART *of K. Henry IV.* was entered at Stationers' hall, in the beginning of the year 1598, by the name of "*A Booke entitled the Historie of Henry the Fourth*, &c." At that time, it is probable, the author had not conceived the idea of exhibiting Falstaff in a second drama, and therefore that play was not then distinguished by the title of *The* FIRST *Part.* When the same piece was entered about a year afterwards, on the 9th of Jan. 1598—9, it was entitled, "*A book called The* FIRST *Part of the Life and Reign of K. Henry IV. extending to the end of the first year of his reign.*" The poet having now composed two plays on this subject, distinction became necessary. *The* SECOND *Part of K. Henry IV.* we may, therefore, conclude with certainty, was written in the interval between these two entries, that is, some time in the year 1598, probably in the latter part of it; for Meres, who in his *Wit's Treasury*, (which was not published before September in that year) has enumerated *Henry IV.* among our author's plays, does not speak of it as a *first* part, nor does he mention it as a play in *two* parts. His words are these: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy, among the Latines, so Shakespeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love's Labour Lost*, his *Love's Labour Wonne*, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy [y], his *Richard II. Richard III.* HENRY IV. *K. John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet* [z]."

The following allusion to one of the characters in this play, which is found in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Act V. Sc. ii. first acted in 1599, is an additional

NOTES.

[y] The circumstance of Hotspur's death in this play, and its being an historical drama, I suppose, induced *Meres* to denominate *the First Part of Henry IV.* a tragedy.

[z] *Wit's Treasury*, p. 282.

authority

authority for suppofing the *Second Part of K. Henry IV.* to have been written in 1598.

> " *Savi.* What's he, gentle Monf. Brifk? Not that gentleman?
>
> " *Faft.* No, Lady; this is a kinfman to *Juftice Silence.*"

22. K. Henry V. 1599.

Mr. Pope thought that this hiftorical drama was one of our author's lateft compofitions; but he was evidently miftaken. *King Henry V.* was entered on the Stationers' books, Auguft 14, 1600, and printed in the fame year. It was written *after* the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* being promifed in the epilogue of that play; and while the Earl of Effex was in Ireland [a]. Lord Effex went to Ireland April 15, 1599, and returned to London on the 28th of September in the fame year. So that this play (unlefs the paffage relative to him was inferted after the piece was finifhed) muft have been compofed between April and September, 1599. Suppofing that paffage a fubfequent infertion, the play was probably not written *long* before; for it is not mentioned by Meres in 1598.

The prologue [b] to Ben Jonfon's *Every Man in his Humour* feems clearly to allude to this play; and, if we were fure that it was written at the fame time with the piece itfelf, might induce us, notwithftanding the filence of Meres, to place *King Henry V.* a year or two earlier; for *Every Man in his Humour* is faid to have been acted in 1598. But I fufpect that the prologue which now appears before it was not writ-

NOTES.

[a] See the Chorus to the fifth act of *King Henry V.*

[b] " He rather prays you will be pleafed to fee
" One fuch, to-day, as other plays fhould be;
" *Where neither Chorus wafts you o'er the feas, &c.*"
Prologue to *Every Man in his Humour.*

Thefe lines formerly appeared to me fo decifive with refpect to the date of this piece, that I have quoted them, in a note on *K. Henry V.* to fhew that this hiftorical drama muft have been written before 1598; an opinion from which, for the reafons above ftated, I am now difpofed to recede.

ten till 1601, when the play was printed [c]. It appears to have been Jonson's first performance [d]; and we may presume that it was the very play, which, we are told, was brought on the stage by the good offices of Shakspeare, who himself acted in it [e]. Malignant and envious as Jonson appears to have been, he hardly would have ridiculed his benefactor at the very time he was so essentially obliged to him. In two or three years afterwards, his jealousy probably broke out, and vented itself in this prologue. It is certain that, not long after the year 1600, a coolness [f] arose between Shakspeare

NOTES.

[c] That this attack on *King Henry V.* was made in 1601, appears the more probable from this circumstance:—in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, which was first acted in that year, several passages of this play are ridiculed.

[d] Jonson himself tells us in his Induction to *the Magnetick Lady*, that this was his first dramatick performance.—"The author beginning his studies of this kind with *Every Man in his Humour*."

[e] If the names of the actors, prefixed to this play, were arranged in the same order as the persons represented, which is very probable, Shakspeare played the part of *Old Knowell*. It is said, that he also played the part of Adam in *As you Like It*; and we are informed by Betterton that he performed the *Ghost* in his own *Hamlet*. We may presume, therefore, that he usually represented old men.

[f] See an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*: [This piece was not published till 1606; but appears to have been written in 1602—certainly was produced before the death of Queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March 1603.] "Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down; ay and *Ben Jonson* too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow; he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him bewray his credit."

The play of Jonson's in which *he gave the poets a pill*, and endeavoured to ridicule some words used by Shakspeare, is the *Poetaster*, acted in 1601. In what manner Shakspeare *put him down*, *or made him bewray his credit*, does not appear. His retaliation, we may be well assured, contained no gross or illiberal abuse; and, perhaps, did not go beyond a ballad or an epigram, which may have perished with things of greater consequence. He has, however, marked his disregard for the calumniator of his fame, by not leaving him any memorial by his Will.—In an apologetical dialogue that Jonson annexed to the *Poetaster*, he says, he had been provoked for three years (i. e. from 1598 to 1601) on every stage by slanderers; as for the players, he says,

"It

Shakspeare and him, which, however, he may talk of his almost idolatrous affection, produced on his part, from that time to the death of our author, and for many years afterwards, much clumsy sarcasm and many malevolent reflections[g].

On

NOTES.

" It is true, I tax'd them,
And yet but some, and those so sparingly,
As all the rest might have sat still unquestion'd—
——— What they have done against me
I am not mov'd with. If it gave them meat,
Or got them cloaths, 'tis well; that was their end.
Only, amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest drawn in
To run in that vile line."

By the words " *Some better natures*" there can, I think, be little doubt that Shakspeare was alluded to.

g In his *Silent Woman*, Act V. Sc. ii. 1609. Jonson seems to point at Shakspeare, as one whom he *viewed with scornful, yet with jealous, eyes:*

" So, they may censure poets and authors, and compare them; Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with *t'other youth*, and so forth."

In the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, which was acted in 1614, two years before the death of our author, three of his plays, and in the piece itself two others, are attempted to be ridiculed.

The Induction to *The Staple of News*, which appeared in 1625, not very long after the publication of our author's plays in folio, contains a sneer at a passage in *Julius Cæsar*—

" Know Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
Will he be satisfied—"

which for the purpose of ridicule is quoted unfaithfully; and in the same play may be found an effort, as impotent as that of Voltaire *, to raise a laugh at Hamlet's exclamation when he kills Polonius.

Some other passages which are found in Jonson's works, might be mentioned in support of this observation, but being quoted hereafter for other purposes, they are here omitted.

Notwithstanding these proofs, Jonson's malevolence to Shakspeare, and jealousy of his superior reputation, have been doubted by Mr. Pope and others; and much stress has been laid on a passage in his *Discoveries*, and on the commendatory verses prefixed to the first edition of our author's plays in folio.—The rea-

* " *Ah! ma mere, s'écrie-t-il, il y a un gros rat derriére la tapisserie—il tire son épée, court au rat, et tue le bon homme Polonius.*"—Oeuvres de Voltaire. Tome XV. p. 473. 4to.

der,

On this play Mr. Pope has the following note, Act I. Sc. i.

"This first scene was added since the edition of 1608, which is much short of the present editions, wherein the speeches are generally enlarged, and raised; several whole scenes besides, and the choruses also, were since *added by Shakespeare.*"——

Dr. Warburton also positively asserts that this first scene was written after the accession of K. James I. and the subsequent editors agree, that several additions were made *by the author* to *King Henry V.* after it was originally composed. But there is, I believe, no good ground for these assertions. It is true that no perfect edition of this play was published

NOTES.

der, after having perused the following character of Jonson, drawn by Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, a contemporary, and an intimate acquaintance of his, will not, perhaps, readily believe these *posthumous* encomiums to have been sincere. "Jonson, (says that writer) was a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others, rather chusing to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which was one of the elements he lived in; a dissembler of the parts which reigned in him; a bragger of some good that he wanted: he thought nothing right, but what either himself or some of his friends had done. He was passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or to keep; vindictive, but, if he was well answered, greatly chagrined; interpreting the best sayings often to the worst *. He was for any religion, being versed in all. His inventions were smooth and easy, but above all, he excelled in translation. In short, he was, in his personal character, the very reverse of Shakespeare; as surly, ill-natured, proud and disagreeable, as Shakespeare, with ten times his merit, was gentle, good-natured, easy, and amiable." *Drummond's Works*, fol. 1711.

In the year 1619 Jonson went to Scotland, to visit Mr. Drummond, who has left a curious account of a conversation that passed between them, relative to the principal poets of those times.

From a natural partiality to his author, the foregoing well-authenticated character was suppressed by the last learned editor of Jonson's works.

* His misquoting a line of *Julius Cæsar*, so as to render it nonsense, at a time when the play was in print, is a strong illustration of this part of his character. The plea of an unfaithful memory cannot be urged in his defence, for he tells us in his *Discoveries*, that till he was past forty, he could repeat every thing that he had written.

before

before that in folio, in 1623; but it does not follow from thence, that the scenes which then first appeared in print, and all the choruses, were added *by Shakspeare*, as Mr. Pope supposes, after 1608. We know indeed the contrary to be true; for the chorus to the fifth act must have been written in 1599. The fair inference to be drawn from the imperfect and mutilated copies of this play, published in 1600, 1602, and 1608, is, not that the whole play, as we now have it, did not then exist, but that those copies were surreptitious, (probably taken down in short hand, during the representation;) and that the editor in 1600, not being able to publish the whole, published what he could.

I have not indeed met with any evidence (except in three plays) that the several scenes which are found in the folio of 1623, and are not in the preceding quartos, were added by the second labour of the author.—The last chorus of *K. Henry V.* already mentioned, affords a striking proof that this was not always the case. The two copies of *the Second Part of K. Henry IV.* printed in the same year (1600) furnish another. In one of these, the whole first scene of Act III. is wanting; not because it was then unwritten, (for it is found in the other copy published in that year) but because the editor was not possessed of it. That what have been called *additions by the author*, were not really such, may be also collected from another circumstance; that in some of the quartos where these supposed additions are wanting, references and replies are found to the passages omitted[b].

I do not however mean to say, that Shakspeare never made any alterations in his plays. We have reason to believe that *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and *the Merry Wives of Windsor*, were entirely new written; and a second revisal or temporary topicks might have suggested, in a course of years, some additions and alterations in all his pieces. But with respect to the entire scenes that are wanting in some of the

NOTE.

[b] Of this see a remarkable instance in *K. Henry IV. P. II.* Act I. sc. i. where Morton in a long speech having informed Northumberland that the archbishop of York had joined the rebel party, the Earl replies,—"*I knew of this before*"—The quarto contains the reply, but not a single line of the narrative to which it relates.

early editions, (particularly those of *K. Henry V. the Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* and *the Second Part of King Henry IV.*) I suppose the omissions to have arisen from the imperfection of the copies; and instead of saying that "the first scene of *K. Henry V.* was *added by the author* after the publication of the quarto in 1600," all that we can pronounce with certainty is, that this scene is not *found* in the quarto of 1600.

23. *The Puritan*, 1600.

Printed in 1600, without the name of Shakspeare. In the title page are the letters W. S.

24. Much Ado about Nothing, 1600.

Much Ado about Nothing, was written, we may presume, early in the year 1600; for it was entered at Stationers' hall, August 23, 1600, and printed in that year.

It is not mentioned by Meres in his list of our author's plays, published in the latter end of the year 1598.

25. As You Like It, 1600.

This comedy was not printed till 1623, and the caveat or memorandum[1] in the second volume of the books of the Stationers' company, relative to the three plays of *As You Like it, Henry V. and Much Ado about Nothing*, has no date except *Aug.* 4. But immediately *above* that caveat there is an entry, dated May 27, 1600,—and the entry, immediately *following* it, is dated Jan. 23, 1603. We may therefore presume that this caveat was entered *between* those two periods: more especially, as the dates scattered over the pages where this entry is found, are, except in one instance, in a regular series from 1596 to 1615. This will appear more clearly by exhibiting the entry exactly as stands in the book:

NOTE.

[1] See Mr. Steevens's extracts from the books of the Stationers' company, ante p. 256.

27 May 1600.

To Mr. Roberts.] Allarum to London.

4 Aug.

As You Like It, a book.
Henry the Fift, a book.
Every Man in his Humour, a book.
Comedy of Much Ado about Nothing. } to be staied.

23 Jan. 1603.

To Thomas Thorpe, and William Aspley. } This to be their copy, &c.

It is extremely probable that this 4th of August was of the year 1600; which standing a little higher on the paper, the clerk of the Stationers' company might have thought unnecessary to be repeated. All the plays which were entered with *As You Like it*, and are here said *to be staied*, were printed in the year 1600 or 1601. The stay or injunction against the printing appears to have been very speedily taken off; for in ten days afterwards, on the 14th of August 1600, *King Henry V*. was entered, and published in the same year. So, *Much Ado about Nothing*, was entered August 23, 1600, and printed also in that year: and *Every Man in his Humour* was published in 1601.

Shakspeare, it is said, played the part of Adam in *As You Like It*. As he was not eminent on the stage, it is probable that he ceased to act some years before he retired to the country. His appearance, however, in this comedy, is not inconsistent with the date here assigned; for we know that he performed a part in Jonson's *Sejanus* in 1603.

26. Merry Wives of Windsor, 1601.

The first sketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. It was entered in the books of the Stationers' company, on the 18th of January 1601—2, and was therefore probably written in 1601, after the *two parts of K Henry IV*. being, it is said, composed at the desire of queen Elizabeth, in order to exhibit Falstaff in love, when all the pleasantry which he could afford in any other situation was exhausted. But it may not be thought so clear, that it was written after K.

 Henry

Henry V. Nym and Bardolph are both hanged in *K. Henry V.* yet appear in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Falstaff is disgraced in the *Second Part of K. Henry IV.* and dies in *K. Henry V.* But in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* he talks as if he were yet in favour at court; "*If it should come to the ear of the court how I have been transformed, &c:*" and Mr. Page discountenances Fenton's addresses to his daughter, *because he kept company with the wild Prince and with Pointz.* These circumstances seem to favour the supposition that this play was written between the *First and Second Parts of K. Henry IV.* But that it was not written then, may be collected from the tradition above mentioned. If it should be placed (as Dr. Johnson observes it should be read) between the *Second Part of K. Henry IV. and Henry V.* it must be remembered, that Mrs. Quickly, who is half-bawd half-hostess in *K. Henry IV.* is, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Dr. Caius's housekeeper, and makes a decent appearance; and in *K. Henry V.* is Pistol's wife, and dies in an hospital; a progression that is not very natural. Besides on Mrs. Quickly's first appearance in the *Merry Wives of Windsor,* Falstaff does not know her, nor does she know Pistol nor Bardolph. The truth, I believe, is, that it was written *after K. Henry V.* and after Shakspeare had killed Falstaff. In obedience to the royal commands, having revived him, he found it necessary at the same time to revive all those persons with whom he was wont to be exhibited; Nym, Pistol, Bardolph and the Page: and disposed of them as he found it convenient, without a strict regard to their situations or catastrophes in former plays.

There is reason to believe that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was revised and considerably enlarged by the author, after its first production. The old edition in 1602, like that of *Romeo and Juliet,* is apparently a rough draught, and not a mutilated or imperfect copy. At what time the alterations and additions were made, is uncertain. Mr. Warton supposes them to have been made in 1607. Dr. Farmer concurs with him in that opinion, though he does not think the argument on which it is founded, conclusive. I have not met with any information on this head.

This comedy was not printed in its present state, till 1623, when it was published with the rest of our author's plays in folio.

27. K.

27. K. HENRY VIII. 1601.

This play seems to have been entered on the Stationers' books, February 12, 1604, under the title of *the Enterlude*[k] *of K. Henry VIII.* It was probably written, as Dr. Johnson and Mr. Steevens observe, before the death of queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March 1603. The elogium on king James, which is blended with the panegyrick on Elizabeth, in the last scene, was evidently a subsequent insertion, after the accession of the Scotish monarch to the throne: for Shakspeare was too well acquainted with courts, to compliment in the life-time of queen Elizabeth, her presumptive successor, of whom history informs us she was not a little jealous. That the prediction concerning king James was added after the death of the queen, is still more clearly evinced, as Dr. Johnson has remarked, by the aukward manner in which it is connected with the foregoing and subsequent lines.

It may be objected, that if this play was written after the accession of king James, the author could not introduce a panegyrick on him, without making queen Elizabeth the vehicle of it, she being the object immediately presented to the audience in the last act of *K. Henry VIII.* and that, therefore, the praises so profusely lavished on her, do *not* prove this play to have been written in her life-time; on the contrary, that the concluding lines of her character seem to imply that she was dead, when it was composed. The objection certainly has weight; but, I apprehend, the following observations afford a sufficient answer to it.

1. It is more likely that Shakspeare should have written a play, the chief subject of which is, the disgrace of queen Catharine, the aggrandizement of Anne Boleyn, and the birth of her daughter, in the life-time of that daughter, than after her death; at a time when the subject must have been

NOTE.

k This appears to be one of the many titles by which plays were anciently described. "An *Enterlude*, entitled the *tragedie* of *Richard III*" (not our author's) was entered on the Stationers' books, by Thomas Creede, June 19, 1594; and in the same year, *Mother Bombie*, a comedy by Lilly, appears to have been entered under the description of "A booke entituled *Mother Bumbye*, being an *Enterlude*."

 highly

highly pleasing at court, rather than at a period when it must have been less interesting.

Queen Catherine, it is true, is represented as an amiable character, but still she is *eclipsed*; and the greater her merit, the higher was the compliment to the mother of Elizabeth, to whose superior beauty she was obliged to give way.

2. Had *K. Henry VIII.* been written in the time of king James I. the author, instead of expatiating so largely in the last scene, in praise of the queen, which he could not think would be very acceptable to her successor, would probably have made him the principal figure in the prophecy, and thrown her into the back-ground as much as possible.

3. Were James I. Shakspeare's chief object in the original construction of the last act of this play, he would probably have given a very short character of Elizabeth, and have *dwelt* on that of James, with whose praise he would have *concluded*, in order to make the stronger impression on the audience, instead of returning again to queen Elizabeth, in a very aukward and abrupt manner, after her character seemed to be quite finished: an aukwardness that can only be accounted for, by supposing the panegyrick on king James an after-production[1].

4. If

NOTE.

[1] After having enumerated some of the blessings that were to ensue from the birth of Elizabeth, and celebrated her majesty's various virtues, the poet thus proceeds:

Cran. "In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood,
[Nor shall this peace *sleep* with her; but as when
The bird of wonder *dies*, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new-create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one, &c.
——— ——— ——— He shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him:—our childrens' children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.]

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England
An aged princess; many days shall see her,

An

4. If the queen had been dead when our author wrote this play, he would have been acquainted with the particular circumſtances attending her death, the ſituation of the kingdom at that time, and of foreign ſtates, &c. and as archbiſhop Cranmer is ſuppoſed to have had the gift of prophecy, Shakſpeare, probably, would have made him mention ſome of thoſe circumſtances. Whereas the prediction, as it ſtands at preſent, is quite general, and ſuch as might, without any hazard of error, have been pronounced in the life-time of her majeſty; for the principal facts that it foretells, are, that ſhe ſhould die aged, and a virgin. Of the former, ſuppoſing this piece to have been written in 1601, the author was ſufficiently ſecure; for ſhe was then near ſeventy years old. The latter may perhaps be thought too delicate a ſubject, to have been mentioned while ſhe was yet living. But, we may preſume, it was far from being an ungrateful topick; for very early after her acceſſion to the throne, ſhe appears to have been proud of her maiden character; declaring that ſhe was *wedded* to her people, and that ſhe deſired no other inſcription on her tomb, than—*Here lyeth Elizabeth, who reigned and died a virgin* [m]. Beſides, if Shakeſpeare knew, as probably moſt people at that time did, that ſhe became very ſolicitous about the reputation of virginity, when her title to it was at leaſt equivocal, this would be an additional inducement to him to compliment her on that head.

5. Granting that the *latter part* of the panegyrick on Elizabeth implies that ſhe was dead when it was compoſed, it would not prove that this play was written in the time of king James; for *theſe latter lines* in praiſe of the queen, as well as the whole of the compliment to the king, might have been added after his acceſſion to the throne, in order to bring the ſpeaker back to the object immediately before him, the infant Elizabeth. And this Mr. Theobald conjectured to have been the caſe. I do not, however, ſee any *neceſſity* for this ſuppoſition; as there is nothing, in my apprehen-

NOTES.

And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Wou'd I had known no more! but ſhe muſt *die*,
She muſt, the ſaints muſt have her; yet a virgin, &c."

The lines between crotchets, are thoſe, ſuppoſed to have been inſerted by the author after the acceſſion of king James.

[m] Camden 27. Melvil 49.

 ſions,

sion," contained in *any* of the lines in praise of the queen, inconsistent with the idea of the *whole* of the panegyrick on her having been composed in her life-time.

In further confirmation of what has been here advanced to shew that this play was probably written while queen Elizabeth was yet alive, it may be observed, (to use the words of an anonymous writer [a],) that "Shakspeare has cast the disagreeable parts of her *father's* character as much into shade as possible; that he has represented him as greatly displeased with the grievances of his subjects, and ordering them to be relieved; tender and obliging [in the early part of the play] to his queen, grateful to the cardinal, and in the case of Cranmer, capable of distinguishing and rewarding true merit." "He has exerted (adds the same author) an equal degree of complaisance, by the amiable lights in which he has shewn the *mother* of Elizabeth. Anne Bullen is represented as affected with the most tender concern for the sufferings of her mistress, queen Catherine; receiving the honour the king confers on her, by making her marchioness of Pembroke, with a graceful humility; and more anxious to conceal her advancement from the queen, lest it should aggravate her sorrows, than sollicitous to penetrate into the meaning of so extraordinary a favour, or of indulging herself in the flattering prospect of future royalty."

It is unnecessary to quote particular passages in support of these assertions; but the following lines which are spoken of Anne Boleyn by the Lord Chamberlain, appear to me so evidently calculated for the ear of Elizabeth, (to whom such incense was by no means displeasing) that I cannot forbear to transcribe them:—

—— "I have perused her well;
"Beauty and honour are in her so mingled,
"That they have caught the king: *and who knows yet,*
"*But from this Lady may proceed a gem,*
"*To lighten all this isle.*"

The Globe play-house, we are told by the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, was burnt down, on St. Peter's day, in the year 1613, while the play of *K. Henry VIII.* was exhibiting. Sir Henry Wotton, (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) says in one of his letters, that this accident happen-

NOTE.

[a] The author of *Shakespeare illustrated.*

ed during the exhibition of a *new* play, called *All is True*; which, however, appears both from Sir Henry's minute description of the piece, and from the account given by Stowe's continuator, to have been our author's play of *K. Henry VIII.* If indeed Sir H. Wotton was accurate in calling it a *new* play, all the foregoing reasoning on this subject would be at once overthrown; and this piece, instead of being ascribed to 1601, should have been placed twelve years later. But I strongly suspect that the only novelty attending this play, in the year 1613, was its title, decorations, and perhaps the prologue and epilogue. The Elector Palatine was in London in that year; and it appears from the MS. register of lord Harrington, treasurer of the chambers to K. James I. that many of our author's plays were then exhibited for the entertainment of him and the princess Elizabeth. By the same register we learn, that the titles of many of them were changed [o] in that year. Princes are fond of opportunities to display their magnificence before strangers of distinction; and James, who on his arrival here, must have been dazzled by a splendour foreign to the poverty of his native kingdom, might have been peculiarly ambitious to exhibit before his son-in-law the mimick pomp of an English coronation [p]. *King Henry VIII.* therefore, after having lain by for some years unacted, on account of the costliness of the exhibition, might have been revived in 1613, under the title of *All is True*, with new decorations and a new prologue and epilogue. Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, that the prologue has two or three direct references to this title; a circumstance which authorizes us to conclude, almost with certainty, that it was an occasional production, written some years after the composition of the play.

N O T E S.

o Thus *Henry IV.* P. I. was called *Hotspur*; *Henry IV.* P. II. or *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, was exhibited under the name of *Sir John Falstaff*; *Much Ado about Nothing* was new named *Benedict and Beatrix*, and *Julius Cæsar* seems to have been represented under the title of *Cæsar's Tragedy*.

p The Prince Palatine was not present at the representation of *K. Henry VIII.* on the 30th of June O. S. when the Globe play-house was burnt down, having left England some time before. But the play might have been revived for his entertainment in the beginning of the year 1613; and might have been occasionally repesented afterwards.

Dr. Johnson long since suspected, from the contemptuous manner in which "*the noise of targets*, and *the fellow in a long motley coat*," or, in other words, most of our author's plays, are spoken of, in this prologue, that it was not the composition of Shakspeare, but written after his departure from the stage, on some accidental revisal of *K. Henry VIII.* by B. Jonson, whose style, it seemed to him to resemble [q].

Dr.

NOTE.

[q] In support of this conjecture it may be observed that Ben Jonson has in many places endeavoured to ridicule our author for representing battles on the stage. So in his prologue to *Every Man in his Humour*:

——"Yet ours for want, hath not so lov'd the stage,
As he dare serve the *ill customs* of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate
As, for it, he himself must justly hate;
To make, &c.————
————————or *with three rusty swords*,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring house bring wounds to scars."

Again, in his *Silent Woman*, Act IV. sc. iv.

"Nay, I would sit out a play, that were nothing but fights at sea, drum, trumpet, and *target*."

We are told in the memoirs of Ben Jonson's life, that he went to France in the year 1613. But at the time of the revival of *King Henry VIII.* he either had not left England, or was then returned; for he was a spectator of the fire which happened at the Globe theatre during the representation of that piece. [See the next note.]

It may, perhaps, seem extraordinary, that he should have presumed to prefix this covert censure of Shakspeare, to one of his own plays. But he appears to have eagerly embraced every opportunity of depreciating him. This occasional prologue (whoever was the writer of it) confirms the tradition handed down by Rowe, that our author retired from the stage about three years before his death. Had he been at that time joined with Heminge and Burbage in the management of the Globe theatre, he scarcely would have suffered the lines above alluded to, to have been spoken. In lord Harrington's account of the money disbursed for the plays that were exhibited by his majesty's servants, in the year 1613, before the Elector Palatine, all the payments are said to have been made to "*John Heminge*, for himself and the rest of his fellows;" from which we may conclude that he was then the principal manager. A correspondent, however, of Sir Thomas Puckering's (as I learn

Dr. Farmer is of the ſame opinion, and thinks he ſees ſomething of Jonſon's hand, here and there, in the dialogue alſo. After our author's retirement to the country, Jonſon was perhaps employed to give a novelty to the piece by a new title and prologue, and to furniſh the managers of the Globe with a deſcription of the coronation ceremony, and of thoſe other decorations, with which, from his connection with Inigo Jones, and his attendance at court, he was peculiarly converſant.

The piece appears to have been revived with ſome degree of ſplendour; for Sir Henry Wotton gives a very pompous account of the repreſentation. The unlucky accident that happened to the houſe during the exhibition, was occaſioned by diſcharging ſome ſmall pieces, called chambers, on K. Henry's arrival at cardinal Wolſey's gate at Whitehall, one of which, being injudiciouſly managed, ſet fire to the thatched roof of the theatre [r].

The

NOTES.

learn from Mr. Tyrwhitt) in a MS. letter, preſerved in the Muſeum, and dated in the year 1613, calls the company at the Globe, "*Bourbage's* company"—Shakſpeare's name ſtands before either of theſe, in the licence granted by K. James; and had he not left London before that time, the players at the Globe theatre, I ſhould imagine, would rather have been entitled, *his* company.—The burleſque parody on the account of Falſtaff's death, which is contained in Fletcher's comedy of *the Captain*, acted in 1613, and the ridicule of Hamlet's celebrated ſoliloquy, and of Ophelia's death, in his *Scornful Lady*, which was repreſented about the ſame time, confirm the tradition that our author had then retired from the ſtage, careleſs of the fate of his writings, inattentive to the illiberal attacks of his contemporaries, and negligent alike of preſent and poſthumous fame.

[r] The Globe theatre (as I learn from the MSS. of Mr. Oldys) was thatched with reeds, and had an open area in its center. This area we may ſuppoſe to have been filled by the loweſt part of the audience, whom Shakſpeare calls the *groundlings*.—*Chambers* are not, like other guns, pointed horizontally, but are diſcharged as they ſtand erect on their breeches. The accident may, therefore, be eaſily accounted for. If theſe pieces were let off behind the ſcenes, the paper or wadding with which their charges were confined, would reach the thatch on the inſide; or if fixed without the walls, it might have been carried by the wind to the top of the roof.

This accident is alluded to, in the following lines of Ben Jonſon's *Execration upon Vulcan*, from which it appears, that he was

at

The play, thus revived and new-named, was probably called, in the bills of that time, a *new* play; which might have led Sir Henry Wotton to describe it as such. And thus his account may be reconciled with that of the other contemporary writers, as well as with those arguments which have been here urged in support of the early date of *K. Henry VIII*. Every thing has been fully stated on each side of the question. The reader must judge.

Mr. Roderick in his notes on our author, (appended to Mr. Edwards's *Canons of Criticism*) takes notice of some peculiarities in the metre of the play before us; viz. "*that there are many more verses in it than in any other, which end with a redundant syllable*"—"*very near two to one*"—and that "*the cæsuræ or pauses of the verse are full as remarkable.*"—The redundancy,

NOTE.

at the Globe playhouse when it was burnt; a circumstance which in some measure strengthens the conjecture that he was employed on the revival of *King Henry VIII.* for this was not the theatre at which his pieces were usually represented:

"Well fare the wise men yet on the Bank-side,
"My friends, the watermen! they could provide
"Against thy fury, when, to serve their needs,
"They made a Vulcan of a sheaf of reeds;
"Whom they durst handle in their holy-day coats,
"And safely trust to dress, not burn their boats.
"But O those reeds! thy mere disdain of them
"Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,
"(Which some are pleas'd to style but thy mad prank)
"Against *the Globe*, the glory of *the Bank*:
"Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
"Flank'd with a ditch and forc'd out of a marish,
"*I saw* with two poor *chambers* taken in,
"And raz'd; ere thought could urge this might have been.
"See the world's ruins! nothing but the piles
"Left, and wit since to cover it with tiles.
"The breth'ren, they straight nois'd it out for news,
"'Twas verily some relick of the stews,
"And this a sparkle of that fire let loose,
"That was lock'd up in the Winchestrian goose,
"Bred on *the Bank* in time of popery,
When Venus there maintain'd her mist
"But others fell, with that conceit, by th
"And cried, it was a threat'ning to the bea
"And that accursed ground, *the Paris-garden*, &c."

dundancy, &c. observed by this critick, Mr. Steevens thinks (a remark, which, having omitted to introduce in its proper place, he desires me to insert here) "was rather the effect of chance, than of design in the author; and might have arisen either from the negligence of Shakspeare, who in this play has borrowed whole scenes and speeches from Holinshed, whose words he was probably in too much haste to compress into versification strictly regular and harmonious; or from the interpolations of Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks he occasionally perceives in the dialogue."

Whether Mr. Roderick's position be well founded, is hardly worth a contest; but the peculiarities which he has animadverted on, (if such there be) add probability to the conjecture that this piece underwent some alterations, after it had passed out of the hands of Shakspeare.

Our author had produced so many plays in the preceding years, that it is not likely that *K. Henry VIII.* was written *before* 1601. It might perhaps with equal propriety be ascribed to 1602, and it is not easy to determine in which of those years it was composed; but it is extremely probable that it was written in one of them. *K. Henry VIII.* was not printed till 1623.

"A book or poem, called the Life and Death of Thomas Woolsey Cardinall," which was entered on the books of the Stationers' company, in the year 1599, perhaps suggested this subject to Shakspeare.

28. *The Life and Death of Lord Cromwell*, 1602.

Entered at Stationers' hall, August 11, 1602. Printed in 1613, with the letters W. S. only, in the title page.

29. Troilus and Cressida, 1602.

Troilus and Cressida was entered at Stationers' hall Feb. 7. 1602—3, by J. Roberts, the printer of *Hamlet*, *the Merchant of Venice*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It was therefore, probably, written in 1602. It was printed in 1609, with a preface by the editor, who speaks of it as if it had not been then acted. But it is entered in 1602—3, "*as acted by my Lord Chamberlen's men.*" The players at the Globe theatre, to which Shakspeare belonged, were called *the Lord Chamberlain's servants*, till the year 1603. In that

year

year they obtained a licence for their exhibitions from king James; and from that time they bore the more honourable appellation of *his majesty's servants.* There can, therefore, be little doubt, that the *Troilus and Cressida* which is here entered, as acted at Shakspeare's theatre, was his play, and was, if not represented, intended to have been represented there [*].

Perhaps the two discordant accounts, relative to this piece, may be thus reconciled. It might have been performed in 1602 at *court*, by the lord chamberlain's servants, (as many plays at that time were) and yet not have been exhibited on the publick stage till some years afterwards. The editor in 1609 only says, "it had never been staled with the *stage*, never clapperclaw'd with the palms of the *vulgar*."

As a further proof of the early appearance of *Troilus and Cressida*, it may be observed, that an incident in it seems to be burlesqued in a comedy entitled *Histriomastix*, which, though not printed till 1610, must have been written before the death of queen Elizabeth, who, in the last act of the piece, is shadowed under the character of Astræa, and is spoken of as then living.

In our author's play, when Troilus and Cressida part, he gives her his sleeve, and she, in return, presents, him with her glove.

To this circumstance these lines in *Histriomastix* seem to refer. They are spoken by Troilus and Cressida, who are introduced in an interlude:

Troi. "Come Cressida, my cresset light,
Thy face doth shine both day and night.
Behold, behold, *thy garter blue*
Thy knight his valiant elbow weares,
That, when he shakes his furious speare,
The foe in shivering fearful sort
May lay him down in death to snort.
Cress. O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here take my skreene, weare it for grace;
Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thy enemies lame."

NOTE.

[*] No other play with this title has come down to us. We have therefore a right to conclude that the play entered in the books of the Stationers' company, was Shakspeare's.

Dryden

Dryden supposed *Troilus and Cressida* to have been one of Shakspeare's earliest performances [t]; but has not mentioned on what principles he founded his judgment. Pope, on the other hand, thought it one of his last; grounding his opinion not only on the preface by the editor in 1609, but on "the great number of observations both moral and political with which this piece is crowded, more than any other of our author's." For my own part, were it not for the entry in the Stationers' books, I should have been led, both by the colour of the writing and by the abovementioned preface, to class it (though not one of our author's happiest effusions) in 1608, rather than in that year in which it is here placed.

30. MEASURE FOR MEASURE, 1603.

This play was not registered at Stationers' hall, nor printed, till 1623. But from two passages in it, which seem intended as a courtly apology for the stately and ungracious demeanour of K. James I. on his entry into England, it appears probable that it was written soon after his accession to the throne:

> "I'll privily away. I love the people,
> But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
> Though it do well, I do not relish well
> Their loud applause, and aves vehement;
> Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
> That does affect it."

Meas. for Meas. Act I. sc. i.

Again, Act II. sc. iv.

> ——————— "So
> The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
> Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
> Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
> Must needs appear offence [u]."

NOTES.

t "The tragedy which I have undertaken to correct, was in all probability, one of his *first endeavours* on the stage.—Shakespeare (as I hinted) *in the apprenticeship of his writing* modelled it [the story of Lollius] into that play which is now called by the name of *Troilus and Cressida*."—Dryden's pref. to *Troilus and Cressida*.

u See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note.

King James was *so much offended* by the *untaught*, and, we may add, undeserved, gratulations of his subjects, on his entry into England, that he issued a proclamation, forbidding the people to resort to him.—"Afterwards," says the historian of his reign, "in his publick appearances, especially in his sports, the accesses of the people made him so impatient, that he often dispersed them with frowns, that we may not say with *curses* *."

That *Measure for Measure* was written before 1607, may be fairly concluded from the following passage in a poem published in that year, which we have good ground to believe was copied from a similar thought in this play, as the author, at the end of his piece, professes a personal regard for Shakspeare, and highly praises his *Venus and Adonis*:

"So play the foolish *throngs* with one that *swoons*;
Come all to *help* him, and so stop the *air*
By which he should revive."

Meas. for Meas. Act II. Sc. iv.

"And like as when some sudden extasie
Seizeth the nature of a ficklie man;
When he's discern'd to *swoune*, straite by and by
Folke to his *helpe* confusedly have ran,
And seeking with their art to fetch him backe,
So many *throng* that he the *ayre* doth lacke."

Myrrha the Mother of Adonis, or Lustes Prodigies, by William Barksted, a poem, 1607.

31. Cymbeline, 1604.

Cymbeline was not entered on the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623. It stands the *last* in the earliest folio edition; but nothing can be collected from thence, for the folio editors manifestly paid no attention to chronological arrangement. Not containing any intrinsick evidence by which its date might be ascertained, it is attributed to this year, chiefly because there is no proof that any other play was written by Shakspeare in 1604. And as in the course of somewhat more than twenty years, he produced, according to some, forty-three, in the opinion of others, thirty-five

NOTE.

* Wilson's *Hist. of K. James*, ad ann. 1603.

dramas,

dramas, we may presume that he was not idle during any one year of that time.

This play was perhaps alluded to, in an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus:*

> "Frame as well we might, with easy strain,
> "With far more praise, and with as little pain,
> "Stories of love, where 'fore the wond'ring bench
> "The lisping gallant might enjoy his wench;
> "*Or make some sire acknowledge his lost son* [y],
> "*Found, when the weary act is almost done.*"

If the author of this piece had *Cymbeline* in contemplation, it must have been more ancient than it is here supposed; for from several passages in *the Return from Parnassus*, that comedy appears to have been written before the death of queen Elizabeth, which happened on the 24th of March 1603.

Mr. Steevens has observed, that there is a passage in B. and Fletcher's *Philaster*, which bears a strong resemblance to a speech of Jachimo in *Cymbeline:*

> "I hear the tread of people: I am hurt;
> "*The Gods take part against me: could this boor*
> "*Have held me thus, else?*"
>
> *Philaster*, Act IV. Sc. i.

> ———————— "I have bely'd a lady
> "The princess of this country; *and the air of't*
> "*Revengingly enfeebles me*; *or could this carle,*
> "*A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me,*
> "*In my profession?*"
>
> *Cymbeline*, Act V. Sc. ii.

Philaster is supposed to have appeared on the stage about 1609; being mentioned by John Davies of Hereford, in his *Epigrams*, which have no date, but were printed, according to Oldys, in or about that year [z].

One edition of the tract called *Westward for Smelts*, from which part of the fable of *Cymbeline* is borrowed, was published in 1603.

NOTES.

y In the last act of *Cymbeline two* sons are found. But the author might have written *son* on account of the rhyme.

z *Additions* to Langbaine's *Account of the Dramatick Poets*. MS.

32. *The London Prodigal*, 1605.

There is good ground for thinking that *The London Prodigal* was written long before 1605; but not affording any marks to ascertain the precise time of its composition, and not deserving any very minute inquiry, it is here ascribed to that year, in which it was published.

Shakspeare's name is printed in the title page of this play, as well as in three other contested pieces;—*Pericles*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, and *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. But how little the booksellers of that time scrupled to avail themselves of his name, in order to procure a sale for their publications, appears from its being prefixed to two of Ovid's *Epistles*, (which have ever since been published among his poems) though they were translated by Thomas Heywood; and printed (as Dr. Farmer has observed) in a work of his entitled *Brytaine's Troy*, fol. 1609 [a], before they were ascribed to Shakspeare.

33. King Lear, 1605.

The tragedy of *King Lear* was entered on the books of the Stationers' company Nov. 26, 1607, and is there mentioned to have been played the preceding Christmas, before his majesty at Whitehall. But this, I conjecture, was not its first exhibition. It seems extremely probable that its first appearance was in 1605; in which year the old play of *K. Lear*, that had been entered at Stationers' hall in 1594, was printed by Simon Stafford, for John Wright, who, we may presume, finding Shakspeare's play successful, hoped to palm the spurious one on the publick for his [b].

Our author's *King Lear* was not published till 1608. Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, from which Shakspeare borrowed some fantastick names of spirits, mentioned in this play, was printed in 1603.

NOTES.

a "These two epistles, being so pertinent to our historie, I thought necessarie to translate."—*Bryt. Troy*, p. 21?.

b Shakspeare has copied one of the passages in this old play. This he might have done, though we should suppose it not to have been published till after his *K. Lear* was written and acted; for the old play had been in possession of the stage for many years before 1605.

34. Macbeth,

34. Macbeth, 1606.

From a book entitled *Rex Platonicus*, cited by Dr. Farmer, we learn that king James, when he visited Oxford in 1605, was addressed by three students of St. John's college, who personated the three weird sisters, and recited a short dramatick poem, founded on the prediction of those sybils, (as the author calls them) relative to Banquo and Macbeth.

Dr. Farmer is of opinion, that this little piece [c] preceded Shakspeare's play; a supposition which is strengthened by the silence of the author of *Rex Platonicus*, who, if *Macbeth* had then appeared on the stage, would probably have mentioned something of it. It should be likewise remembered, that there subsisted at that time a spirit of opposition and rivalship between the regular players and the academicks of the two universities; the latter of whom frequently acted plays both in Latin and English, and seem to have piqued themselves on the superiority of their exhibitions to those of the established theatres [d]. Wishing probably to manifest this superiority to the royal pedant, it is not likely that they would chuse for a collegiate interlude, a subject, which had already appeared on the public stage, with all the embellishments that the magick hand of Shakspeare could bestow.

This tragedy contains an allusion to the union of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, under one sovereign, and also to the cure of the king's-evil by the royal touch [e]; but in what year that pretended power was

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[c] In *Rex Platonicus* it is called *Lusiuncula*.

[d] Ab ejusdem collegii alumnis (qui et cothurno tragico et socco comico principes semper habebantur) *Vertumnus*, comœdia faceta, ad principes exhilarandos exhibetur. *Rex Platonicus*, p. 78.

Arcadiam restauratam Isiacorum Arcadum lectissimi cecinerunt, unoque opere, principum omniumque spectantium animos immensa et ultra fidem affecerunt voluptate; *simulque patrios ludiones, etsi exercitatissimos, quantum intersit inter scenam mercenariam & eruditam docuerunt*, Ib. p. 228. See also the lines quoted above from the *Return from Parnassus*, and Act IV. Sc. iii. of that piece, which was acted publickly at St. John's college in Cambridge.

[e] *Macbeth*, Act IV. Sc. i. ii.

 assumed

assumed by king James I. is uncertain. *Macbeth* was not entered in the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623.

In *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey, or Cæsar's Revenge,* are these lines:

"Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's* spur
"That *pricketh* Cæsar to these high attempts?"

If the author of that play, which was published in 1607, should be thought to have had Macbeth's soliloquy in view, (which is not unlikely) this circumstance may add some degree of probability to the supposition that this tragedy had appeared before that year:

———————— "I have no *spur*
"To *prick* the sides of my intent, but only
"Vaulting *ambition,* which o'er-leaps itself
"And falls at the other"——

At the time when *Macbeth* is supposed to have been written, the subject, it is probable, was considered as a topick the most likely to conciliate the favour of the court. In the additions to *Warner's Albion's England,* which were first printed in 1606, the story of "*the Three Fairies or Weird Elves,*" as he calls them, is shortly told, and king James's descent from Banquo carefully deduced.

Ben Jonson, a few years afterwards, paid his court to his majesty by his *Masque of Queens* [f], presented at Whitehall, Feb. 12, 1609; in which he has given a minute detail of all the magick rites that are recorded by king James in his book of *Dæmonologie,* or by any other author ancient or modern.

Mr. Steevens has lately discovered a Ms. play, entitled THE WITCH, written by Thomas Middleton [g], which renders

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[f] Mr. Upton was of opinion that this masque preceded *Macbeth*. But the only ground that he states for this conjecture, is, "that Jonson's pride would not suffer him to borrow from Shakespeare, though he stole from the ancients."

[g] In an advertisement prefixed to an edition of *A Mad World my Masters,* a comedy by Thomas Middleton, 1640, the printer says, that the author was "*long since dead.*" Middleton probably died soon after the year 1626. He was chronologer to the city of London, and it does not appear that any masque or pageant, in honour of the Lord Mayor, was set forth by him after that year.

ders it questionable, whether Shakspeare was not indebted to that author for the first hint of the magick introduced in this tragedy. The reader will find an account of this singular curiosity in the note [h].—To the observations of Mr. Steevens

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year *. From the dates of his printed plays, and from the ensuing verses on his last performance, by Sir William Lower, we may conclude, that he was as early a writer, and at least as old, as Shakspeare:

> " *Tom Middleton* his numerous issue brings,
> " And his last muse delights us when she sings:
> " His halting age a pleasure doth impart,
> " And his white locks shew master of his art."

The following dramatick pieces by Middleton appear to have been published in his life-time.—*Your Five Gallants*, 1601.—*Blurt Master Constable, or the Spaniard's Night Walke*, 1602.—*Michaelmas Term*, 1607.—*The Phœnix*, 1607.—*The Family of Love*, 1608.—*A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1608.—*A Mad World my Masters*, 1608.—*The Roaring Girl, or Moll Cutpurse*, 1611.—*Fair Quarrel*, 1617.—*A Chaste Maid of Cheapside*, 1620.—*A Game at Chesse*, 1625.—Most of his other plays were printed, about thirty years after his death, by Kirkman and other booksellers, into whose hands his manuscripts fell.

h In a former note on this tragedy, I have said that the original edition contains only the two first words of the song in the 4th act, beginning—*Black spirits*, &c; but have lately discovered the entire stanza in an *unpublished* dramatic piece, viz. " A Tragi-Coomodie called THE WITCH; *long since* acted by his Ma.ties Servants at the Black Friers; written by *Tho. Middleton*." The song is there called—" A charme-song, about a vessell." The other song omitted in the 5th scene of the 3d act of *Macbeth*, together with the imperfect couplet there, may likewise be found, as follows, in *Middleton's* performance.—The *Hecate* of *Shakespeare*, says:——

> " I am for the air, &c."

The *Hecate* of *Middleton* (who like the former is summoned away by aerial spirits) has the same declaration in almost the same words:—" I am for aloft," &c.

> " *Song.*] Come away, come away: } *in the aire.*
> " *Heccat, Heccat*, come away. }
> " *Hec.* I come, I come, I come,
> " With all the speed I may,

* *The Triumph of Health and Prosperity at the Inauguration of the most worthy Brother, the Right Hon. Cuthbert Hasket, draper; composed by* Thomas Middleton, draper, 1626, 4to.

Steevens I have only to add, that the ſongs, beginning, *Come away*, &c. and *Black ſpirits*, &c. being found at full length

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" With all the ſpeed I may.
" Wher's *Stadlin?*
" Heere.] *in the aire.*
" Wher's *Puckle?*
" Heere.] *in the aire.*
" And *Hoppo* too, and *Hellwaine* too, }
" We lack but you, we lack but you: } *in the aire.*
" Come away, make up the count. }
" *Hec.* I will but 'noynt, and then I mount.
" A ſpirit like a cat deſcends. { There's one comes downe to fetch his dues,
A kiſſe, a coll, a ſip of blood:
And why thou ſtaiſt ſo long } *above*
" I muſe, I muſe,
" Since the air's ſo ſweet and good.
" *Hec.* Oh, art thou come?
" What newes, what newes?
" All goes ſtill to our delight, }
" Either come, or els } *above.*
Refuſe, refuſe. }
" *Hec.*] Now I am furniſh'd for the flight.
" *Fire.*] Hark, hark, the catt ſings a brave treble in her owne language.
" *Hec. going up.*] Now I goe, now I flie,
" *Malkin* my ſweete ſpirit and I.
" Oh what a daintie pleaſure 'tis
" To ride in the aire,
" When the moone ſhines faire
" And ſing, and daunce, and toy and kiſs!
" Over woods, high rocks and mountains,
" Over ſeas, our miſtris' fountains,
Over ſteepe towres and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongſt troopes of ſpiritts.
No ring of bells to our eares ſounds,
No howles of woolves, no yelpes of hounds;
" No, not the noyſe of waters'-breache,
" Or cannons' throat, our height can reache.
" No ring of bells, &c.] *above.*
" *Fire.*] Well mother, I thank your kindneſs: you muſt be gambolling i' th'aire, and leave me to walk here, like a foole and a mortall. *Exit.* *Finis Actus Tercii.*"

This *Fire-ſtone*, who occaſionally interpoſes in the courſe of the dialogue, is called, in the liſt of Perſons Repreſented,—" The *Clowne* and *Heccat's* ſon."

Again,

length in *The Witch*, while only the two first words of them are printed in *Macbeth*, favour the supposition that Middleton's

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Again, the *Hecate* of *Shakespeare* says to her sisters:—
"I'll charm the *air* to give a sound,
"While you perform your antique round, &c.
[*Musick. The Witches dance and vanish.*"

The *Hecate* of *Middleton* says on a similar occasion:——
"Come, my sweete sisters, let the *aire* strike our tune,
"Whilst we shew reverence to yond peeping moone.
[*Here they dance and Exeunt.*"

In this play, the motives which incline the witches to mischief, their manners, the contents of their cauldron, &c. seem to have more than accidental resemblance to the same particulars in *Macbeth*. The hags of *Middleton*, like the weird sisters of *Shakespeare*, destroy cattle because they have been refused provisions at farm houses. The owl and the cat (*Gray Malkin*) give them notice when it is time to proceed on their several expeditions.—Thus *Shakespeare*'s Witch:—
"Harper cries;—'tis time, 'tis time."

Thus too the *Hecate* of *Middleton*:———
"*Hec.*] Heard you the owle yet?
"*Stad.*] Briefely in the copps.
"*Hec.*] 'Tis high time for us then."

The *Hecate* of *Shakespeare*, addressing her sisters, observes, that Macbeth is but *a wayward son, who loves for his own ends, not for them.* The *Hecate* of *Middleton* has the same observation, when the youth who has been consulting her, retires:——
"I know he loves me not, nor there's no hope on't."

Instead of the *grease that's sweaten from the murderer's gibbet*, and the *finger of birth-strangled babe*, the witches of Middleton employ "the gristle of a man that *hangs after sunset*," (i. e. of a murderer, for all other criminals were anciently cut down before evening) and the "fat of an unbaptized child." They likewise boast of the power to raise tempests that shall blow down trees, overthrow buildings, and occasion shipwreck; and, more particularly, that they can "*make miles of woods walk.*" Here too the Grecian *Hecate* is degraded into a presiding witch, and exercised in superstitions peculiar to our own country. So much for the scenes of enchantment; but even other parts of *Middleton*'s play coincide more than once with that of *Shakespeare*. Lady *Macbeth* says, in act II:
"———the surfeited grooms
"Do mock their charge with *snores*. I have *drugg'd* their *possets.*"

So too *Francisca* in the piece of *Middleton*:

 "—they're

ton's piece preceded that of Shakspeare; the latter, it should seem, thinking it unnecessary to set down verses which were probably

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-they're now all at rest,
" And Gasper there and all:—List!—fast asleepe;
" He *cryes* it hither.——I must diseafe you straight, Sir:
" For the maide-servants, and the girles o' th' house,
" I *spic'd* them lately with a *drowsie posset*,
" They will not hear in haste."———

And *Francisca*, like lady *Macbeth*, is watching late at night to encourage the perpetration of a murder.

The expression which *Shakespeare* has put into the mouth of *Macbeth*, when he is sufficiently recollected to perceive that the dagger and the blood on it, were the creations of his own fancy, ——" There's no such thing"—is likewise appropriated to *Francisca*, when she undeceives her brother, whose imagination had been equally abused.

From the instances already produced, perhaps the reader would allow, that if *Middleton*'s piece preceded *Shakespeare*'s, the originality of the magic introduced by the latter, might be fairly questioned; for our author (who as actor, and manager, had access to unpublished dramatic performances) has so often condescended to receive hints from his contemporaries, that our suspicion of his having been a copyist in the present instance, might not be without foundation. Nay, perhaps, a time may arrive, in which it will become evident from books and manuscripts yet undiscovered and unexamined, that *Shakespeare* never attempted a play on any argument, till the effect of the same story, or at least the ruling incidents in it, had been already tried on the stage, and familiarized to his audience. Let it be remembered, in support of this conjecture, that dramatic pieces on the following subjects,—viz. *King John, King Richard II. and III. King Henry IV. and V. King Henry VIII. King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra, Measure for Measure, the Merchant of Venice, the Taming of a Shrew, and the Comedy of Errors*,—had appeared before those of *Shakespeare*, and that he has taken somewhat from all of them that we have hitherto seen. I must observe at the same time, that *Middleton*, in his other dramas, is found to have borrowed little from the sentiments, and nothing from the fables of his predecessors. He is known to have written in concert with *Jonson, Fletcher, Massinger*, and *Rowley*; but appears to have been unacquainted, or at least unconnected, with *Shakespeare*.

It is true that the date of THE WITCH cannot be ascertained. The author, however, in his dedication *(to the truelie-worthie and generously-affected Thomas Holmes Esquire)* observes, that he *recovered this ignorant-ill-fated labour of his* (from the play-house, I suppose) *not without much difficultie. Witches* (continues he) *are, ipso facto,*

probably well known, and perhaps then in [illegible]effion of the managers of the Globe theatre. The high reputation of

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facto, by the law condemn'd, and that onely, I thinck, hath made her lie so long in an impriſon'd obſcuritie. It is probable, therefore from theſe words, as well as from the title-page, that the play was written *long* * before the dedication, which ſeems to have been added ſoon after the year 1603, when the act of K. James againſt witches paſſed into a law. If it be objected, that THE WITCH appears from this title-page to have been acted only by *his* majeſty's ſervants, let it be remembered that theſe were the very players who had been before in the ſervice of the *Queen*; but *Middleton*, dedicating his work in the time of *James*, ſpeaks of them only as dependants on the reigning prince.

Here too it may be remarked, that the firſt dramatic piece in which *Middleton* is known to have had a hand, viz. *The Old Law*, was acted in 1599; ſo that THE WITCH might have been compoſed, if not performed at an earlier period † than the acceſſion of *James* to the crown; for the belief of witchcraft was ſufficiently popular in the preceding reigns. The piece in queſtion might likewiſe have been neglected through the caprice of players, or retarded till it could be known that *James* would permit ſuch repreſentations; (for on his arrival here, both authors and actors who ſhould have ventured to bring the midnight mirth and jollity of witches on the ſtage, would probably have been indicted as favourers of magic and enchantment) or, it might have ſhrunk into obſcurity after the appearance of *Macbeth*; or perhaps was forbiden by the command of the king. The witches of *Shakeſpeare* (excluſive of the flattering circumſtance to which their prophecy alludes) are ſolemn in their operations, and therefore behaved in conformity to his majeſty's own opinions. On the contrary, the hags of *Middleton* are ludicrous in their conduct, and leſſen, by ridiculous combinations of images, the ſolemnity of that magic in which our ſcepter'd perſecutor of old women moſt reverently and potently believed.

The concluſion to *Middleton's* dedication has likewiſe a degree of ſingularity that deſerves notice.—" For your ſake alone, ſhe hath

* That dramatic pieces were ſometimes written *long* before they were printed, may be proved from the example of Marlowe's *Rich Jew of Malta*, which was entered on the books of the Stationers' company in the year 1594, but was not publiſhed till 1633, as we learn from the preface to it written by *Heywood*. It appears likewiſe from the ſame regiſters, that ſeveral plays were written, that were never publiſhed at all.

† The ſpelling in the MS. is ſometimes more antiquated than any to be met with in the printed copies of *Shakeſpeare*, as the following inſtances may prove:—*Byn* for *been*—*ſollempnely* for *ſolemnly*—*dampnation* for *damnation*—*quight* for *quite*—*grizsel* for *griſtle*—*doa* for *doe*—*ollyff* for *olive*, &c.

of Shakſpeare's performances (to mention a circumſtance which in the courſe of theſe obſervations will be more than once inſiſted upon) likewiſe ſtrengthens this conjecture; for it is very improbable, that Middleton, or any other poet of that time, ſhould have ventured into thoſe regions of fiction, in which our author had *already* expatiated:

— "Shakeſpeare's magick could not *copy'd* be,
Within that circle none durſt walk but he."

Other pieces of equal antiquity may, perhaps, be hereafter diſcovered; for the names of ſeveral ancient plays are preſerved, which are not known to have been ever printed. Thus we hear of *Valentine and Orſon, plaied by her Majeſtie's players*—The tragedy of *Ninus and Semiramis*—*Titirus and Galathea*—*Godfrey of Bulleigne*—*The Cradle of Securitie*—*Hit*

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hath thus conjur'd her ſelf abroad; and beares no other charmes about her, but what may tend to your recreation; nor no other ſpell, but to poſſes you with a beleif, that as ſhe, ſo he, that *firſt* taught her to enchant, will alwaies be, &c."—"He that taught her to enchant," would have ſufficiently expreſſed the obvious meaning of the writer, without aid from the word *firſt*, which ſeems to imply a covert cenſure on ſome perſon who had engaged his *Hecate* in a *ſecondary* courſe of witchcraft.

The reader muſt have inferred from the ſpecimen of incantation already given, that this MS. play (which was purchaſed by *Major Peirſon* out of the collection of one *Griffin*, a player, and is in all probability the preſentation copy) had indubitably paſſed through the hands of Sir *William Davenant*; for almoſt all the additions which he pretends to have made to the ſcenes of witchcraft in *Macbeth* (together with the names of the ſupplemental agents) are adopted from *Middleton*. It was not the intereſt therefore of *Sir William*, that this piece ſhould ever appear in print: but time that makes important diſcoveries, has likewiſe brought his petty plagiariſm to light *.

I ſhould remark, that Sir *W. D.* has corrupted ſeveral words as well as proper names in the ſongs, &c. but it were needleſs to particularize his miſtakes, as this entire tragi-comedy will hereafter be publiſhed for the ſatisfaction of the curious and intelligent readers of *Shakeſpeare*. STEEVENS.

* Sir William Davenant might likewiſe have formed his play of *Albovine King of Lombardy* on ſome of the tragic ſcenes in this unpubliſhed piece by Middleton. Yet the chief circumſtances on which they are both founded, occur in the fourth volume of the *Hiſtoires Tragiques, &c. par François de Belle-foreſt*, 1580, p. 297, and at the beginning of *Machiavel's Florentine Hiſtory*. STEEVENS.

the

the Naile o'the Head—*The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*—*Sir Thomas More*—(Harl. Mſ. 7368) *The Iſle of Dogs*, by Thomas Naſhe—The comedy of *Fidele and Fortunatus*—The famous tragedy of *The Deſtruction of Jeruſalem*, by Dr. Legge—*The Freeman's Honour*, by William Smith—*Mahomet and Irene the Faire Greek*—*The Play of the Cards*—*Cardenio*—*The Knaves*—*The Knot of Fools*—*Raymond Duke of Lyons*—*The Nobleman*, by Cyril Tourneur—[the five laſt, acted in the year 1613] *The honoured Loves*—*The Parliament of Love*—and *Nonſuch*, a comedy; all by William Rowley—*The Pilgrimage to Parnaſſus*, by the author of *the Return from Parnaſſus*—*Believe as you Liſt*, by Maſſinger—*The Pirate*, by Davenport—*Roſania or Love's Victory*, a comedy by Shirley, (ſome of whoſe plays were extant in Mſ. in Langbaine's time)—*The Twins*, a tragedy, acted in 1613—*Tancredo*, a tragedy, by Sir Henry Wotton—*Demetrius and Marſina, or the imperial Impoſtor and unhappy Heroine*, a tragedy—*The Tyrant*, a tragedy—*The Queen of Corſica*—*The Bugbears*—*The Second Maid's Tragedy*—*Timon*, a comedy, &c. &c. Soon after the Reſtoration, one Kirkman a bookſeller, printed many dramatick pieces that had remained unpubliſhed for more than ſixty years; and in an advertiſement ſubjoined to "*A true, perfect, and exact catalogue of all the comedies, tragedies, &c. that were ever yet printed and publiſhed, till this preſent year* 1671," he ſays, that although there were, at that time, but eight hundred and ſix plays in print, yet many more had been written and acted, and that "he himſelf had *ſome quantity in manuſcript*."—The reſemblance between *Macbeth* and this newly diſcovered piece by Middleton, naturally ſuggeſts a wiſh, that if any of the unpubliſhed plays, above enumerated, be yet in being, (beſides *Timon* and *Sir Thomas More*, which are known to be extant) their poſſeſſors would condeſcend to examine them with attention; as hence, perhaps, new lights might be thrown on others of our author's plays.

35. The Taming of the Shrew, 1606.

The Taming of the Shrew, which, together with *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Love's Labour Loſt*, was entered at Stationers' hall by Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606—7, was not, I believe, Shakſpeare's play, but the old comedy of the ſame name, on which our author's piece was manifeſtly formed. Nich. Ling never printed either *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Love's Labour Loſt*; though in the books of the Stationers' company they were entered by him. The *old* Taming of the Shrew, which

had

had been originally entered in 1594, and perhaps soon afterwards printed[g], was republished in 1607 by Nich. Ling. As it bore the same title with Shakspeare's play, (*which was not printed till* 1623) the hope of getting a sale for it, under the shelter of a celebrated name, was probably the inducement to issue it out at that time: and its publication *then*, gives weight to the supposition that Shakspeare's play was written and first acted in the latter end of the year 1606. It was entered by John Smythwick, Nov. 19, 1607; from which circumstance, we may conclude, that he had procured a copy of it, and had then thoughts of publishing it. It was not, however, printed by him till 1631, eight years after it had appeared in the edition of the players in folio.

In this play there seems to be an allusion[h] to a comedy of Thomas Heywood's, entitled *a Woman Killed with Kindness*, which, though not printed till 1617, must have been acted before 1604, being mentioned in an old tract called the *Black Book*, published in that year.

36. JULIUS CÆSAR, 1607.

A tragedy on the subject, and with the title, of *Julius Cæsar*, written by Mr. William Alexander, who was afterwards Earl of Sterline, was printed in the year 1607. This, I imagine, was prior to our author's performance. Shakspeare, we know, formed seven or eight plays on fables that had been unsuccessfully managed by other poets[i]; but no contemporary writer was daring enough to enter the lists with him, in his life-time, or to model into a drama a subject that had already employed his pen: and it is not likely that Lord Sterline, who was then a very young man, and

NOTES.

g From a passage in a tract written by Sir John Harrington, entitled *The Metamorphoses of Ajax*, 1596, this old play appears to have been printed before that year, though no edition of so early a date has hitherto been discovered. "*Read* the booke of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, save he that hath hir."

h "*This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.*" The *Taming of the Shrew*. Act IV. Sc. i.

i See a note on *Julius Cæsar*, Act I. Sc. i. in which they are enumerated.

had scarcely unlearned the Scottish idiom, should have been more hardy than any other poet of that age.

I am aware, it may be objected, that this writer might have formed a drama on this story, not knowing that Shakspeare had previously composed the tragedy of *Julius Cæsar*; and that, therefore, the publication of Mr. Alexander's play in 1607, is no proof that our author's performance did not then exist.—In answer to this objection, it may, perhaps, be sufficient to observe, that Mr. Alexander had, before that year, very wisely left the bleak fields of Menstrie in Clackmananshire, for a warmer and more courtly residence in London, having been appointed gentleman of the privy chamber to prince Henry; in which situation his literary curiosity must have been gratified by the earliest notice of the productions of his brother dramatists.

Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, though not printed till 1607, might have been written a year or two before; and perhaps its publication in that year was in consequence of our author's play on the same subject being then first exhibited. The same observation may be made with respect to an anonymous performance, called *The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey or Cæsar's Revenge*[k], which was likewise printed in 1607. The subject of that piece is the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia, the death of Julius, and the final overthrow of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. The attention of the town being, perhaps, drawn to the history of *the hook-nosed fellow of Rome*, by the exhibition of our author's *Julius Cæsar*, the booksellers, who printed these two plays, might have flattered themselves with the hope of an expeditious sale for them at that time, especially as Shakspeare's play was not then published.

We have certain proof that *Antony and Cleopatra* was composed before the middle of the year 1608. An attentive review of that play and *Julius Cæsar*, will, I think, lead us to conclude that this latter was first written[l]. Not to insist on

NOTES.

[k] This play, as appears by the title-page, was privately acted by the students of Trinity College in Oxford. In the running title it is called *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar*; perhaps the better to impose it on the publick for the performance of Shakspeare.

[l] The following passages in *Antony and Cleopatra*, (and others of the same kind may perhaps be found) seem to me to discover such a knowledge of the appropriated characters of the persons exhibited

on the chronology of the story, which would naturally suggest this subject to our author before the other, in *Julius Cæsar*, Shakspeare does not seem to have been thoroughly possessed of Antony's character. He has indeed marked one or two of the striking features of it, but Antony is not fully delineated till he appears in that play which takes its name from him and Cleopatra. The rough sketch would naturally precede the finished picture.

From a passage in the comedy of *Every Woman in her Humour*, which was printed in 1609, we learn, that a droll on the subject of Julius Cæsar, had been exhibited before that year. "I have seen, (says one of the personages in that comedy) *the City of Nineveh*, and *Julius Cæsar*, acted by mammets." Most of our ancient drolls and puppet-shews are known to have been regular abridgments of celebrated plays, or particular scenes of them, only. It does not appear that lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar* was ever celebrated, or even acted; neither that nor his other plays being at all calculated for dramatick representation. On the other hand, we know that Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar* was a very popular piece; Digges, a contemporary writer, having, in his com-

NOTES.

hibited in *Julius Cæsar*, and of the events there dilated and enlarged upon, as Shakspeare would necessarily have acquired from having previously written a play on that subject:

> *Pompey.* —— "I do not know
> Wherefore my father should revengers want,
> Having a son and friends, since *Julius Cæsar*,
> *Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted*,
> There saw you labouring for him. What was't
> That mov'd *pale* Cassius to conspire? And what
> Made *all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus*,
> With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
> To drench the capitol, but that they would
> Have one man but a man?"

So, in another place,

> "When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
> He cry'd almost to roaring; and he wept
> When at Philippi he found Brutus slain."

Again,

> *Ant.* He at Philippi kept
> His sword ev'n like a dancer, while I struck
> The *lean* and *wrinkled* Cassius; and 'twas I
> That the *mad* Brutus ended."

mendatory verses on our author's works, particularly alluded to it, as one of his most applauded performances [m]. The droll here mentioned, was therefore, probably formed out of Shakspeare's play: and we may presume that it had been in possession of the stage at least a year or two, before it was exhibited in this degraded form. Though the term *mammets*, in the passage above quoted, should be considered as contemptuously applied to the children of Paul's or those of the Chapel [n], (an interpretation which it will commodiously enough admit) the argument with respect to the date of *Julius Cæsar* will still remain in its full force.

In the prologue to *The False One*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, this play is alluded to [o]; but in what year that tragedy was written, is unknown.

If the date of *The Maid's Tragedy* by the same authors, were ascertained, it might throw some light on the present enquiry; the quarreling scene between Melantius and his friend, being manifestly copied from a similar scene in *Julius Cæsar*. Dryden mentions a tradition (which he might have received from Sir William D'Avenant) that *Philaster*

NOTES.

m "Nor fire nor cank'ring age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade:
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead
(Though miss'd) untill our bankrout stage be sped
(Impossible!) with some new strain, t'out do
Passions of *Juliet* and her *Romeo*;
Or till I hear a scene *more nobly take*
Than when thy half-sword-parlying Romans spake."

Verses by L. Digges, prefixed to the first edition of our author's plays, in 1623.

n By a similar figure these children are in *Hamlet* called "*little Eyases.*"——

o "New titles warrant not a play for new,
The subject being old; and 'tis as true,
Fresh and neat matter may with ease be fram'd
Out of their stories that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the stage. What borrows he
From him that wrought old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love for Hecuba? Sure to tell
Of Cæsar's amorous heats, and *how he fell*
In the Capitol, can never be the same
To the judicious."

Prologue to *the False One.*

was

was the first play that brought Beaumont and Fletcher into reputation. That play, as has been already mentioned, was acted about the year 1609. We may therefore presume that the *Maid's Tragedy* did not appear before that year; for we cannot suppose it to have been one of the unsuccessful pieces that preceded *Philaster*. That the *Maid's Tragedy* was written before 1611, is ascertained by a Mſ. play, now extant, entitled *The* SECOND *Maid's Tragedy*, which was licensed by Sir George Buck, on the 31st of Oct. 1611. I believe it never was printed [p].

If, therefore, we fix the date of the original *Maid's Tragedy* in 1610, it agrees sufficiently well with that here assigned to *Julius Cæsar*.

It appears by the papers of the late Mr. George Vertue, that a play called *Cæsar's Tragedy* was acted at court before the 10th of April, in the year 1613. This was probably Shakspeare's *Julius Cæsar*, it being much the fashion at that time to alter the titles of his plays.

37. *A Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608.

A Yorkshire Tragedy, (whoever was the author of it) could not have been written *before* August 1604, when the murder, on which it was founded, was committed [q]. It was entered at Stationers' hall May 2, 1608, and printed in that year.

It is observable, that, in the title-page of this play, the name of Shakspeare is spelt in the same manner as he has himself subscribed it to his Will; and the piece is said to have been *acted by his majestie's players at the Globe*; the theatre in which almost all our author's plays were originally performed.

The very name, however, of the publisher of this piece, (independent of other circumstances) is sufficient to create a doubt concerning its authenticity; for it is printed for *Thomas Pavier*, who appears, from the Stationers' books, to

NOTES.

[p] This tragedy (as I learn from a Mſ. of Mr. [illegible] was formerly in the possession of John Warburton, Esq. Somer[illegible] Herald. It had no author's name to it, when it was licensed, b[illegible]as afterwards ascribed to George Chapman, whose name is [illegible] by another hand, and that of *Shakspeare* inserted.

[q] See Dr. Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*.

have

have had an intereſt alſo in *Titus Andronicus*, in *Pericles*, *The Puritan*, and *Sir John Oldcaſtle*; and whoſe name is not prefixed to any one of Shakſpeare's undiſputed performances, except *K. Henry V.* and two parts of *K. Henry VI.* of which plays he printed copies manifeſtly ſpurious and imperfect.

38. ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, 1608.

Antony and Cleopatra was entered on the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608; but was not printed till 1623.

In Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Act IV. Sc. iv. 1609, this play ſeems to be alluded to:

" *Moroſe.* Nay, I would ſit out a play that were nothing but *fights at ſea*, drum, trumpet and target."

39. CORIOLANUS, 1609.

40. TIMON OF ATHENS, 1610.

Theſe two plays, which were neither entered in the books of the Stationers' company, nor printed, till 1623, are claſſed here only on the principle mentioned in a preceding article [r]. Shakſpeare, in the courſe of about twenty years, produced, if the rejected plays and *Titus Andronicus* were his, forty-three dramas; if they were ſpurious, thirty-five. Moſt of his *other* plays have been attributed, on plauſible grounds at leaſt, to *former years*. As we have no proof to aſcertain when *theſe* were written, it ſeems reaſonable to aſcribe them to that period, to which we are not led by any particular circumſtance to attribute any other of his works; at which, it is ſuppoſed, he had not ceaſed to write; which yet, unleſs theſe pieces were then compoſed, muſt, for aught that now appears, have been unemployed. When once he had availed himſelf of North's Plutarch, and had thrown any one of the lives into a dramatick form, he probably found it ſo eaſy as to induce him to proceed, till he had exhauſted all the ſubjects which he imagined that book would afford. Hence the four plays of *Julius Cæſar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, are ſuppoſed to have been written in ſucceſſion.

NOTE.

r Ante No. 31.

Cominius, in the panegyrick which he pronounces on Coriolanus, ſays,

——" In the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince
" He lurch'd all ſwords of the garland."

In Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Act V. Sc. laſt, we meet (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved) the ſame uncommon phraſeology: " You have *lurch'd* your friends of the better half of *the garland*."

Whether this was a ſneer at Shakſpeare, or a new phraſe of that day, it adds ſome degree of probability to the date here aſſigned to *Coriolanus*; for *The Silent Woman* alſo made its firſt appearance in 1609.

There is a Mſ. comedy now extant, on the ſubject of *Timon*, which, from the hand-writing and the ſtyle, appears to be of the age of Shakſpeare. In this piece a ſteward is introduced, under the name of *Laches*, who, like *Flavius* in that of our author, endeavours to reſtrain his maſter's profuſion, and faithfully attends him when he is forſaken by all his other followers.—Here too a mock-banquet is given by Timon to his falſe friends; but, inſtead of warm water, ſtones painted like artichokes are ſerved up, which he throws at his gueſts.——From a line in Shakſpeare's play, one might be tempted to think that ſomething of this ſort was introduced by him; though, through the omiſſion of a marginal direction in the only ancient copy of this piece, it has not been cuſtomary to exhibit it:

" *Second Senator.* Lord Timon's mad.
" *3d Sen.* I feel it on my bones.
" *4th Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day *ſtones*."

This comedy, (which is evidently the production of a ſcholar, many lines of Greek being introduced into it,) appears to have been written after Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, (1599) to which it contains a reference; but I have not diſcovered the preciſe time when it was compoſed. If it were aſcertained, it might be ſome guide to us in fixing the date of our author's *Timon*, which, on the grounds that have been already ſtated*, I ſuppoſe to have been poſterior to this anonymous play.

NOTE.

* Ante p. 324.

41. OTHELLO, 1611:

Dr. Warburton thinks that there is in this tragedy a satirical allusion to the institution of the order of Baronets, which dignity was created by king James I. in the year 1611:

——"The hearts of old gave hands,
"But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts."
Othello, Act III. Sc. iv.

"Amongst their other prerogatives of honour," (says that commentator) "they [the new-created baronets] had an addition to their paternal arms, of an hand *gules* in an escutcheon argent. And we are not to doubt but that this was *the new heraldry* alluded to by our author; by which he insinuates, *that some then created had hands indeed, but not hearts*; *that is, money to pay for the creation, but no virtue to purchase the honour*."

Such is the observation of this critick. But by what chymistry can the sense which he has affixed to this passage, be extracted from it? Or is it probable, that Shakspeare, who has more than once condescended to be the encomiast of the unworthy founder of the order of Baronets, who had been personally honoured by a letter from his majesty, and substantially benefited by the royal licence granted to him and his fellow-comedians, should have been so impolitick, as to satirize the king, or to depretiate his new-created dignity?

These lines appear to me to afford an obvious meaning, without supposing them to contain such a multitude of allusions:

Of old, (says *Othello*) *in matrimonial alliances, the heart dictated the union of hands*; *but our modern junctions are those of hands, not of hearts.*

On every marriage the arms of the wife are *united* to those of the husband. This circumstance, I believe, it was, that suggested *heraldry*, in this place, to our author. I know not whether a heart was ever used as an armorial ensign, nor is it, I conceive, necessary to enquire. It was the office of the herald to *join*, or, to speak technically, to *quarter* the arms of the new-married pair[t]. Hence, with his usual licence,

NOTE.

t "I may *quarter*, coz," says *Slender* in *the Merry Wives of Windsor*. "You may (replies justice Shallow) by *marrying*."

cence, Shakspeare uses *heraldry* for *junction*, or *union* in general.—Thus, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, the same term is employed to denote that *union* of colours which constitutes a beautiful complexion:

"This *heraldry* in Lucrece' face was seen,
"Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white."

This passage not affording us any assistance, we are next to consider one in *The Alchemist*, by Ben Jonson, which, if it alluded to an incident in *Othello*, (as Mr. Steevens seems to think it does) would ascertain this play to have appeared before 1610, in which year *The Alchemist* was first acted:

"*Lovewit.* Didst thou hear a cry, say'st thou?
"*Neighb.* Yes, Sir, like unto a man that had been strangled an hour, and could not speak."

But I doubt whether *Othello* was here in Jonson's contemplation. Old Ben generally spoke out; and if he had intended to sneer at the manner of Desdemona's death, I think, he would have taken care that his meaning should not be miss'd, and would have written—"like unto a *woman*," &c.

This tragedy was not entered on the books of the Stationers' company, till Oct. 6, 1621, nor printed till the following year; but it was acted at court early in the year 1613[u]. How long before that time it had appeared, I have not been able to ascertain, either from the play itself, or from any contemporary production. I have, however, persuaded myself that it was one of Shakspeare's latest performances: a supposition, to which the acknowledged excellence of the piece gives some degree of probability. It is here attributed to the year 1611, because Dr. Warburton's comment on the passage above-cited, may convince others, though, I confess it does not satisfy me.

Emilia and *Lodovico*, two of the characters in this play, are likewise two of the persons represented in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, first printed in 1611.

NOTE.

[u] MS. Vertue.

Though

42. The Tempest, 1612.

Though ſome account of the Bermuda Iſlands, which are mentioned in this play, had been publiſhed in 1600, (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved) yet as they were not generally known till Sir George Somers arrived there in 1609, *The Tempeſt* may be fairly attributed to a period ſubſequent to that year; eſpecially as it exhibits ſuch ſtrong internal marks of having been a late production.

The entry at Stationers' hall does not contribute to aſcertain the time of its compoſition; for it appears not on the Stationers' books, nor was it printed, till 1623, when it was publiſhed with the reſt of our author's plays in folio: in which edition, having, I ſuppoſe by mere accident, obtained the firſt place, it has ever ſince preſerved a ſtation to which it indubitably is not entitled.

As the circumſtance from which this piece receives its name, is at an end in the very firſt ſcene, and as many other titles, all equally proper, might have occurred to Shakſpeare, (ſuch as *The Enchanted Iſland—The Baniſhed Duke—Ferdinand and Miranda*, &c.) it is poſſible, that ſome particular and recent event determined him to call it *The Tempeſt*. It appears from Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 913, that in the October, November, and December of the year 1612, a dreadful tempeſt happened in England, "*which did exceeding great damage, with extreame ſhipwrack throughout the ocean.*" "*There periſhed*" (ſays the hiſtorian) *above an hundred ſhips in the ſpace of two houres.*"—Several pamphlets were publiſhed on this occaſion, decorated with prints of ſinking veſſels, *caſtles topling on their warders' heads*, the devil overturning ſteeples, &c. In one of them, the author deſcribing the appearance of the waves at Dover, ſays, "*the whole ſeas appeared like a fiery world, all ſparkling red.*" Another of theſe narratives recounts the eſcape of Edmond Pet, a ſailor; whoſe preſervation appears to have been no leſs marvellous than that of Trinculo or Stephano: and ſo great a terror did this tempeſt create in the minds of the people, that a form of prayer was ordered on the occaſion, which is annexed to one of the publications above mentioned.

There is reaſon to believe that ſome of our author's dramas obtained their names from the ſeaſons at which they were produced. It is not very eaſy to account for the title of *Twelfth Night*, but by ſuppoſing it to have been firſt exhibited in the Chriſtmas holydays [x]. Neither the title of

 A Mid-

A Midsummer Night's Dream, nor that of *The Winter's Tale*, denotes the season of the action; the events which are the subject of the latter, occurring at the time of sheep-shearing, and the dream, from which the former receives its name, happening on the night preceding May-day.—These titles, therefore, were probably suggested by the season at which the plays were exhibited, to which they belong; *A Midsummer Night's Dream* having, we may presume, been first represented in June, and *The Winter's Tale* in December.

Perhaps, then, it may not be thought a very improbable conjecture, that this comedy was written in the summer of 1612, and produced on the stage in the latter end of that year; and that the author availed himself of a circumstance then fresh in the minds of his audience, by affixing a title to it, which was more likely to excite curiosity than any other that he could have chosen, while at the same time it was sufficiently justified by the subject of the drama.

Mr. Steevens, in his observations on this play, has quoted from the tragedy of *Darius* by the earl of Sterline, first printed in 1603, some lines[y] so strongly resembling a celebrated

NOTES.

x Perhaps it was formerly an established custom to have plays represented at court in the Christmas holydays, and particularly on *Twelfth Night*. Two of Lilly's comedies (*Alexander and Campaspe*, 1591—and *Mydas*, 1592) are said in their title pages, to have been *played befoore the queenes majestie on Twelfe-day at night*; and several of Ben Jonson's masques were presented at Whitehall, on the same festival. Our author's *Love's Labour Lost* was exhibited before queen Elizabeth in the Christmas holydays; and his *King Lear* was acted before king James on St. Stephen's night; (the night after Christmas-day.)

y "Let greatness of her glassy scepters vaunt,
Not scepters, no but reeds, soon bruis'd, soon broken,
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.
Those golden *palaces*, those *gorgeous* halls,
With furniture superfluously fair,
Those stately courts, those *sky-encount'ring* walls,
Evanish all like vapours in the air."

Darius, Act III. Ed. 1603.

"——These

brated paſſage in *the Tempeſt*, that one author muſt, I apprehend, have been indebted to the other. Shakſpeare, I imagine, borrowed from lord Sterline [z].

Mr. Holt conjectured [a], that the maſque in the fifth act of this comedy was intended by the poet as a compliment to the earl of Eſſex, on his being united in wedlock, in 1611, to lady Frances Howard, to whom he had been contracted ſome years before [b]. However this might have been, the date which that commentator has aſſigned to this play (1614) is certainly too late; for it appears from the MSS. of Mr. Vertue, that the *Tempeſt* was acted by John Heminge and the reſt of the King's Company, before prince Charles, the lady Elizabeth, and the prince Palatine elector, in the beginning of the year 1613.

The names of *Trinculo* and *Antonio*, two of the characters in this comedy, are likewiſe found in that of *Albumazar*; which was firſt printed in 1614, but is ſuppoſed by Dryden to have appeared ſome years before.

43. Twelfth Night, 1614.

It has been generally believed, that Shakſpeare retired from the theatre, and ceaſed to write, about three years

NOTES.

——— "Theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,
The *cloud-capt* tow'rs, the *gorgeous palaces*
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve,
And like this unſubſtantial pageant *faded*,
Leave not a rack behind." *Tempeſt*, Act IV. Sc. i.

Whether we ſuppoſe Shakſpeare to have imitated lord Sterline, or lord Sterline to have borrowed from him, the fourth line above quoted from the tragedy of *Darius*, renders it highly probable that Shakſpeare wrote, (as Sir Thomas Hanmer conjectured,)

"Leave not a *track* behind."

[z] See a note on *Julius Cæſar*, Act I. Sc. i.

[a] Obſervations on the *Tempeſt*, p. 67. Mr. Holt imagined, that lord Eſſex was united to lady Frances Howard in 1610; but he was miſtaken: their union did not take place till the next year.

[b] Jan. 5, 1606—7. The earl continued abroad four years from that time; ſo that he did not cohabit with his wife till 1611.

before he died. The latter supposition must now be considered as extremely doubtful; for Mr. Tyrwhitt, with great probability, conjectures, that *Twelfth Night* was written in 1614: grounding his opinion on an allusion[c], which it seems to contain, to those parliamentary *undertakers*, of whom frequent mention is made in the Journals of the House of Commons for that year[d]; who were stigmatized with this invidious name, on account of their having *undertaken* to manage the elections of knights and burgesses in such a manner as to secure a majority in parliament for the court. If this allusion was intended, *Twelfth Night*, was probably our author's last production; and, we may presume, was written after he had retired to Stratford. It is observable that Mr. Ashley, a member of the House of Commons, in one of the debates on this subject, says, "that the rumour concerning these *undertakers* had spread into the *country*."

When Shakspeare quitted London and his profession, for the tranquillity of a rural retirement, it is improbable that such an excursive genius should have been immediately reconciled to a state of mental inactivity. It is more natural to conceive, that he should have occasionally bent his thoughts towards the theatre, which his muse had supported, and the interest of his associates whom he had left behind him to struggle with the capricious vicissitudes of publick taste, and whom, his last Will shews us, he had not forgotten. To the necessity, therefore, of literary amusement to every cultivated mind, or to the dictates of friendship, or to both these incentives, we are perhaps indebted for the comedy of *Twelfth Night*; which bears evident marks of having been composed at leisure, as most of the characters that it contains, are finished to a higher degree of dramatick perfection, than is discoverable in some of our author's earlier comick performances[e].

In the third act of this comedy, Decker's *Westward Hoe* seems to be alluded to. *Westward Hoe* was printed in 1607,

NOTES.

c "Nay, if you be *an undertaker* I am for you." See *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. Sc. iii. and the note there.

d Comm. Journ. Vol. I. p. 456, 457, 470.

e The comedies particularly alluded to, are, *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *The Comedy of Errors*.

6 and

and from the prologue to *Eastward Hoe* appears to have been acted in 1604, or before.

Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, speaking of Malvolio, says, "he does smile his face into more lines than the *new* map with the augmentation of the Indies." I have not been able to learn the date of the map here alluded to; but, as it is spoken of as a *recent* publication, it may when discovered, serve to ascertain the date of this play more exactly.

The comedy of *What you Will*, (the second title of the play now before us) which was entered at Stationers' hall, Aug. 9, 1607, was probably *Marston's* play, as it was *printed* in that year; and it appears to have been the *general* practice of the booksellers at that time, *recently before publication*, to enter those plays of which they had procured copies.

Twelfth Night was not registered on the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623.

It has been thought, that Ben Jonson intended to ridicule the conduct of this play, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, at the end of *Act III. Sc.* vi. where he makes Mitis say,—"That the argument of his comedy might have been of some other nature, as of a duke to be in love with a countess, and that countess to be in love with the duke's son, and the son in love with the lady's waiting maid: *some such cross wooing, with a clown to their serving man*, better than be thus near and familiarly allied to the time [f].

I doubt, however, whether Jonson had here *Twelfth Night* in contemplation. If an allusion to this comedy were intended, it would ascertain it to have been written before 1599, when *Every Man out of his Humour* was first acted. But Meres does not mention *Twelfth Night* in 1598, nor is there any reason to believe that it then existed. I know not whether this passage is found in the quarto copy of *Every Man out of his Humour*, published in 1600 [g]. Perhaps it first appeared in the folio edition of Jonson's works,

NOTES.

f See the first note on *Twelfth Night*, Act I. Sc. i.

g "A comical satyre of *Every Man out of his Humour*," was entered on the Stationers' books, by John Helme, in the year 1600; and the piece was, I suppose, then published, for several passages of it are found in a miscellaneous collection of poetry, entitled *England's Parnassus*, printed in that year.

works, printed in 1616; in which case, though it should be admitted to have been a sneer at Shakspeare, it would not affect the date now attributed to *Twelfth Night*. It is certain that Jonson made alterations in some of his pieces, when he collected and reprinted them. *Every Man in his Humour*, in particular, underwent an entire reform; all the persons of the drama, to whom English names were given on its republication, having in the former edition appeared as natives of Italy, in which country the scene originally was laid.

If the dates here assigned to our author's plays should not, in every instance, bring with them conviction of their propriety, let it be remembered, that this is a subject on which conviction cannot at this day be obtained: and that the observations now submitted to the publick, do not pretend to any higher title than that of "AN ATTEMPT to ascertain the chronology of the dramas of Shakspeare."

Should the errors and deficiencies of this essay invite others to deeper and more successful researches, the end proposed by it will be attained: and he who offers the present arrangement of Shakspeare's dramas, will be happy to transfer the slender portion of credit that may result from the novelty of his undertaking, to some future claimant, who may be supplied with ampler materials, and endued with a superior degree of antiquarian sagacity.

To some, he is not unapprized, this enquiry will appear a tedious and barren speculation. But there are many, it is hoped, who think nothing that relates to the brightest ornament of the English nation, wholly uninteresting; who will be gratified by observing, how the genius of our great poet gradually expanded itself, till, like his own Ariel, it *flamed amazement* in every quarter, blazing forth with a lustre, that has not hitherto been equalled, and perhaps will never be surpassed.

MALONE.

PLAYS, &c. contained in each VOLUME.

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Re-

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CONTENTS.

ERRATA.

Vol. I.

Page *Prefaces, &c.*

276. Note line 5. for 1689, read, 1589.
278. Line 22. for 1580, read, 1589.
300. Since all our other sheets were printed off, it has been discovered, that the entry at Stationers' Hall, "Jan. 9. 1598," (see Prefaces, p. 257) was Haywarde's History of K. Henry IV. and not our author's play with the same title. Part of the argument therefore founded by Mr. Malone on the latter supposition (p. 300) must be considered as erroneous, whilst I alone remain answerable for his mistake, which happily does not affect the date allotted by him to the piece in question.
 STEEVENS.
325. In the first line of Steevens's note on *Macbeth*, dele the *full point*, and substitute a *comma*.

Plays.

4. At the end of Note 1. for act III. read act IV.
23. Note 5. and five lines from the bottom, for *lost*, read *last*.
57. Note 7. for *Ital. Gaverdina*, read, *Gabardina, Spanish*. BARETTI.
239. Note 1. line 4. for *see froth*, read, *see* thee *froth*.
281. At the end of Note 9. add, STEEVENS.
288. Note 4. line 1. for *see* the *foin*, read, *see* thee *foin*.
305. In Dr. Johnson's note, line 3. for *text*, read, *jest*.

Vol. II.

84. Note 3. line 5. dele first *old*.
123. Note 9. at bottom, for *deed charity*, read, *deed* of *charity*.
250. Note. For *the* great majority, read, *a* great majority.
313. Note 6. line 2. for *the* regular, read, *a* regular.
498. At the end of Note 7. add, STEEVENS.

Vol. III.

38. In Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, for *It*, read, *I*.
44. Note 4. for *Sigismunda*, read *Gismunda*.
83. Note 3. line 4. from the bottom, for, informs *as*, read, informs *us*.
236. Note 9. line 19. for, *latter*, read, *former*.
245. Note 2. for, *full duplicity*, read, *full* of *duplicity*.
322. In Mr. Tollet's continuation of Note 3. for,—*But* can *Atalanta's* &c. read,—*But* cannot *Atalanta's* &c.
339. In Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, l. 4. for *seem to be preserved*, read, *has as yet been produced*.
416. In Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, l. 10. after *Shakespeare*, insert, *elsewhere*.
448. At the end of Note 8. add, STEEVENS.
462. In Mr. Malone's continuation of Note 4. for, *instead of new*, read, *instead of new?*

Vol. IV.

184. In Mr. Malone's continuation of Note 1. for, *unexpressing*, read, *unexpressible*.
352. In the text, line 13. for, *drop*, read, *dropp'd*.
421. Text, line 2. for, *earge*, read, *charge*.
430. Text, line 12. for, *woulst'st*, read, *would'st*.
506 For, *Gray's Inn Journal* N°. 17. read, *Gray's Inn Journal* N°. 15.
590. Note 7. line 1. for, *as*, read, *was*.

VOL.

E R R A T A.

Page. **Vol. V.**

205. In Note 6. line 3. dele *to*, after *with*.
446. Note 4. inſtead of "Percy's *dea*," and, "thine *ey*," read, "Percy's *dead*," and, "thine *eye*."
516. End of Note 3. inſtead of, *which plain language*, read, *which in plain language*.

Vol. VI.

61. At the end of Note 1. for, *ſc. i.* read, *ſc. ii.*

Vol. VII.

36. In Mr. Walpole's Note, inſtead of, *reduce*, read, *deduce*,
66. Note 8. for *camer* regia, read, *camera* regia.
418. Line 1. Dele—*Be gone.*
    2. read, *Men.* Be gone.
    3. Dele—*Men.*
    This error is entirely mine: I *meant* to have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's diviſion of the ſpeech. STEEVENS.
425. Text, line 4. from the bottom, for, *roated*, read, *roted*.
452. Text, line 2. for, *whoop'd out Rome*, read, *whoop'd out* of *Rome*.

Vol. VIII.

81. Text, line 1. for, *have no will*, read, I *have no will*.
182. Note 6. for, *you* ſhall *come*, read, *you* ſhould *come*.

Vol. IX.

73. Line 13. for, *Pan*, read, *Par*.
253. Note 7. for, *Alexander Menſtrie*, read, William *Alexander* of *Menſtrie*.
284. Text, line 19. After, *That's all I reck*, inſtead of a *comma*, a *full point*.
286. Stage direction, line 16. for, *bearing her his arms*, read, *bearing her* in *his arms*.
    At the end of Note 5. add, STEEVENS.
    Note 6. for, *a little is the reading*, read, *a little is the* common *reading*.
    Text, line 1. for, *contenst*, read, *contents*.
    In Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, a *comma* after *neceſſaries*.
    At the end of Note 3. add. STEEVENS.

Vol. X.

Line 1, Note. For, *t moiſt*, read, *the moiſt*; and in line 2; ibid. i, read, *his*.
    line 9. for, νοσκυαμος, read, ὑοσκυαμος.
    — line 18. *Terra* in antiquum ſit reditura chaos.]
    This line of *Muretus* is here quoted from an incorrect edition. The falſe quantity in it, however, was ſufficiently obvious; but as ſuch miſtakes in proſody are ſometimes to be met with among modern writers of Latin verſe, (eſpecially the *Poetæ Italorum*,) I paſſed over the preſent imperfection, without pointing it out to the public. Yet perhaps we ſhould read, with an older copy of this author, printed at Paris in his lifetime:

    Tetras in antiquum &c,

    i. e. *quaternio elementorum*, the four elements out of which the univerſe was made. MALONE.
614. at the end of Note 4. add, STEEVENS.

The

ERRATA.

The following Miſtakes are chargeable on the Editor only.

Page. VOL. II.

471. for, *J.* Middleton, read, *T.* Middleton.

VOL. III.

18. Note 3. for Campaſpe 1591, read, 1584.
452. Note 5. for, *Cyril Turner's* All's loſt by Luſt, read, *Rowley's* All's loſt &c.

VOL. V.

296. Note 8. for, *Shirley's* Match &c. read, *Rowley's* Match &c.
347. Note 4. for Sir *J.* Greſham, read, Sir *T.* Greſham.
568. End of Note 9. for *Dryden*, read, *Waller*.

VOL. VI.

560. For, *Melancholy Lover*, read, *Lover's Melancholy*.

VOL. VII.

4. Note 3. As the date of the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, for, 1587, read, 1575.

VOL. VIII.

142. In Note 6. for, *B. and Fletcher*, read only, *Fletcher*.

VOL. X.

219. Note 9. For, *Heywood's* Jew of Malta, read, *Marlowe's*.

DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

The large Head of Shakeſpeare, to face the title-page to Vol. I.

The ſmall Head of Shakeſpeare (marked by miſtake N°. 3.) to face his will; i. e. to front p. 196 of the Prefaces.

The Fac-ſimile, to front the printed ſignature to Shakeſpeare's will; i. e. p. 200.

The Morris-dancers, to be folded in at the end of K. Henry IV. P. I. Vol. V. and not P. II. as marked by miſtake.

The two Heads, and the Fac-ſimile, are to be cut down to 8vo. ſize.

T E M P E S T.

Perſons Repreſented *

Alonſo, *king of Naples.*
Sebaſtian, *his brother.*
Proſpero, *the rightful duke of Milan.*
Anthonio, *his brother, the uſurping duke of Milan.*
Ferdinand, *ſon to the king of Naples.*
Gonzalo, *an honeſt old counſellor of Naples.*
Adrian, } *lords.*
Franciſco, }
Caliban, *a ſavage and deformed ſlave.*
Trinculo, *a jeſter.*
Stephano, *a drunken butler.*
Maſter of a ſhip, boatſwain, and mariners.

Miranda, *daughter to Proſpero.*
Ariel, *an airy ſpirit.*
Iris, }
Ceres, }
Juno, } *ſpirits.*
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other ſpirits attending on Proſpero.

SCENE, the ſea, with a ſhip; afterwards an uninhabited iſland.

* This enumeration of perſons is taken from the Folio 1623.
STEEVENS.

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

On a ship at sea.

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain [1].

Master. Boatswain,—

Boats. Here, master: What cheer?

Mast.

[1] *Tempest.*] *The Tempest* and *The Midsummer's Night's Dream*, are the noblest efforts of that sublime and amazing imagination peculiar to Shakespeare, which soars above the bounds of nature without forsaking sense: or, more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her established limits. Fletcher seems particularly to have admired these two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, *The Sea Voyage* and *The Faithful Shepherdess*. But when he presumes to break a lance with Shakespeare, and write in emulation of him, as he does in *The False One*, which is the rival of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he is not so successful. After him, sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brightest fire of their imagination from these two plays; which shines fantastically indeed in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and serenely in *The Mask at Ludlow-Castle.* WARBURTON.

No one has been hitherto lucky enough to discover the romance on which Shakespeare may be supposed to have founded this play, the beauties of which could not secure it from the criticism of Ben Jonson, whose malignity appears to have been more than equal to his wit. In the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, he says: "If there be never *a servant monster* in the "fair, who can help it, nor a nest of *antiques?* He is loth to "make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget *Tales*, "*Tempests*, and such like drolleries." STEEVENS.

Mr. Theobald tells us, that the *Tempest* must have been written after 1609, because the Bermuda islands, which are men-

tioned

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners;—³ fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *Exit.*]

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the

tioned in it, were unknown to the English until that year; but this is a mistake. He might have seen in Hackluyt, 1600, folio, a description of Bermuda, by Henry May, who was shipwrecked there in 1593.

It was however one of our author's last works. In 1598 he played a part in the original *Every Man in his Humour.* Two of the characters are *Prospero* and *Stephano.* Here Ben Jonson taught him the pronunciation of the latter word, which is always *right* in the *Tempest.*

"Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?"

And always *wrong* in his earlier play, the *Merchant of Venice*, which had been on the stage at least two or three years before its publication in 1600.

"My friend *Stephano*, signify, I pray you," &c.

——So little did a late editor know of his author, when he idly supposed his *school literature* might perhaps have been lost by the *dissipation of youth*, or the *busy scenes* of publick life! FARMER.

See a Note on *The cloud-capt Towers*, &c. act III. STEEVENS.

² In this naval dialogue, perhaps the first example of sailor's language exhibited on the stage, there are, as I have been told by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders. JOHNSON.

³ —*fall to't yarely,*——] i. e. Readily, nimbly. Our author is frequent in his use of this word. So in *Decker's Satiromastix.*

"They'll make his muse as *yare* as a tumbler." STEEVENS.

Here it is applied as a sea-term, and in other parts of the scene. So he uses the adjective, act V. sc. v. "Our ship is "tight and *yare.*" And in one of the *Henries*, "*yare* are our "ships." To this day the sailors say, "fit *yare* to the helm." Again in Anton. and Cleop. II. iii. "The tackles *yarely* frame the office." It occurs in its *general* acceptation, in Robert of Gloster's Chronicle; where Edward the Confessor receives from two pilgrims the notice of his approaching death, edit. Hearne, vol. I. p. 348. In consequence of this unexpected admonition, says the chronicler,

"His gold he delde to pouere men, and made his bernes bare,
"And his tresorie al so gode, and so God hym made at *gare.*"

Gare

the master's whistle.—[4] Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men [5].

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour; Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gare is *yare*, *g* and *y* being convertible. "He distributed his "goods to the poor, and made himself *ready* for God." The same writer has also *gare y made*, i. e. "finished, well-prepared." Chaucer, who wrote many years afterwards, has it both as a ship-phrase, and in its *general* sense. But the common and unrestrained use of this word was grown obsolete before the age of Shakespeare; who, notwithstanding, seems affectedly fond of introducing it in that signification. In *Twelfth-Night*, act III. sc. xii. Sir Toby says, "Dismount thy tuck, be *yare* in thy preparation." And in Ant. and Cleop. and other plays. WARTON.

[4] Perhaps it might be read,——*blow till thou burst, wind, if room enough.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps rather ——*blow till thou burst thee, wind! if room enough.* Beaum. and Fletcher have copied this passage in *The Pilgrim.*

—— *Blow, blow west wind,*
Blow till thou rive!

Again in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609.

"1st *Saylor*. Blow and *split thyself!*
"2d *Saylor*. But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow
"Kiss the moon, I care not."

And yet, desiring the *winds* to blow till they burst their *winds*, is not unlike many other conceits of Shakespeare. STEEVENS.

[5] *Play the men*,] i. e. act with spirit, behave like men.

So in *K. Henry* VI. p. I. sc. vi.

"When they shall hear how we have *play'd the men.*"

Again in Marlow's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, p. 2.

"Viceroys and peeres of Turkey, *play the men.*"

Ἄνδρες ἐστὲ, φίλοι. STEEVENS.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatſ. None that I more love than myſelf. You are a counſellor; if you can command theſe elements to ſilence, and work the peace of the preſent [6], we will not handle a rope more; uſe your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd ſo long, and make yourſelf ready in your cabin for the miſchance of the hour, if it ſo hap.—Cheerly, good hearts—Out of our way, I ſay. [*Exit.*

[7] *Gon.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand faſt, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his deſtiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: If he be not born to be hang'd, our caſe is miſerable. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boatſwain.

Boatſ. Down with the top-maſt; yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main-courſe. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter Sebaſtian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

Yet again? What do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to ſink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable dog!

Boatſ. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreſon, inſolent noiſemaker! we are leſs afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the

[6] — *of the preſent,*] It may mean *of* the preſent *inſtant.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Gonzalo.*] It may be obſerved of Gonzalo, that, being the only good man that appears with the king, he is the only man that preſerves his cheerfulneſs in the wreck, and his hope on the iſland. JOHNSON.

ſhip

ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd [8] wench.

Boatf. [9] Lay her a-hold, a-hold; [1] set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*

Boatf. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

Ant. We're [2] merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chopp'd rascal;—Would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;

[8] —— an *unstanch'd* wench.] *Unstanch'd*, I believe, means incontinent. STEEVENS.

[9] *Lay her a-hold, a-hold;*——] *To lay a ship a-hold*, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*set her two courses off to sea again*,——] The courses are the main-sail and foresail. This term is used by Raleigh, in his *Discourse on Shipping*. JOHNSON.

The passage, as Mr. Holt has observed, should be pointed, *Set her two courses*; *off*, &c.

Such another expression occurs in Decker's, *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it.* 1612.

"——off with your Drablers and your Banners; *out with* "*your Courses.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*merely*——] In this place signifies *absolutely*. In which sense it is used in *Hamlet*, act I. sc. iii.

"——Things rank and gross in nature
"Possess it *merely*."——

So in Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*:

"——at request
"Of some *mere* friends, some honourable Romans."

STEEVENS.

Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st [3] to glut him.
[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—
We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!— [4] Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [*Exit.*
Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*
Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; [5] long heath, brown furze,

[3] —*to glut him.*] Shakespeare probably wrote, *t'englut him*, *to swallow him*; for which I know not that *glut* is ever used by him. In this signification *englut*, from *engloutir*, French, occurs frequently, as in *Henry* VI.
"——Thou art so near the gulf
"Thou needs must be *englutted.*"
And again in *Timon* and *Othello*. Yet Milton writes *glutted offal* for *swallowed*, and therefore perhaps the present text may stand. JOHNSON.

Thus in Sir A. Gorges's translation of Lucan. B. 6.
"——oylie fragments scarcely burn'd,
"Together she doth scrape and *glut.*"
i. e. swallow. STEEVENS.

[4] *Brother, farewell!*] All these lines have been hitherto given to Gonzalo, who has no brother in the ship. It is probable that the lines succeeding the *confused noise within* should be considered as spoken by no determinate characters, but should be printed thus.
1 *Sailor.* Mercy on us!
We split, we split!
2 *Sailor.* Farewell, my, &c.
3 *Sailor.* Brother, farewell, &c. JOHNSON.

[5] —*long heath,*—] This is the common name for the *erica baccifera*. WARBURTON.

—*long heath*] The distinctions between the different sorts of *erica*, are either—*vulgaris*, *tenuifolia* or *brabantica*. There is no such plant as *erica baccifera*. WARNER.

"An acre of barren ground, *long* heath, *brown* furze," &c. Sir T. Hanmer reads *ling*, heath, *broom*, furze.—Perhaps rightly, though he has been charged with tautology. I find in Harrison's Description of Britain, prefixed to our author's good friend Holinshead, p. 91. "*Brome*, *heth*, *firse*, brakes, whinnies, "*ling*," &c. FARMER.

Mr.

furze, any thing: The wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The inchanted island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere[6]
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. [7] No harm.

I have

Mr. Tollet has sufficiently vindicated Sir Thomas Hanmer from the charge of tautology, by favouring me with specimens of three different kinds of heath which grow in his own neighbourhood. I would gladly have inserted his observations at length, but, to say the truth, our author, like one of Cato's soldiers who was bit by a serpent,

Ipse latet penitus congesto corpore mersus. STEEVENS.

[6] *Or ere*, is *before*. Of this use, many instances are given hereafter. STEEVENS.

[7] Pro. *No harm.*] I know not whether Shakespeare did not make Miranda speak thus:

O, woe the day! no harm?

To which Prospero properly answers:

I have done nothing but in care of thee.

Miranda,

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better [8]
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell [9],
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle [1] with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me.—So;

[*Lays down his mantle,*

Lye there my art [2].—Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very [3] virtue of compassion in thee,

Miranda, when she speaks the words, *O, woe the day!* supposes, not that the crew had escaped, but that her father thought differently from her, and counted their destruction *no harm.* JOHNSON.

[8] ——*more better.*——] This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers. So in the *History of Helyas Knight of the Swan.* bl. L. no date: *imprinted by William Copland.* "And also the *more sooner* to come, without prolixity, to the true Chronicles, &c." Again in the *True Tragedies of Marius and Scilla.* 1594.

"To wait a message of *more better* worth."

Again, ibid.

"That hale *more greater* than Cassandra now." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*full poor* cell, i. e. a cell in a great degree of poverty. So in *Antony and Cleopatra,* act I. sc. i.——I am *full sorry.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Did never* meddle *with my thoughts.*] To *meddle,* in this instance, seems to signify to *mingle.* Hence the substantive *medley.* To *meddle* for to *mix* is used at least twenty times in the ancient Book of Hawking, &c, commonly called the *Book of St. Alban's,* and yet more often by *Chaucer.* STEEVENS.

[2] *Lye there my art.*] Sir W. Cecil, lord Burleigh, lord high treasurer, &c. in the reign of queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say, *Lie there, lord treasurer.* See Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*virtue of compassion*——] Virtue, the most efficacious part, the energetic quality; in a like sense we say, *The virtue of plant is in the extract.* JOHNSON.

I have

I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, [4] that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;
For thou must now know further.
Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*—
Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
[5] Out three years old.
Mira. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?

[4] *—that there is no soul—*] Thus the old editions read, but this is apparently defective. Mr. Rowe, and after him Dr. Warburton, read *that there is no soul lost*, without any notice of the variation. Mr. Theobald substitutes *no foil*, and Mr. Pope follows him. To come so near the right, and yet to miss it, is unlucky: the author probably wrote *no soil*, no stain, no spot: for so Ariel tells,

Not a hair perish'd;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before.

And Gonzalo, *The rarity of it is, that our garments being drench'd in the sea, keep notwithstanding their freshness and glosses.* Of this emendation I find that the author of notes on *The Tempest* had a glimpse, but could not keep it. JOHNSON.

——no soul——] Such interruptions are not uncommon to Shakespeare. He sometimes begins a sentence, and before he concludes it, entirely changes the construction, because another, more forcible, occurs. As this change frequently happens in conversation, it may be suffered to pass uncensured in the language of the stage. STEEVENS.

[5] *Out three years old.*] i. e. Quite three years old, three years old full-out, complete. Mr. Pope, without occasion, reads,

FULL *three years old.* STEEVENS.

Of

Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda: But how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abysm of time[6]?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years since,
Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was duke of Milan; [7] thou his only heir
And princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

[6] ——*abysm* of time.]
This method of spelling the word, is common to other ancient writers. They took it from the French *abysme*, now written *abîme*.

So in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613.
"And chase him from the deep *abysms* below. STEEVENS.

[7] Perhaps—*and* thou *his only heir*. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads ——*and* his only heir
and princess ——

Perhaps we should read,—and his only heir
A princess: ——*no worse issued*.

Issued is descended. So in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608.
"For I am by birth a gentleman, and *issued* of such parents," &c. STEEVENS.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the [8] teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.
Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, called Anthonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
And wrapp'd in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
Mira. Sir, most heedfully.
Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
[9] To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em: having both the [1] key
Of

[8] —*teen.*—] Is sorrow, grief, trouble. So in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"——to my *teen* be it spoken." STEEVENS.

[9] *To trash for over-topping;*] *To trash*, as Dr. Warburton observes, is to cut away the superfluities. This word I have met with in books containing directions for gardeners, published in the time of queen Elizabeth.

The present explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602. b. x. ch. 57.
"Who suffreth none by might, by wealth or blood to *overtopp*,
"Himself gives all preferment, and whom listeth him, doth *lop*."
Again in our author's *K. Richard* II.
Go thou, and like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays
That look too lofty in our commonwealth.
Mr. Warton's note, however, on —"*trash* for his quick hunting," in the second act of *Othello*, leaves my interpretation of this passage exceedingly disputable. STEEVENS.

[1] —*both the key*] *Key* in this place seems to signify the key of a musical instrument, by which he set *Hearts to tune.* JOHNSON.
This

Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. O good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which, but by being so retir'd,
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent [2], did beget of him
A falshood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—[3] like one,
Who

This doubtless is meant of a key for tuning the harpsichord, spinnet, or virginal; we call it now a tuning hammer, as it is used as well to strike down the iron pins whereon the strings are wound, as to turn them. As a key it acts like that of a watch. Sir J. HAWKINS.

[2] *Like a good*, &c.] Alluding to the observation, that a father above the common rate of men has commonly a son below it. *Heroum filii noxæ.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*like one,*
Who having, INTO *truth, by telling of it,*
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,——] The corrupted reading of the second line has rendered this beautiful similitude quite unintelligible. For what is [*having into truth?*] or what doth [*it*] refer to? not to [*truth,*] because if he *told truth* he could never *credit a lie.* And yet there is no other correlative to which [*it*] can belong.

I read and point it thus:
——*like one*
Who having, UNTO *truth, by telling* OFT,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,——
i. e. by often repeating the same story, made his memory such a sinner *unto* truth, as to give credit to his own lie. A miserable delusion, to which story-tellers are frequently subject. The Oxford

Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was, indeed, the duke; [4] out of the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—Hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan: Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable: confederates,
[5] So dry he was for sway, with the king of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd (alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me,

Oxford Editor having, by this correction, been let into the sense of the passage, gives us this sense in his own words:

Who *loving an untruth, and telling't oft,*
Makes—————— WARBURTON.

I agree with Dr. Warburton, that perhaps there is no correlative to which the word *it* can with grammatical propriety belong, and that *unto* was the original reading. *Lie*, however, seems to have been the correlative to which the poet meant to refer, however ungrammatically. STEEVENS.

I would read:

———— ——like one
Who having *sin'd* to truth, by telling *oft*
Makes such a sinner of his memory *too*
To credit his own lie—— MUSGRAVE.

[4] ——*out of the substitution,*] Is the old reading. The modern editors, for the sake of smoother versification, read—*from* substitution. STEEVENS.

[5] *So dry he was for sway,*——] i. e. So *thirsty*. The expression, I am told, is not uncommon in the midland counties.

STEEVENS.

If

If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin

To think but nobly [6] of my grandmother:

Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy

To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;

Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,—

Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—

Should presently extirpate me and mine

Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,

With all the honours, on my brother: Whereon,

A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night

Fated to the purpose, did Anthonio open

The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,

The ministers for the purpose hurried thence

Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!

I, not remembring how I cried out then, [7]

Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint, [8]

That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,

And then I'll bring thee to the present business

Which now's upon us; without the which, this story

Were most impertinent.

Mira. Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set

A mark so bloody on the business; but

With colours fairer painted their foul ends.

[6] *To think* but *nobly.*] *But* in this place signifies *otherwise than.* STEEVENS.

[7] —*cried out.*] Perhaps we should read—cried *on't.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*a hint.*] *Hint* is *suggestion.* So in the beginning speech of the second act. ——our *hint* of woe
Is common—— STEEVENS.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have [9] deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, [1] to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, [2] who being then appointed

9 ——*deck'd the sea*——] *To deck the sea*, if explained, to honour, adorn, or dignify, is indeed ridiculous, but the original import of the verb *deck* is, *to cover*; so in some parts they yet say *deck the table*. This sense may be borne, but perhaps the poet wrote *fleck'd*, which I think is still used in rustic language of drops falling upon water. Dr Warburton reads *mock'd*, the Oxford edition *brack'd*. JOHNSON.

Verstegan, p. 61. speaking of Beer, says — "So the *overdecking* "or *covering* of beer came to be called berham, and afterwards "barme" This very well supports Dr. Johnson's explanation. The following passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* may countenance the verb *deck* in its common acceptation.

" ——— do not please sharp fate
" To *grace* it with your sorrows."

What is this but *decking* it with *tears?* STEEVENS.

1 *An undergoing* stomach] *Stomach* is *pride*, *stubborn resolution*. So Horace, " ——gravem Pelidæ *stomachum*." STEEVENS.

2 ——*who being then appointed*, &c] Such is the old reading. We might better read,

———he *being*, &c. STEEVENS.

Maſter of this deſign, did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, ſtuffs, and neceſſaries,
Which ſince have ſteaded much: ſo, of his gentleneſs,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furniſh'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!

Pro. Now, I ariſe:—
Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea-ſorrow.
Here in this iſland we arriv'd; and here
Have I, thy ſchool maſter, made thee more profit
Than other princes can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not ſo careful.

Mira. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, ſir,
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my mind) your reaſon
For raiſing this ſea-ſtorm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountiful fortune,
Now my dear lady [3], hath mine enemies
Brought to this ſhore: and by my preſcience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A moſt auſpicious ſtar; whoſe influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.—Here ceaſe more queſtions;
Thou art inclin'd to ſleep; [4] 'tis a good dulneſs,
And give it way:—I know, thou canſt not chooſe.—
[*Miranda ſleeps.*
Come away, ſervant, come: I am ready now;
Approach, my Ariel, come.

[3] *Now my dear lady*, is, *now my auſpicious miſtreſs*. STEEVENS.

[4] —*'tis a good dulneſs.*] Dr. Warburton rightly obſerves, that this ſleepineſs, which Proſpero by his art had brought upon Miranda, and of which he knew not how ſoon the effect would begin, makes him queſtion her ſo often whether ſhe is attentive to his ſtory. JOHNSON.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; [5] to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
[6] Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; [7] now on the beak,
[8] Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-clap, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not; The fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
[9] But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd

Some

[5] *On the curl'd clouds.*] So in *Timon—Crisp* heaven. STEEVENS.

[6] *Perform'd to point*——] i. e. to the minutest article.
So in the *Chances*, by Beaum. and Fletcher.
"—— are you all fit?
"To *point*, sir." STEEVENS.

[7] ———*now on the beak,*] The beak was a strong pointed body at the head of the ancient gallies; it is used here for the forecastle, or the bolt-sprit. JOHNSON.

[8] *Now in the waste,*——] The part between the quarter-deck and the forecastle. JOHNSON.

[9] *But felt a fever of the mad,*——] In all the later editions this is changed to a *fever of the mind*, without reason or authority, nor is any notice given of an alteration. JOHNSON.

Some tricks of deſperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the veſſel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's ſon, Ferdinand,
With hair up-ſtaring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the firſt man that leap'd; cried, *Hell is empty*,
And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my ſpirit!
But was not this nigh ſhore?

Ari. Cloſe by, my maſter.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, ſafe?

Ari. Not a hair periſh'd;
On their [1] ſuſtaining garments not a blemiſh,

If it be at all neceſſary to explain the meaning, it is this: *Not a ſoul but felt ſuch a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is upon them.* STEEVENS.

[1] ——*ſuſtaining*——] i. e. Their garments that bore them up and ſupported them. So *K. Lear*, act IV. ſc. iv.

"In our *ſuſtaining* corn."

Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we ſhould read *ſea-ſtained* garments; for (ſays he) it was not the floating of their cloaths, but the magic of Proſpero which preſerved, as it it had wrecked them. Nor was the miracle, that their garments had not been at firſt diſcoloured by the ſea-water, which even that *ſuſtaining* would not have prevented, unleſs it had been on the air, not on the water; but, as Gonzalo ſays, "that their garments "being (as they were) drenched in the ſea, held notwithſtanding "their freſhneſs and gloſs, being rather new-dyed than ſtained "with ſalt-water."

For this, and all ſuch notes as are taken from the MSS. of the late Mr. Edwards, I am indebted to the friendſhip of Benjamin Way, Eſq; who very obligingly procured them from the executors of that gentleman, with leave for their publication. Such of them as are omitted in this edition had been ſometimes foreſtalled by the remarks of others, and ſometimes by my own. The reader, however, might have been juſtly offended, had any other reaſons prevented me from communicating the unpubliſhed ſentiments of that ſprightly critick and moſt amiable man, as entire as I received them. STEEVENS.

This note of Mr. Edwards, with which I ſuppoſe no reader is ſatisfied, ſhews with how much greater eaſe critical emendations are deſtroyed than made, and how willingly every man would be changing the text, if his imagination would furniſh alterations. JOHNSON.

But

But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
[2] From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The

[2] *From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.*——] Theobald says *Bermoothes* is printed by mistake for *Bermudas.* No. That was the name by which the islands then went, as we may see by the voyages of that time; and by our author's contemporary poets. Fletcher, in his *Women Pleased*, says, *The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell to victual out a witch for the Bermoothes.* Smith, in his account of these islands, p. 172. says, *that the Bermudas were so fearful to the world, that many called them* The Isle of Devils.—P. 174.—*to all seamen no less terrible than an inchanted den of furies.* And no wonder, for the clime was extremely subject to storms and hurricanes; and the islands were surrounded with scattered rocks lying shallowly hid under the surface of the water. WARBURTON.

Again in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612.

" Sir, if you have made me tell a lye, they'll send me on a
" voyage to the island of Hogs and *Devils*, the *Bermudas.*"

STEEVENS.

The opinion that Bermudas was haunted with evil spirits continued so late as the civil wars. In a little piece of sir John Berkinhead's, intitled, *Two Centuries of Paul's Church-yard, una cum indice expurgatorio*, &c. 12°, in page 62, under the title of *Cases of Conscience*, is this.

34. " Whether *Bermudas* and the parliament-house lie under
" one planet, seeing both are *haunted with devils.*" PERCY.

Bermudas was on this account the cant name for some privileged place, in which the cheats and riotous bullies of Shakespeare's time assembled. So in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben. Jonson,

" —— keeps he still your quarter
" In the *Bermudas?*"

 Again

The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again;
And are upon [3] the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples;
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
[4] What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: The time 'twixt six and now,
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou can'st demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee:
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, serv'd

Again in one of his Epistles,

"Have their *Bermudas*, and their straights i'th' Strand."

Again in *The Devil is an Ass*,

"———— I gave my word
"For one that's run away to the *Bermudas*." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the Mediterranean flote.*] *Flote* is *wave*. *Flot*. Fr. STEEVENS.

[4] *What is the time o' the day?*] This passage needs not be disturbed, it being common to ask a question, which the next moment enables us to answer; he that thinks it faulty may easily adjust it thus:

Pro. *What is the time o' the day? Past the mid season?*
Ari. *At least two glasses.*
Pro. *The time 'twixt six and now*———— JOHNSON.

Without

Without or grudge, or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. [5] Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ooze

[5] *Dost thou forget*] That the character and conduct of Prospero may be understood, something must be known of the system of enchantment, which supplied all the marvellous found in the romances of the middle ages. This system seems to be founded on the opinion that the fallen spirits, having different degrees of guilt, had different habitations allotted them at their expulsion, some being confined in hell, *some* (as Hooker, who delivers the opinion of our poet's age, expresses it) *dispersed in air, some on earth, some in water, others in caves, dens, or minerals under the earth.* Of these, some were more malignant and mischievous than others. The earthy spirits seem to have been thought the most depraved, and the aerial the least vitiated. Thus Prospero observes of Ariel:

——*Thou wast a spirit too delicate*
To act her earthy *and abhorr'd commands.*

Over these spirits a power might be obtained by certain rites performed or charms learned. This power was called *The Black Art*, or *Knowledge of Enchantment*. The enchanter being (as king James observes in his *Demonology*) one *who commands the devil, whereas the witch serves him.* Those who thought best of this art, the existence of which was, I am afraid, believed very seriously, held, that certain sounds and characters had a physical power over spirits, and compelled their agency; others, who condemned the practice, which in reality was surely never practised, were of opinion, with more reason, that the power of charms arose *only* from compact, and was no more than the spirits voluntary allowed them for the seduction of man. The art was held by all, though not equally criminal, yet unlawful, and therefore Casaubon, speaking of one who had commerce with spirits, blames him, though he imagines him *one of the best kind who dealt with them by way of command.* Thus Prospero repents of his art in the lost scene. The spirits were always considered as in some measure enslaved to the enchanter, at least for a time, and as serving with unwillingness, therefore Ariel so often begs for liberty; and Caliban observes, that the spirits serve Prospero with no good will, but *hate him rootedly.*—Of these trifles enough.

JOHNSON.

Of the salt deep;
[6] To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age, and envy,
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: Where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier[7].

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must,
Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
They would not take her life: Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain

[6] *To run upon the sharp wind of the north;*] Sir W. Davenant and Dryden, in their alteration of this play, have made a very wanton change in the line, and read,

To run against, &c. STEEVENS.

[7] ——in *Argier.*] *Argier* is the ancient English name for *Algiers*. See a pamphlet entitled, "A true Relation of the Travailes, &c. of William Davies, barber-surgeon, &c." 1614. In this is a chapter "on the description, &c. of *Argier*." STEEVENS.

A dozen

A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike: Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo; it was mine art,
When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spiriting gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea [8]:
Be subject to no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in it: go, hence, with diligence.
[*Exit Ariel.*

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

[8] —*a nymph o' the sea.*] There does not appear to be sufficient cause why *Ariel* should assume this new shape, as he was to be invisible to all eyes but those of Prospero. STEEVENS.

Mira.

Mira. [9] The ſtrangeneſs of your ſtory put
Heavineſs in me.
Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll viſit Caliban, my ſlave, who never
Yields us kind anſwer.
Mira. 'Tis a villain, ſir,
I do not love to look on.
Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miſs him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and ſerves in offices
That profit us. What ho! ſlave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! ſpeak.
Cal. [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.
Pro. Come forth, I ſay; there's other buſineſs for thee:
Come, thou tortoiſe! when?

Enter Ariel like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.
Ari. My lord, it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*
Pro. Thou poiſonous ſlave, got by the devil himſelf
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

[9] *The ſtrangeneſs*——] Why ſhould a wonderful ſtory produce ſleep? I believe experience will prove, that any violent agitation of the mind eaſily ſubſides in ſlumber, eſpecially when, as in Proſpero's relation, the laſt images are pleaſing. JOHNSON.

The poet ſeems to have been apprehenſive that the audience, as well as Miranda, would ſleep over this long but neceſſary tale, and therefore ſtrives to break it. Firſt, by making Proſpero diveſt himſelf of his magic robe and wand; then by waking her attention no leſs than ſix times by verbal interruption; then by varying the action when he riſes and bids her continue ſitting: and laſtly, by carrying on the buſineſs of the fable while Miranda ſleeps, by which ſhe is continued on the ſtage till the poet has occaſion for her again. WARNER.

Enter Caliban.

' *Cal.* As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,

' Cal. *As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd*
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,

° *Drop on you both!*] Shakespeare hath very artificially given the air of the antique to the language of Caliban, in order to heighten the grotesque of his character. As here he uses *wicked* for *unwholsome*. So sir John Maundevil, in his travels, p. 334. edit. Lond. 1725.——*at alle tymes brennethe a vessel of cristalle fulle of bawme for to zeven gode smelle and odour to the emperour, and to voyden awey alle* WYKKEDE *eyres and corrupciouns.* It was a tradition, it seems, that lord Falkland, lord C. J. Vaughan, and Mr. Selden concurred in observing, that Shakespeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a *new manner of language* for that character. What they meant by it, without doubt, was, that Shakespeare gave his language a certain grotesque air of the savage and antique; which it certainly has. But Dr. Bentley took this, *of a new language*, literally; for speaking of a phrase in Milton, which he supposed altogether absurd and unmeaning, he says, *Satan had not the privilege as Caliban in Shakespeare, to use new phrase and diction unknown to all others* — and again —*to practise distances is still a Caliban stile.* Note on *Milton's Paradise Lost*, l. iv. v. 945. But I know of no such *Caliban stile* in Shakespeare, that hath new phrase and diction unknown to all others.

WARBURTON.

Whence these critics derived the notion of a new language appropriated to Caliban, I cannot find: they certainly mistook brutality of sentiment for uncouthness of words. Caliban had learned to speak of Prospero and his daughter, he had no names for the sun and moon before their arrival, and could not have invented a language of his own without more understanding than Shakespeare has thought it proper to bestow upon him. His diction is indeed somewhat clouded by the gloominess of his temper, and the malignity of his purposes; but let any other being entertain the same thoughts, and he will find them easily issue in the same expressions. JOHNSON.

As wicked dew,—] *Wicked*; having baneful qualities. So Spenser says, *wicked weed*; so, in opposition, we say herbs or medicines have *virtues*. Bacon mentions *virtuous bezoar*, and Dryden *virtuous herbs*. JOHNSON.

So in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date. " If a *wycked* " fellon be swollen in such maner that a man may hele it, the " hauke shall not dye." STEEVENS.

Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins [2]
Shall, [3] for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd

[2] —*urchins*,] i. e. hedgehogs.

Urchins are enumerated by *Reginald Scott* among other terrific beings.

"—to fold thyself up like an *urchin*."
Chapman's *May Day*, 1611.

Again in *Selimus Emperor of the Turks*, 1638.
"What are the *urchins* crept out of their dens
"Under the conduct of this porcupine!"

Urchins are perhaps here put for *fairies*. Milton in his *Masque* speaks of "*urchin* blasts," and we still call any little dwarfish child, an *urchin*. The word occurs again in the next act. The *echinus*, or *sea hedge-hog*, is still called the *urchin*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*for that vast of night that they may work*,] The *vast of night* means the night which is naturally empty and deserted, without action; or when all things lying in sleep and silence, makes the world appear one great uninhabited *waste*. So in *Hamlet*;

"In the dead *waste* and middle of the night."

It has a meaning like that of *nox vasta*.

Perhaps, however, it may be used in a signification somewhat different, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609.
"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges."

Vastum is likewise the ancient law term for *waste* uncultivated land; and, with this meaning, *vast* is used by Chapman in his *Shadow of Night*, 1594.
"—When unlightsome, *vast* and indigest
"The formeless matter of this world did lye."

It should be remembered, that, in the pneumatology of former ages, these particulars were settled with the most minute exactness, and the different kinds of visionary beings had different allotments of time suitable to the variety or consequence of their employments. During these spaces, they were at liberty to act, but were always obliged to leave off at a certain hour, that they might not interfere in that portion of night which belong'd to others. Among these we may suppose *urchins* to have had a part subjected to their dominion. To this limitation of time Shakespeare alludes again in *K. Lear*. *He begins at curfew, and walks till the second cock.* STEEVENS.

As

As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd
thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho!—wou'd it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. [4] Abhorred slave;

[4] *Abhorred slave;*] This speech, which the old copy gives to Miranda, is very judiciously bestowed by Mr. Theobald on Prospero. JOHNSON.

The modern editions take this speech from Miranda, and give it to Prospero; though there is nothing in it but what she may speak with the greatest propriety; especially as it accounts for her being enough in the way and power of Caliban, to enable him to make the attempt complained of. The poet himself shews he intended Miranda should be his tutoress, when he makes Caliban say, "I've seen thee in her, my mistress shewed me thee "and thy dog, and thy bush;" to Stephano, who had just assured the monster he was the man in the moon. HOLT.

Which

Which any print of goodneſs will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: [5] when thou didſt not, ſavage,
Know thy own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like
A thing more brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes

[5] —*When thou* DIDST *not, ſavage,*
KNOW *thy own meaning, but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes
With words to make them known.] The benefit which Proſpero here upbraids Caliban with having beſtowed, was teaching him language. He ſhews the greatneſs of this benefit by marking the inconvenience Caliban lay under for want of it. What was the inconvenience? This, that he *did not know his own meaning*. But ſure a brute, to which he is compared, doth know its own meaning, that is, knows what it would be at. This, indeed, it cannot do, it cannot *ſhew* its meaning to others. And this certainly is what Proſpero would ſay.
——*When thou* COULDST *not, ſavage,*
SHOW *thy own meaning,*———
The following words make it evident,
———*but wouldſt gabble like*
A thing moſt brutiſh,———
And when once [*ſhow*] was corrupted to [*know*] the tranſcribers would of courſe change [*couldſt*] into [*didſt*] to make it agree with the other falſe reading. There is indeed a ſenſe, in which *Know thy own meaning*, may be well applied to a brute. For it may ſignify the not having any reflex knowledge of the operations of its own mind, which, it would ſeem, a brute hath not. Though this, I ſay, may be applied to a brute, and conſequently to Caliban, and though to remedy this brutality be a nobler benefit than even the teaching language; yet ſuch a ſenſe would be impertinent and abſurd in this place, where only the *benefit of language* is talked of by an exact and learned ſpeaker. Beſides, Proſpero expreſly ſays, that Caliban had *purpoſes*; which, in other words, is, that he did *know his own meaning*.
WARBURTON.

———*When thou didſt not, ſavage,*
Know thy own meaning,———] By this expreſſion, however defective, the poet ſeems to have meant—*When thou didſt utter ſounds, to which thou hadſt no determinate meaning:* but the following expreſſion of Mr. Addiſon, in his 389th. Spectator, concerning the Hottentots, may prove the beſt comment on this paſſage, "—having no language among them but a confuſed "gabble, which is *neither well underſtood by themſelves*, or others."
STEEVENS.

With

With words that made them known: [6] But thy vild race
Though thou didſt learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore waſt thou
Deſervedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadſt deſerv'd more than a priſon.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curſe: [7] The red plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-ſeed, hence!
Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou we'rt beſt,
To anſwer other buſineſs. Shrug'ſt thou, malice?
If thou neglect'ſt, or doſt unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beaſts ſhall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I muſt obey: his art is of ſuch power, [*Aſide.*
It would controul my dam's god Setebos [8],
And make a vaſſal of him.

Pro. So, ſlave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Enter

[6] ——*But thy vild race*] *Race*, in this place, ſeems to ſignify original diſpoſition, inborn qualities. In this ſenſe we ſtill ſay—*The race of wine*; thus in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts.*

"There came, not ſix days ſince, from Hull, a pipe
"Of rich Canary.——
"Is it of the right *race?*"

and ſir W. Temple has ſomewhere applied it to works of literature. STEEVENS.

[7] —*the red plague*—] I ſuppoſe from the redneſs of the body, univerſally inflamed. JOHNSON.

The *eryſipelas* was anciently called the *red plague.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——— "My dam's god, *Setebos.*"
A gentleman of great merit, Mr. *Warner*, has obſerved on the authority of *John Barbot*, that "the *Patagons* are reported to "dread a great horned devil, called *Setebos.*"—It may be aſked however, how *Shakeſpeare* knew any thing of this, as *Barbot* was a voyager of the preſent century?——Perhaps he had read *Eden's* Hiſtory of Travayle, 1577, who tells us, p. 434. that "the

Enter Ferdinand at the remotest part of the stage, and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

Ariel's Song.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
[9] *Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,*
(The wild waves whist)
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*
The watch-dogs bark:
Bur. Bowgh, wowgh. [*dispersedly.*
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this musick be? i' the air, or the earth?

" the *giantes*, when they found themselves fettered, roared like " bulls, and cryed upon *Setebos* to help them."—The *metathesis* in *Caliban* from *Canibal* is evident. FARMER.

We learn from Magellan's voyage, that *Setebos* was the supreme god of the Patagons, and Cheleule was an inferior one. TOLLET.

[9] *Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,*] As was anciently done at the beginning of some dances.

The wild waves whist;

i. e. the wild waves being silent (or whist) as in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. vii. c. 7. s. 59.

So was the Titaness put down, and whist.

And Milton seems to have had our author in his eye. See stanza 5. of his Hymn on the Nativity.

The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd.

So again, both lord Surrey and Phaer, in their translations of the second book of Virgil:

——*Conticuere omnes.*
" They *whisted* all."

and Lylly in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600.

" But every thing is quiet, *whist*, and still." STEEVENS.

It

It sounds no more:—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters [1];
Allaying both their fury, and my passion,
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—But 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

Ariel's Song.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,

But

[1] *This music crept by me upon the waters;*] So in Milton's *Masque.*

"——*a soft and solemn breathing sound*
"*Rose like a steam of rich distill'd perfumes,*
"*And stole upon the air.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *Full fathom five thy father lies,* &c.] Gildon, who has pretended to criticise our author, would give this up as an insufferable and senseless piece of trifling. And I believe this is the general opinion concerning it. But a very unjust one. Let us consider the business Ariel is here upon, and his manner of executing it. The commission Prospero had intrusted to him, in a whisper, was plainly this; to conduct Ferdinand to the sight of Miranda, and to dispose him to the quick sentiments of love, while he, on the other hand, prepared his daughter for the same impressions. Ariel sets about his business by acquainting Ferdinand, in an extraordinary manner, with the afflictive news of his father's death. A very odd apparatus, one would think, for a love-fit. And yet, as odd as it appears, the poet has shewn in it the finest conduct for carrying on his plot. Prospero had said

I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.——

In consequence of this his prescience, he takes advantage of every favourable circumstance that the occasion offers. The principal affair is the marriage of his daughter with young Ferdinand. But to secure this point, it was necessary they should be contracted before the affair came to Alonso the father's knowledge. For Prospero was ignorant how this storm and shipwreck, caused by

 him,

But doth suffer a sea-change [3],
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark, now I hear them,—ding-dong, bell.
[*Burden*, ding dong.

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
[4] That the earth owes:—I hear it now above me.

him, would work upon Alonso's temper. It might either soften him, or increase his aversion for Prospero as the author. On the other hand, to engage Ferdinand, without the consent of his father, was difficult. For, not to speak of his quality, where such engagements are not made without the consent of the sovereign, Ferdinand is represented (to shew it a match worth the seeking) of a most pious temper and disposition, which would prevent his contracting himself without his father's knowledge. The poet therefore, with the utmost address, has made Ariel persuade him of his father's death to remove this remora.

WARBURTON.

I know not whether Dr. Warburton has very successfully defended these songs from Gildon's accusation. Ariel's lays, however seasonable and efficacious, must be allowed to be of no supernatural dignity or elegance, they express nothing great, nor reveal any thing above mortal discovery.

The reason for which Ariel is introduced thus trifling is, that he and his companions are evidently of the fairy kind, an order of beings to which tradition has always ascribed a sort of diminutive agency, powerful but ludicrous, a humorous and frolick controlment of nature, well expressed by the songs of Ariel.

JOHNSON.

[3] *But doth suffer a sea-change.*]
"And *underwent* a quick immortal *change.*"
Milton's *Masque.*
STEEVENS.

[4] *That the earth owes:*—] *To owe*, in this place, as well as many others, signifies *to own*. So in *Othello*:
"——that sweet sleep,
"Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday."
Again in the *Tempest*.
"——thou dost here usurp
"The name thou *ow'st* not."
To use the word in this sense is not peculiar to Shakespeare. I meet with it in B. and Fletcher's *Beggar's Bush*:
"If now the beard be such, what is the prince,
"That *owes* the beard?" STEEVENS.

Pro. The fringed curtains [5] of thine eye advance,
And say, what thou seest yond'.
Mira. What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit.
Pro. No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such: This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find them.
Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pro. It goes on, I see, [*Aside.*
As my soul prompts it:—Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. [6] Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe, my prayer
May

[5] *The* fringed *curtains*, &c]
The same expression occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609.
" ——*her eyelids*
" Begin to part their *fringes* of bright gold." STEEVENS.

[6] *Most sure*, &c.] It seems, that Shakespeare, in *The Tempest*, hath been suspected of translating some expressions of Virgil; witness the *O Dea certe*. I presume we are here directed to the passage, where Ferdinand says of Miranda, after hearing the songs of Ariel:

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!——

And so *very small Latin* is sufficient for this formidable translation, that if it be thought any honour to our poet, I am loth to deprive him of it; but his honour is not built on such a sandy foundation. Let us turn to a *real translator*, and examine whether the idea might not be fully comprehended by an English reader, supposing it necessarily borrowed from Virgil. *Hexameters* in our own language are almost forgotten; we will quote therefore this time from Stanyhurst:

 "O to

May know, if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, o you wonder!
If you be maid, or no?

Mira. No wonder, sir;
But, [7] certainly a maid.

Fer.

"O to thee, fayre virgin, what terme may rightly be fitted?
"Thy tongue, thy visage no mortal frayltie resembleth.
"——No doubt, a goddesse!" *Edit.* 1583. FARMER.

[7] ——*certainly, a maid.*] Nothing could be more prettily imagined to illustrate the singularity of her character, than this pleasant mistake. She had been bred up in the rough and plain-dealing documents of moral philosophy, which teaches us the knowledge of ourselves; and was an utter stranger to the flattery invented by vicious and designing men to corrupt the other sex. So that it could not enter into her imagination, that complaisance, and a desire of appearing amiable, qualities of humanity which she had been instructed, in her moral lessons, to cultivate, could ever degenerate into such excess, as that any one should be willing to have his fellow-creature believe that he thought her a goddess, or an immortal. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has here found a beauty, which I think the author never intended. Ferdinand asks her not whether she was a *created being*, a question which, if he meant it, he has ill expressed, but whether she was unmarried; for after the dialogue which Prospero's interruption produces, he goes on pursuing his former question.

O, if a virgin,
I'll make you queen of Naples. JOHNSON.

A passage in *Lilly's Gallathea* seems to countenance the present text, "The question among men is common, *are you a maide?*"—yet I cannot but think, that Dr. *Warburton* reads very rightly, "If you be *made*, or no." When we meet with an harsh expression in *Shakespeare*, we are usually to look for a *play upon words*. *Fletcher* closely imitates the *Tempest* in his *Sea Voyage*: and he introduces *Albert* in the same manner to the ladies of *his* Desert Island.

"Be not offended, goddesses, that I fall
"Thus prostrate," &c.

Shakespeare himself had certainly read, and had probably now in his mind, a passage in the third book of the *Fairy Queen*, between *Timias* and *Belphœbe*,

"*Angel*

Fer. My language! heavens!—
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How! the best?
What wert thou, if the king of Naples heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples: He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
[8] And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could [9] controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:——At the first sight
[*Aside to Ariel.*
They have chang'd eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this.——A word, good sir;
I fear, you have done yourself some wrong [1]: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

" *Angel* or *goddess!* do I call thee *right?*"
" There-at she blushing, said, ah! gentle squire,
" Nor *goddess* I, nor *angel*, but the *maid*
" And *daughter* of a woody nymph," &c. FARMER.

[8] *And his brave son, being twain.*] This is a slight forgetfulness. Nobody was left in the wreck, yet we find no such character as the son of the duke of Milan. THEOBALD.

[9] ——*controul thee.*] Confute thee, unanswerably contradict thee. JOHNSON.

[1] *I fear you have done yourself some wrong:*—]
i. e. I fear that, in asserting yourself to be *king of Naples*, you have uttered a falshood, which is below your character, and consequently injurious to your honour. So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*—" This is not well, master Ford, this *wrongs you*" STEEVENS.

Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.——
They are both in either's powers: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*Aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. [*To Ferd.*] Follow me.—
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor.—Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled: Follow.

Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*He draws.*

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
[2] He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;

[2] *He's gentle, and not fearful.*] *Fearful* signifies both terrible and timorous. In this place it may mean *timorous*. She tells her father, that as he is gentle, rough usage is unnecessary, and as he is brave, it may be dangerous.

Fearful, however, may signify *formidable*, as in *K. Hen.* IV.
"A mighty and a *fearful* head they are;"
and then the meaning of the passage is obvious. STEEVENS.

Who

Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: [3] come from thy ward;
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence; hang not on my garments.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence; one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban; Foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on; obey: [*To Ferdinand.*]
[4] Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works:——Come on.

[3] —*come from thy ward*;] Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence. JOHNSON.

[4] *Thy nerves are in their infancy again*,] So Milton, in his *Masque at Ludlow-Castle*.

"Thy nerves are all bound up in alabaster." STEEVENS.

[*To Ariel.*] Thou haſt done well, fine Ariel!—
Follow me.
Hark, what thou elſe ſhalt do me.

Mira. Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, ſir,
Than he appears by ſpeech; this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou ſhalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the ſyllable.

Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, and others.

Gonz. Beſeech you, ſir, be merry: you have cauſe
(So have we all) of joy; for our eſcape
Is much beyond our loſs: [5] Our hint of woe
Is common; every day, ſome ſailor's wife,
The maſter of ſome merchant, and the merchant,
Have juſt our theme of woe: but for the miracle,
I mean our preſervation, few in millions
Can ſpeak like us: then wiſely, good ſir, weigh
Our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alon. [6] Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb.

[5] ——*our hint of woe*] *Hint* is that which recalls to the memory. The cauſe that fills our minds with grief is common. Dr. Warburton reads *flint* of woe. JOHNSON.

[6] Alon. *Pr'ythee, peace.*] All that follows from hence to this ſpeech of the king's,

You cram theſe words into my ears againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe,

ſeems

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. [7] The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One:——Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd, Comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollar [8].

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purpos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,——

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

seems to Mr. Pope to have been an interpolation by the players. For my part, though I allow the matter of the dialogue to be very poor, I cannot be of opinion that it is interpolated. For should we take out this intermediate part, what would become of these words of the king,

——*Would I had never*
Married my daughter there!

What daughter? and *where* married? For it is in this intermediate part of the scene only that we are told the king had a daughter named Claribel, whom he had married into Tunis. 'Tis true, in a subsequent scene betwixt Anthonio and Sebastian, we again hear her and Tunis mentioned; but in such a manner, that it would be obscure and unintelligible without this previous information. THEOBALD.

[7] *The visitor*——] Why Dr. Warburton should change *visitor* to *'viser* for *adviser*, I cannot discover. Gonzalo gives not only advice, but comfort, and is therefore properly called *The Visitor*, like others who visit the sick or distressed to give them consolation. In some of the Protestant churches there is a kind of officers termed consolators for the sick. JOHNSON.

[8] *A* Dollar.
Gon. Dolour *comes to him indeed*;]
The same quibble occurs in *the tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637.
"And his reward be thirteen hundred *dollars*,
"For he hath driven *dolour* from our heart."
STEEVENS.

Alon.

Alon. I pr'ythee, ſpare.

Gon. Well, I have done: But yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, firſt begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this iſland ſeem to be deſert,——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've pay'd.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almoſt inacceſſible,——

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not miſs't.

Adr. It muſt needs be of ſubtle, tender, [9] and delicate temperance.

Ant. [1] Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a ſubtle; as he moſt learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here moſt ſweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; ſave means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

[9] ——*and delicate temperance.*] *Temperance* here means *temperature.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Temperance was a delicate wench.*] In the puritanical times it was uſual to chriſten children from the titles of religious and moral virtues.

So Taylor, the water-poet, in his deſcription of a ſtrumpet,

"Though bad they be, they will not bate an ace,
"To be call'd Prudence. *Temperance.* Faith, or Grace."

STEEVENS.

Gon.

Gon. [2] How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't [3].

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is, indeed, almost beyond credit)—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Africk, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? [4] Widow Dido!

Seb.

[2] *How lush,* &c.] *Lush,* i. e. of a *dark full* colour, the opposite to *pale* and *faint.* Sir T. HANMER.

[3] *With an* eye *of green in't.*] An *eye* is a small shade of colour. "Red, with an *eye* of blue, makes a purple." *Boyle.* STEEVENS.

[4] —*Widow Dido!*] The name of a widow brings to their minds their own shipwreck, which they consider as having made many widows in Naples. JOHNSON.

This passage may contain some allusion to the play of *Dido Queen of Carthage,* by Nash and Marlow, which was acted before queen Elizabeth in 1594. Preston, the author of *Cambyses,* was a performer in it; and to this circumstance our author seems to have

Seb. What if he had ſaid, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, ſaid you? you make me ſtudy of that: She was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, ſir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I aſſure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp [5].

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houſes too.

Ant. What impoſſible matter will he make eaſy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this iſland home in his pocket, and give it his ſon for an apple.

Ant. And, ſowing the kernels of it in the ſea, bring forth more iſlands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments ſeem now as freſh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen

Ant. And the rareſt that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beſeech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, ſir, my doublet, as freſh as the firſt day I wore it? I mean, in a ſort.

Ant. That ſort was well fiſh'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram theſe words into mine ears, againſt
The ſtomach of my ſenſe [6]: 'Would I had never
Marry'd my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My ſon is loſt; and, in my rate, ſhe too,

have alluded in the *M. N. Dream*, act IV. ſcene ii. See a note on it. The tragedy of *Dido* is ſo very ſcarce, that I have never been able to meet with it. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the miraculous harp.*] Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's muſic. STEEVENS.

[6] *The ſtomach of my* ſenſe.] By *ſenſe*, I believe is meant both *reaſon and natural affection.* So in *Meaſure for Meaſure.*
"Againſt all *ſenſe* do you importune her." STEEVENS.

Who

Who is so far from Italy remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee!

Fran. Sir, he may live;
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making,
[7] Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

[7] *Than we bring men to comfort them:*] It does not clearly appear whether the king and these lords thought the ship lost. This passage seems to imply, that they were themselves confident of returning, but imagined part of the fleet destroyed. Why, indeed, should Sebastian plot against his brother in the following scene, unless he knew how to find the kingdom which he was to inherit? JOHNSON.

And time to ſpeak it in: you rub the ſore,
When you ſhould bring the plaiſter.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And moſt chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good ſir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this iſle, my lord,—

Ant. He'd ſow't with nettle-ſeed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, What would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magiſtrate;
Letters ſhould not be known; riches, poverty,
And uſe of ſervice, none; contract, ſucceſſion,
Bourn [8], bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none:
No uſe of metal, corn, or wine, or oil:
No occupation; all men idle, all,
And women too, but innocent and pure:
No ſovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be king on't.

Ant. [9] The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature ſhould produce
Without ſweat or endeavour: treaſon, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine [1],
Would I not have; but nature ſhould bring forth,

[8] Bourn, *bound of land*, &c.] A *bourn*, in this place, ſignifies a *limit*, a *meer*, a *land-mark*. STEEVENS.

[9] *The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.*] All this dialogue is a fine ſatire on the Utopian treatiſes of government, and the impracticable inconſiſtent ſchemes therein recommended. WARBURTON.

[1] —*any* engine.] An *engine* is the *rack*. So in *K. Lear.*
"—like an *engine*, wrench'd my frame of nature
"From the fix'd place."

It may, however, be uſed here in its common ſignification of inſtrument of war, or military machine. STEEVENS.

Of

Of its own kind, all [2] foizon, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man: all idle; whores, and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. 'Save his majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my

[2] —*all foizon,*—] *Foison* or *foizon* signifies plenty, *ubertas*, not moisture, or juice of grass or other herbs, as Mr. Pope says. EDWARDS.

Foyson is pure French, and signifies plenty.
So in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. xiii. ch. 78.
"Union, in breefe, is *foysonous*, and discorde works decay."
Mr. Pope however is not entirely mistaken, as *foison*, or *fizon*, sometimes bears the meaning which he has affixed to it. See Ray's Collection of South and East Country words. STEEVENS.

discretion

discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

[*Gonz. Adr. Fra. &c. sleep.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: Wond'rous heavy——

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them?

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eye-lids sink? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be: the occasion speaks thee; and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,
It is a sleepy language; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep: What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,

Thou

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep, die rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb,
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often, do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on:
The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although [2] this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded,
([3] For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes

[2] *—this lord of weak remembrance,—*] This lord, who, being now in his dotage, has outlived his faculty of remembering; and who, once laid in the ground, shall be as little remembered himself, as he can now remember other things. JOHNSON.

[3] *For he's a spirit of persuasion,*] Of this entangled sentence I can draw no sense from the present reading, and therefore imagine that the author gave it thus:

For he, a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade.

Of which the meaning may be either, that *he alone, who is a spirit of persuasion, professes to persuade the king*; or that, *He only professes to persuade*, that is, *without being so persuaded himself, he makes a show of persuading the king*. JOHNSON.

Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce [4] a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; [5] she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom

The meaning may be—He is a mere rhetorician, one who professes the art of persuasion, and nothing else; *i. e.* he professes to persuade another to believe that of which he himself is not convinced: he is content to be plausible, and has no further aim. The construction, from which I draw this sense, is undoubtedly harsh; but in a writer like Shakespeare, all that is perplexed and irregular is not to be regarded as a corruption of the text.

STEEVENS.

[4] —*a wink beyond,*] That this is the utmost extent of the prospect of ambition, the point where the eye can pass no farther, and where objects lose their distinctness, so that what is there discovered, is faint, obscure, and doubtful. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*she that from Naples*
Can have no note, &c.] Shakespeare's great ignorance of geography is not more conspicuous in any instance than in this, where he supposes Tunis and Naples to have been at such an immeasurable distance from each other. He may however be countenanced by *Apollonius Rhodius*, who says, that both the *Rhone* and *Po* meet in one, and discharge themselves into the gulph of *Venice*; and by *Æschylus*, who has placed the river *Eridanus* in *Spain*. STEEVENS.

We

We were all sea-swallow'd, [6] though some cast again;
And, by that destiny [7], to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours, and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this?—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;
So is the heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, *How shall that Claribel*
Measure us back to Naples?—[8] Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are: There be, that can rule Naples,
As well as he that sleeps; lords, that can prate

[6] These lines stand in the old edition thus:

——though some cast again;
And, by that destiny, to perform an act,
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In your and my discharge.

The reading in the latter editions is without authority. The old text may very well stand, except that in the last line *in* should be *is*, and perhaps we might better say—*and that by destiny.* It being a common plea of wickedness to call temptation destiny.
JOHNSON.

It should be remembered, that *cast* is here used in the same sense as in *Macbeth*, act II. sc. iii. "——though he took my "legs from me, I made a shift to *cast* him."

The modern editors published,

Is yours and my discharge.

I think we may safely retain the old reading in the last hemistich.

——what is yet to come,
In yours and my discharge.

i. e. Depends on what you and I are to perform. STEEVENS.

[7] *——destiny.*] I should prefer *destin'd.* MUSGRAVE.

[8] *——Keep in Tunis.*] There is in this passage a propriety lost; which a slight alteration will restore:

——Sleep *in Tunis,*
And let Sebastian wake! JOHNSON.

The old reading is sufficiently explicable. *Claribel,* (says he) *keep where thou art, and allow Sebastian time to awaken those senses, by the help of which he may perceive the advantage which now presents itself.* STEEVENS.

As amply, and unneceſſarily,
As this Gonzalo; I myſelf could make
A chough[9] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a ſleep were this
For your advancement? Do you underſtand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did ſupplant your brother Proſpero.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before: My brother's ſervants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conſcience——

Ant. Ay, ſir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,
'Twould put me to my ſlipper; But I feel not
This deity in my boſom: twenty conſciences,
That ſtand 'twixt me and Milan, candy'd be they,
[1] And melt, e'er they moleſt. Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead[2];

[9] A *chough* is a bird of the jack-daw kind. STEEVENS.

[1] *And melt e'er they moleſt.*] I had rather read,
Would *melt e'er they moleſt.*
i. e. *Twenty conſciences, ſuch as ſtand between me and my hopes, though they were congealed, would melt before they could moleſt one,* or prevent the execution of my purpoſes. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*And* melt, which is as intelligible as *or*, which was ſubſtituted in its place.—*Let twenty conſciences be firſt congealed, and then diſſolved, ere,* &c. MALONE.

In the later editions, theſe lines are thus arranged:

Ay, ſir, where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my ſlipper:
But I feel not this deity in my boſom.
Ten conſciences, that ſtand 'twixt me and Milan,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they moleſt!
Here lies your brother——

This modern reading was quite arbitrary, as appears by the neceſſity of changing *twenty* to *ten*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*that's* dead;] i. e. *that is, id eſt.* STEEVENS.

Whom

Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink, for ay[3] might put
[4] This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll [5] take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They converse apart.*

Enter Ariel, with musick and song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) [6] to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While

[3] —for *aye*]—i. e. for ever. So in *K. Lear*,
" —I am come
" To bid my king and master *aye* good night." STEEVENS.

[4] *This ancient morsel,*—] For *morsel* Dr. Warburton reads *ancient moral*, very elegantly and judiciously, yet I know not whether the author might not write *morsel*, as we say a *piece of a man*. JOHNSON.

So in *Hamlet*, What, is Horatio there?
A *piece* of him.
Again in *Measure for Measure*,
" How doth my dear *morsel*; thy mistress?"
In *Coriolanus*, — " Hence you *fragments*." STEEVENS.
So in *Ant. and Cleopatra*,
" —As a *morsell* cold
" Upon dead Cæsar's trencher." MALONE.

[5] —*take suggestion*,—] i. e. Receive any hint of villainy. JOHNSON.

[6] —*to keep them living*.] i. e. Alonso and Anthonio; for it was on their lives that his project depended. Yet the Oxford

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake! awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king!

[*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho! awake? Why are you [7] drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did it not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon my honour, sir, I heard a humming,

Editor alters *them* to *you*, because in the verse before, it is said —*you his friend*; as if, because Ariel was *sent forth* to *save his friend*, he could not have another purpose in sending him, *viz.* to *save his project* too. WARBURTON.

I think Dr. Warburton and the Oxford Editor both mistaken. The sense of the passage, as it now stands, is this: He sees *your* danger, and will therefore save *them*. Dr. Warburton has mistaken Anthonio for Gonzalo. Ariel would certainly not tell Gonzalo, that his master saved him only for his project. He speaks to himself as he approaches,

My master through his art foresees the danger
That these *his friends are in.*

These written with a *y*, according to the old practice, did not much differ from *you*. JOHNSON.

[7] —*drawn?*] Having your swords drawn. So in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"What art thou *drawn* among these heartless hinds?"

JOHNSON.

And

And that a ſtrange one too, which did awake me:
I ſhak'd you, ſir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I ſaw their weapons drawn:—there was a noiſe,
That's verity[8]: 'Tis beſt we ſtand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make further ſearch
For my poor ſon.

Gon. Heavens keep him from theſe beaſts!
For he is, ſure, i' the iſland.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Proſpero my lord ſhall know what I have done. [*Aſide.*
So, king, go ſafely on to ſeek thy ſon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the iſland.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood: A noiſe of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the ſun ſucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Proſper fall, and make him
By inch-meal a diſeaſe! His ſpirits hear me,
And yet I needs muſt curſe. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin ſhows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em; but
For every trifle they are ſet upon me:
Sometime like apes, [9] that moe and chatter at me,

[8] That's *verity.*] The old copy reads, that's *verily.* STEEVENS.

[9] ——*that moe,* &c.] i. e. Make mouths. So in the old verſion of the Pſalms:

"——making *mocs* at me."

So in the old myſtery of *Candlemas-Day,* 1512:

"And make them to lye and *mowe* like an ape."

STEEVENS.

So in Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs,* 1593:
"Found nobody at home but an *ape,* that ſate in the porch "and made mops and *mows* at him." MALONE.

And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; ſometime am I
All [1] wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiſs me into madneſs:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a ſpirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in ſlowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither buſh nor ſhrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another ſtorm brewing; I hear it ſing i' the wind: yond' ſame black cloud, yond' huge one, [2] looks like a foul bumbard that would ſhed his liquor. If it ſhould thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond' ſame cloud cannot chuſe but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fiſh? Dead or alive? A fiſh:

[1] —*wound*] Enwrapped by adders *wound* or twiſted about me. JOHNSON.

[2] —*looks like a foul bumbard*—] This term again occurs in *The Firſt Part of Henry* IV.—" that ſwoln parcel of dropſies, " that huge *bumbard* of ſack"—and again in *Henry* VIII. " And here you lie baiting of *bumbards*, when ye ſhould do ſer-" vice." By theſe ſeveral paſſages, 'tis plain, the word meant a large veſſel for holding drink, as well as the piece of ordnance ſo called. THEOBALD.

Ben Jonſon, in his *Maſque of Augurs*, confirms the conjecture of Theobald.—" The poor cattle yonder are paſſing away the " time with a cheat loaf, and a *bumbard* of broken beer."

So in Middleton's *Inner Temple Maſque*, 1619:—" they would " have beat out his brains with *bombards*."

So again in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638.

" His boots as wide as the black-jacks,
" Or *bumbards* toſs'd by the king's guards."

And it appears from a paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Love Reſtor'd*, that a *bombard-man* was one who carried about proviſions. " I am to deliver into the buttery ſo many firkins of *aurum* " *potabile*, as it delivers out *bombards* of bouge," &c.

Again in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631.

" You are aſcended up to what you are, from the black-jack " to the *bumbard* diſtillation." STEEVENS.

he

he ſmells like a fiſh; a very ancient and fiſh-like ſmell; a kind of, not of the neweſt, Poor-John. A ſtrange fiſh! Were I in England now, (as once I was) and had but this fiſh painted [3], not a holiday-fool there but would give a piece of ſilver: there would this monſter [4] make a man; any ſtrange beaſt there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to ſee [5] a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth! I do now let looſe my opinion [6], hold it no longer; this is no fiſh, but an iſlander, that has lately ſuffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the ſtorm is come again: my beſt way is to creep under [7] his gaberdine; there is no other ſhelter hereabout:

[3] —*this fiſh painted.*] To exhibit fiſhes, either real or imaginary, was very common about the time of our author. So in Maine's comedy of the *City Match:*

"Enter Bright, &c. hanging out the picture of a *ſtrange fiſh.*"
—"This is the fifth *fiſh* now
"That he hath ſhewn thus."

It appears, from the books at Stationers' Hall, that in 1604 was publiſhed, "A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh*, that ap-"peared in the form of a woman from her waiſt upward, ſeene "in the ſea." STEEVENS.

[4] —*make a man*;] That is, make a man's fortune. So in *Midſummer Night's Dream*—"we are all *made men.*" JOHNSON.

So in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——She's a wench
"Was born to *make* us all." STEEVENS.

[5] —*a dead Indian.*—] And afterwards—*Men of Inde.* Probably ſome alluſion to a particular occurrence, now obſcured by time. In *Henry* VIII. the *porter* aſks the mob, if they think —*ſome ſtrange Indian*, &c. *is come to court.*

In the year 1577 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, "A deſcription of the purtrayture and ſhape of thoſe "ſtrange kinde of people whiche the wurthie Mr. Martin Four-"boſier brought into England in A°. 1576." STEEVENS.

[6] —*let looſe my opinion*, &c.] So in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"—Now you will be my purgation, and *let me looſe.*"
STEEVENS.

[7] —*his gaberdine*;—] A *gaberdine* is properly the coarſe frock or outward garment of a peaſant. Ital. *gaverdina.*

So

will recover him, I will help his ague: Come—[3]Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; [4] I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano!—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo;—be not afraid,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth; I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed: How cam'st thou [5] to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent Trinculos?

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: —But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scap'd!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights.

[3] —*Amen!*—] Means stop your draught; come to a conclusion. *I will pour some*, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *I have no long spoon.*] Alluding to the proverb, *A long spoon to eat with the devil.* STEEVENS.

See *Com. of Errors*, act IV. sc. iii. and Chaucer's *Squier's Tale*, ver. 10916 of the late edit.

"Therefore behoveth him a ful long spone,
"That shall ete with a fend."—— TYRWHITT.

[5] —*to be the siege of this moon-calf?*] *Siege* signifies *stool* in every sense of the word, and is here used in the dirtiest.

So in Holinshed, p. 705: "In this yeare also, a house on "London bridge, called the common *siege*, or privie, fell downe "into the Thames."

A *moon-calf* is an inanimate shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only. See his Nat. Hist. b. x. ch. 64. STEEVENS.

That's

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How did'st thou 'scape? How cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book: Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf? how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven [6]?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light this is a very shallow monster:—[7] I afraid of him?—a very weak monster:—The man i' the moon?—a most poor credulous monster:—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

[6] *Hast thou not dropped from heaven?*] The new-discovered Indians of the island of St. Salvador, asked, by signs, whether Columbus and his companions *were not come down from heaven.* TOLLET.

[7] *I afraid of him?—a very weak monster,* &c.] It is to be observed, that Trinculo the speaker is not charged with being afraid; but it was his consciousness that he was so that drew this brag from him. This is nature. WARBURTON.

Cal.

Cal. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch o' the iſle;
And I will [8] kiſs thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a moſt perfidious and drunken monſter; when his god's aſleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiſs thy foot: I'll ſwear myſelf thy ſubject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and ſwear.

Trin. I ſhall laugh myſelf to death at this puppy-headed monſter: A moſt ſcurvy monſter! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiſs.

Trin. ——But that the poor monſter's in drink: An abominable monſter!

Cal. I'll ſhew thee the beſt ſprings; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I ſerve!
I'll bear him no more ſticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A moſt ridiculous monſter; to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Shew thee a jay's neſt, and inſtruct thee how
To ſnare the nimble marmozet; I'll bring thee
To cluſt'ring filberds, and ſometimes I'll get thee
Young [9] ſcamels from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste.

[8] —*kiſs thy foot:*—] A ſneer upon the papiſts for kiſſing the Pope's pantoſle. GRAY.

[9] —*ſcamels*—] This word has puzzled the commentators: Dr. Warburton reads *ſhamois*; Mr. Theobald would read any thing rather than *ſcamels.* Mr. Holt, who wrote notes upon this play, obſerves, that limpets are in ſome places called *ſcams*, therefore I have ſuffered *ſcamels* to ſtand. JOHNSON.

Theobald ſubſtitutes *ſhamois* for *ſcamels*; which laſt word, he ſays, has poſſeſſed all the editions. I am inclined to retain *ſcamels*; for in an old will, dated 1593, I find the bequeſt of "a "bed of *ſcammel colour*;" i. e. of the colour of an animal ſo called, whoſe ſkin was then in uſe for dreſs or furniture. This

at

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company being drown'd, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle! Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

[*Sings drunkenly.*] *Farewell master; farewell, farewell.*

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

at least shews the existence of the word at the time, and in Shakespeare's sense. WARTON.

I take Mr. Warton's bed of *scammel* colour to be a mistake for *flammel* colour, *i. e.* of a light red colour. The *light*, *pale flammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's translation of *Pliny's Nat. Hist.* and is also there styled *the light red*, and *fresh lusty gallant*, p. 260 and 261. See also *flammel* in *Ainsworth's Dict.* TOLLET.

In Jonson's *Underwoods*, see the following passage:

"Red-hood the first that doth appear
"In *flamel*, scarlet is too dear."

And in Fletcher's *Woman-hater*:

"Humble herself in an old *flamel* petticoat."

So in Middleton's *Masque of the World toss'd at tennis*:

"They wear *flammel* cloaks instead of scarlet."

So in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

"Some *flamel* weaver, or some butcher's son."

Again, in *The Turk turn'd Christian*, 1612.

"That fellow in the *flammel* hose is one of them."

Again, in *Friar Bacon* and *Friar Bungay*, 1599.

"That seem'd so stately in her *flammel* red."

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606.

"—like those creatures
"That live in the Bordello, now in sattin,
"To-morrow next in *flammell*."

Theobald had very reasonably proposed to read *sea-malls*, or *sea-mells*. An e, by these careless printers, was easily changed into a c, and from this accident, I believe, all the difficulty arises, the word having been spelt by the transcriber *scamels*. *Willoughby* mentions the bird as *Theobald* has informed us. Had Mr. Holt told us in what part of England *scamels* are called *scams*, more attention would have been paid to his assertion.

I should suppose, at all events, a *bird* to have been design'd, as *young* and *old fish* are taken with equal facility; but *young birds* are more easily surprised than *old ones*. Besides, Caliban had already proffered to *fish* for Trinculo. In Cavendish's second voyage, the sailors eat *young gulls* at the isle of Penguins. STEEVENS.

Cal.

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish;*
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape[1] *trencher, nor wash dish;*
Ban' Ban', Ca—Caliban,
Has a new master—Get a new Man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful[2]; but their labour[3]
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: o, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor. I forget:

[1] ——*trencher,*] The old copy reads *trenchering.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*are painful;*] i. e. laborious. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*but their labour*
Delight in them sets off:]
Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem. Hor. sat. 2. lib. ii. STEEVENS.

But

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
[4] Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter Miranda, and Prospero at a distance.

Mira. Alas, now! pray you,
Work not so hard: I would, the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having weary'd you: My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against [5].

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,

[4] The two first folios read:
Most busy lest, *when I do it.*
'Tis true this reading is corrupt; but the corruption is so very little removed from the truth of the text, that I cannot afford to think well of my own sagacity for having discovered it.
THEOBALD.

[5] *And yours* it is *against.*] Perhaps we should read, And yours *is it* against. STEEVENS.

(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?
Mira. Miranda:—O my father,
I have broke your [6] hest to say so!
Fer. Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have ey'd with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil: But you, o you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
[7] Of every creature's best.
Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of: But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.
Fer. I am, in my condition,
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
(I would, not so!) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer [8]
The flesh-fly blow my mouth:—Hear my soul speak;—

[6] —*hest*—] For *behest*; i. e. command. STEEVENS.
[7] *Of every creature's best.*] Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles. JOHNSON.
[8] ——*than I* would *suffer*, &c.] The old copy reads—Than *to* suffer. The emendation is Mr. Pope's. STEEVENS.

The

The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and, for your sake,
Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, o earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. [9] I am a fool,
To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between them!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take,
What I shall die to want: But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow [1]
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

[9] *I am a fool,*
To weep at what I am glad of.] This is one of those touches of nature that distinguish Shakespeare from all other writers. It was necessary, in support of the character of Miranda, to make her appear unconscious that excess of sorrow and excess of joy find alike their relief from tears; and as this is the first time that consummate pleasure had made any near approaches to her heart, she calls such a seeming contradictory expression of it, *folly*.

The same thought occurs in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Back foolish tears, back to your native spring,
"Your tributary drops belong to woe,
"Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy." STEEVENS.

[1] —*your* fellow,] i. e. companion. STEEVENS.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: And now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand! [*Exeunt.*

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd with all; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em *: Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail [2].

* *Bear up, and board 'em:*] A metaphor alluding to a chace at sea. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[2] *He were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.*] I believe this to be an allusion to a story that is met with in *Stowe*, and other writers of the time. It seems, in the year 1574, a whale was thrown ashore near *Ramsgate*. "A *monstrous fish* (says "the *chronicler*) but not so *monstrous* as some reported—for his "eyes were in his *head*, and not in his *back*."

Summary, 1575, p. 562.
FARMER.

Ste.

Ste. My man-monſter hath drown'd his tongue in ſack: for my part, the ſea cannot drown me: [3] I ſwam, ere I could recover the ſhore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light.—Thou ſhalt be my lieutenant, monſter, [4] or my ſtandard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.

Ste. We'll not run, monſieur monſter.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet ſay nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, ſpeak once in thy life, if thou beeſt a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy ſhoe: I'll not ſerve him; he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou ly'ſt, moſt ignorant monſter; I am in caſe to juſtle a conſtable: Why, [5] thou deboſh'd fiſh thou,

[3] *I ſwam,* &c.] This play was not publiſhed till 1623. *Albumazar* made its appearance in 1614, and has a paſſage relative to the eſcape of a ſailor yet more incredible. Perhaps, in both inſtances, a ſneer was meant at the *Voyages of Ferdinando Mendez Pinto,* or the exaggerated accounts of other lying travellers:

"——five days I was under water; and at length
"Got up and ſpread myſelf upon a cheſt,
"Rowing with arms, and ſteering with my feet,
"And thus in five days more got land." Act III. ſc. v.

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*or my ſtandard.*

Trin. *Your lieutenant, if you liſt; he's no ſtandard.*] Meaning, he is ſo much intoxicated, as not to be able to ſtand. The quibble between *ſtandard,* an enſign, and *ſtandard,* a fruit tree, that grows without ſupport, is evident. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*thou deboſh'd fiſh thou,*—] I meet with this word, which I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *debauch'd,* in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers,* 1634:

"—— See your houſe be ſtor'd
"With the *deboiſheſt* roarers in this city."

Again, *All's Well that ends Well:*

"With all the ſpots o' th' world tax'd and *deboſh'd.*"

Again in *Monſieur Thomas,* 1639:

"—— ſaucy fellows,
"*Deboſh'd* and daily drunkards."

The ſubſtantive occurs in the *Partheneia Sacra,* 1633:

"—A hater of men, rather than the *deboiſhments* of their "manners."

 When

thou, was there ever a man a coward, that hath drunk ſo much ſack as I to day? Wilt thou tell a monſtrous lie, being but half a fiſh, and half a monſter?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me; wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!——that a monſter ſhould be ſuch a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——The poor monſter's my ſubject, and he ſhall not ſuffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the ſuit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will ſtand, and ſo ſhall Trinculo.

Enter Ariel inviſible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am ſubject to a tyrant; a ſorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the iſland.

Ari. Thou ly'ſt.

Cal. Thou ly'ſt, thou jeſting monkey, thou;
I would, my valiant maſter would deſtroy thee:
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will ſupplant ſome of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I ſaid nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more—[*To Caliban.*] Proceed.

Cal. I ſay, by ſorcery he got this iſle;
From me he got it. If thy greatneſs will
Revenge it on him (for, I know, thou dar'ſt,
But this thing dare not——)

Ste. That's moſt certain.

When the word was firſt adopted from the French language, it appears to have been ſpelt according to the pronunciation, and therefore wrongly; but ever ſince it has been ſpelt right, it has been uttered with equal impropriety. STEEVENS.

Cal.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord; I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou ly'st, thou canst not.

Cal. [6] What a py'd ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!—
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine; for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou ly'st.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats him.*
As you like this, give me the lie another time.

[6] *What a py'd ninny's this?*——] This line should certainly be given to Stephano. *Py'd ninny* alludes to the striped coat worn by fools, of which Caliban could have no knowledge. Trinculo had before been reprimanded and threatened by Stephano for giving Caliban the lie, he is now supposed to repeat his offence; upon which Stephano cries out,

What a py'd ninny's this? Thou scurvy patch!——

Caliban, now seeing his master in the mood that he wished, instigates him to vengeance:

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows. JOHNSON.

It should be remember'd that *Trinculo* is no *sailor*, but a *jester*, and is so called in the ancient *dramatis personæ*; he therefore wears the party-colour'd dress of one of these characters. See fig. XII. in the plate annexed to the first part of *K. Henry* IV. and Mr. Tollet's explanation of it.

So in the *Devil's Law Case*, 1623:

"Unless I wear a *py'd* fool's coat."

Again in the prologue to *If this be not a good play, the devil is in it*, 1612, by Decker:

"*Pied* and bold ideots durst not then sit kissing
"A muse's cheek." STEEVENS.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie:—Out o' your wits, and hearing too?——A pox of your bottle! this can ſack, and drinking do.—A murrain on your monſter, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee ſtand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further.—Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a cuſtom with him
I' the afternoon to ſleep: there thou may'ſt brain him,
Having firſt ſeiz'd his books; or with a log
Batter his ſkull, or paunch him with a ſtake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife: [7] Remember,
Firſt to poſſeſs his books: for without them
He's but a ſot, as I am; nor hath not
One ſpirit to command: They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I: Burn but his books;
He has brave utenſils (for ſo he calls them)
Which, when he has an houſe, he'll deck withal.
And that moſt deeply to conſider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himſelf
Calls her, a non-pareil: I never ſaw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam, and ſhe;
But ſhe as far ſurpaſſes Sycorax,
As greateſt does leaſt.

Ste. Is it ſo brave a laſs?

Cal. Ay, lord; ſhe will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monſter, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (ſave our graces!) and Trinculo and thyſelf ſhall be vice-roys:—Doſt thou like the plot, Trinculo?

[7] ——*Remember,*
Firſt to poſſeſs his books, &c.] So in Milton's *Maſque:*
"Oh, ye miſtook; ye ſhould have ſnatch'd his wand,
"And bound him faſt; without his rod revers'd,
"And backward mutterings of diſſevering power,
"We cannot free the lady."—— STEEVENS.

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand; I am ſorry I beat thee: but, while thou liv'ſt, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be aſleep;
Wilt thou deſtroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my maſter.

Cal. Thou mak'ſt me merry: I am full of pleaſure;
Let us be jocund: [8] Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy requeſt, monſter, I will do reaſon, any reaſon: Come on, Trinculo, let us ſing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and ſkout 'em; and ſkout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune. [*Ariel plays the tune on*

Ste. What is this ſame? [*a tabor and pipe.*

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'ſt a man, ſhew thyſelf in thy likeneſs: if thou be'ſt a devil, take't as thou liſt.

Trin. O, forgive me my ſins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee:—
Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou affeard [9]?

[8] —*Will you troul the catch,*] Ben Jonſon uſes the word in *Every Man in his Humour:*
"If he read this with patience, I'll *troul* ballads."
So Milton:
"To dreſs, to *troul* the tongue," &c.
Again in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:
"A fellow that will *troul* it off with tongue."
"Faith, you ſhall hear me *troll* it after my faſhion."
To *troul* a catch, I ſuppoſe, is to diſmiſs it *trippingly from the tongue.* STEEVENS.

[9] —*affeard.*] Thus the old copy. *To affear*, is an obſolete verb with the ſame meaning as to *affray.*
So in the *Shipmannes Tale* of Chaucer, v. 13330:
"This wif was not *aferde* ne *affraide.*"
Between *aferde* and *affraide*, in the time of Chaucer, there might have been ſome nice diſtinction which is at preſent loſt. STEEVENS.

Ste.

Ste. No, monſter, not I.

Cal. Be not affeard; the iſle is full of noiſes,
Sounds, and ſweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thouſand twangling inſtruments
Will hum about mine ears; and ſometimes voices,
That, if I then had wak'd after long ſleep,
Will make me ſleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds, methought, would open, and ſhew riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I ſhall have my muſic for nothing.

Cal. When Proſpero is deſtroy'd.

Ste. That ſhall be by and by: I remember the ſtory.

Trin. The ſound is going away; let's follow it,
And after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monſter; we'll follow.—I wou'd, I could ſee this taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano, [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to another part of the iſland.

Enter Alonſo, Sebaſtian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Franciſco, &c.

Gon. [1] By'r lakin, I can go no further, Sir;
My old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience,
I needs muſt reſt me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myſelf attach'd with wearineſs,
To the dulling of my ſpirits: ſit down, and reſt.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,

[1] *By'r lakin,*——] i. e. The diminutive only of our lady, i. e. ladykin. STEEVENS.

Whom

Whom thus we ſtray to find; and the ſea mocks
Our fruſtrate ſearch on land: Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aſide to Sebaſtian.*] I am right glad that he's ſo out of hope.
Do not, for one repulſe, forego the purpoſe
That you reſolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppreſs'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, uſe ſuch vigilance,
As when they are freſh.

Seb. I ſay, to-night: no more.

Solemn and ſtrange muſick; and Proſpero on the top, inviſible. Enter ſeveral ſtrange ſhapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of ſalutation; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous ſweet muſick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were theſe?

Seb. [2] A living drollery: Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne [3]; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

[2] *A living drollery:*——] Shows, called *drolleries*, were in Shakeſpeare's time performed by puppets only. From theſe our modern *drolls*, exhibited at fairs, &c. took their name. So in B. and Fletcher's *Valentinian:*

"I had rather make a *drollery* till thirty." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*one tree the phœnix throne*;] For this idea, our author might have been indebted to Phil. Holland's Tranſlation of Pliny, b. XIII. chap. 4. "I myſelf verily have heard ſtraunge things "of this kind of tree; and namely in regard of the bird *Phœnix*, "which is ſuppoſed to have taken that name of this date tree; "[called in Greek φοῖνιξ] for it was aſſured unto me, that the "ſaid bird died with that tree, and revived of itſelfe as the tree "ſprung again." STEEVENS.

Ant. I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes [4], these are people of the island)
Who though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. [*Aside.*

Alon. I cannot too much muse [5],
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [6] Praise in departing. [*Aside.*

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

[4] *For* certes, &c.] *Certes* is an obsolete word, signifying *certainly*. So in *Othello*:

"——*certes*, says he,
"I have already chose my officer." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*too much* muse.] To *muse*, in ancient language, is to admire.
So in *Macbeth*:

"Do not *muse* at me, my most worthy friends."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Praise in departing.*] i. e. Do not praise your entertainment too soon, lest you should have reason to retract your commendation. It is a proverbial saying.
So in the *Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"And so she doth; but *praise* your luck *at parting*."

Again in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1598:

"Now *praise* at thy *parting*."

Stephen Gosson, in his pamphlet entitled, *Playes confuted in five Actions*, &c. (no date) acknowledges himself to have been the author of a morality called, *Praise at Parting*. STEEVENS.

They

They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear: When we were boys,
Who would believe [7] that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts [8]? which now, we find,
[9] Each putter out on five for one, will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon.

[7] ——*that there were mountaineers*, &c.] Whoever is curious to know the particulars relating to these *mountaineers*, may consult *Maundeville's Travels*, printed in 1503, by Wynken de Worde; but it is yet a known truth that the inhabitants of the Alps have been long accustom'd to such excrescences or tumours.

Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus? STEEVENS.

[8] ——*men,*
Whose heads stood in their breasts?] Our author might have had this intelligence likewise from the translation of Pliny, b. V. chap. 8. "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth "and eies both in their breast." STEEVENS.

[9] *Each putter out*, &c.] This passage alluding to a forgotten custom is very obscure: the *putter out* must be a traveller, else how could he give this account? the *five for one* is money to be received by him at his return. Mr. Theobald has well illustrated this passage by a quotation from Jonson. JOHNSON.

The ancient custom was this. In this age of travelling, it was customary for those who engaged in long expeditions, to place out a sum of money on condition of receiving great interest for it at their return home. So Puntarvolo (it is Theobald's quotation) in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*: "I do intend, "this year of jubilee coming on, to travel; and (because I will "not altogether go upon expence) I am determined to put forth "some *five* thousand pound, to be paid me *five* for *one*, upon the "return of my wife, myself, and my dog, from the Turk's court "in Constantinople."

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last; no matter, since I feel
The best is past:—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. [1] *Enter Ariel like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
(That hath to instrument this lower world [2],
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alonso, Sebastian, and the rest*
Ye fools! I and my fellows [*draw their swords.*
Are ministers of fate; the elements
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock't-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish

To this instance I may add another from *The Ball*, a comedy, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:
"I did most politickly disburse my sums
"To have *five for one* at my return from Venice."
Again in *Amends for Ladies*, 1639:
"I would I had *put out* something upon my return;
"I had as lieve be at the *Bermoothes*."
Again in Brome's *Antipodes*, 1638:
"Like the reports of those, that beggingly
"Have *put out* on returns from Edingbrough."
STEEVENS.

[1] *Enter Ariel like a harpy*, &c.] Milton's *Par. Reg.* b. II.
————"with that
"Both table and provisions vanish'd quite,
"With sound of harpies wings, and talons heard."
"*At subitæ horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt*
"*Harpyiæ, & magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas*
"*Diripiuntque dapes.*" Virg. Æn. iii. STEEVENS.

[2] *That hath to instrument this lower world*, &c.] i. e. that makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its *instruments* to bring about its ends. STEEVENS.

[3] One dowle that's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted: But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Expos'd unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying not forgetting, have
Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Ling'ring perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once), shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

[3] *One dowle that's in my plume;*] The old copy exhibits the passage thus:

One *dowle* that's in my plumbe.——

Bailey, in his Dictionary, says, that *dowle* is a feather, or rather the single particles of the down.

Since the first appearance of this edition, my very industrious and learned correspondent, Mr. *Tollet*, of *Betley*, in *Staffordshire*, has enabled me to retract a too hasty censure on *Bailey*, to whom we were long indebted for our only *English Dictionary*. In a small book, entitled *Humane Industry: or, A History of most Manual Arts*, printed in 1661, page 93, is the following passage: "The wool-bearing trees in Æthiopia, which *Virgil* speaks of, "and the Eriophori Arbores in *Theophrastus*, are not such trees "as have a certain wool or DOWL upon the outside of them, as "the small cotton, but short trees that bear a ball upon the top, "pregnant with wool, which the Syrians call Cott, the Grecians "Gossypium, the Italians Bombagio, and we Bombase."—— "There is a certain shell-fish in the sea, called Pinna, that bears "a mossy DOWL, or wool, whereof cloth was spun and made." —Again, page 95: "Trichitis, or the hayrie stone, by some "Greek authors, and Alumen *plumaceum*, or *downy* alum, by "the Latinists: this hair or DOWL is spun into thread, and "weaved into cloth." I have since discovered the same word in *The Ploughman's Tale*, attributed to Chaucer, v. 3202.

"And swore by cock'is herte and blode,
"He would tere him every *doule*." STEEVENS.

Upon

Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's ſorrow,
And a [4] clear life enſuing.

He vaniſhes in thunder: then to ſoft muſick, enter the ſhapes again, and dance with mops and mowes[5], *and carry out the table.*

Pro. [*Aſide.*] Bravely the figure of this harpy haſt thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring;
Of my inſtruction haſt thou nothing 'bated,
In what thou hadſt to ſay: ſo, [6] with good life,
And obſervation ſtrange, my meaner miniſters

[4] —*clear life*—] Pure, blameleſs, innocent. JOHNSON.
So in *Timon*: " —roots you *clear* heavens." STEEVENS.

[5] —*with* mops *and* mowes.]
So in *K. Lear*,
" —and Flibbertigibbet of *mopping* and *mowing*."
To *mop* and to *mowe* ſeem to have the ſame meaning, i. e. to make mouths or wry faces. STEEVENS.

[6] —*with good life*,] This ſeems a corruption. I know not in what ſenſe *life* can here be uſed, unleſs for alacrity, livelineſs, vigour; and in this ſenſe the expreſſion is harſh. Perhaps we may read,—*with good* liſt, with good will, with ſincere zeal for my ſervice. I ſhould have propoſed,—*with good* lief, in the ſame ſenſe, but that I cannot find *lief* to be a ſubſtantive. *With good life* may however mean, with *exact preſentation of their ſeveral characters, with obſervation ſtrange* of their particular and diſtinct parts. So we ſay, he acted to the *life*. JOHNSON.
Thus in the 6th canto of the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton:
" Done for the laſt with ſuch exceeding *life*
" As art therein with nature ſeem'd at ſtrife."
Good life, however, in *Twelfth Night*, ſeems to be uſed for innocent *jollity*, as we now ſay a *bon vivant*: " Would you (ſays " the *Clown*) have a love ſong, or a ſong of *good life?*" *Sir Toby* anſwers, " A love ſong, a love ſong;" Ay, ay, (replies *Sir Andrew*) " I care not for *good life*." It is plain, from the character of the laſt ſpeaker, that he was meant to miſtake the ſenſe in which *good life* is uſed by the *Clown*. It may therefore, in the *Tempeſt*, mean *honeſt alacrity, or chearfulneſs*.
Life ſeems to be uſed in the chorus to the fifth act of *K. Henry V.* with ſome meaning like that wanted to explain the approbation of Proſpero:
" Which cannot in their huge and proper *life*
" Be here preſented." STEEVENS.

Their

Their ſeveral kinds have done: my high charms work,
And theſe, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their diſtractions: they now are in my power;
And in theſe fits I leave them, whilſt I viſit
Young Ferdinand (whom they ſuppoſe is drown'd)
And his and my lov'd darling.

[*Exit Proſpero from above.*

Gon. I'the name of ſomething holy, ſir, why ſtand you
In this ſtrange ſtare?

Alon. O, it is monſtrous! monſtrous!
Methought, the billows ſpoke, and told me of it;
The winds did ſing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of Proſper; it did [7] baſs my treſpaſs.
Therefore my ſon i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll ſeek him deeper than e'er plummet ſounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy ſecond. [*Exeunt.*

Gon. All three of them are deſperate; their great guilt,
[8] Like poiſon given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the ſpirits:—I do beſeech you
That are of ſuppler joints, follow them ſwiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecſtaſy [9]
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

[7] —*baſs my treſpaſs.*] The deep pipe told it me in a rough baſs ſound. JOHNSON.
So in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 12:
"—the rolling ſea reſounding ſoft,
"In his big *baſe* them fitly anſwered." STEEVENS.

[8] *Like poiſon given*, &c.] The natives of Africa have been ſuppoſed to be poſſeſſed of the ſecret how to temper poiſons with ſuch art as not to operate till ſeveral years after they were adminiſtered, and were then as certain in their effect, as they were ſubtle in their preparation. STEEVENS.

[9] —*this* ecſtaſy] *Ecſtacy* meant not anciently, as at preſent, *rapturous pleaſure*, but alienation of mind. Mr. Locke has not inelegantly ſtiled it *dreaming with our eyes open.* STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. If I have too austerely punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here [1] a third of mine own life,
Or

[1] —*a third of mine own life*,] Thus all the impressions in general; but why is she only a *third* of his own life? He had no wife living, nor any other child, to rob her of a share in his affection: so that we may reckon her at least *half* of himself. Nor could he intend, that he loved himself twice as much as he did her; for he immediately subjoins, that it was *she for whom he liv'd*. In *Othello*, when Iago alarms the senator with the loss of his daughter, he tells him:

"Your heart is burst, you have lost *half* your soul."

And *dimidium animæ meæ* was the current language with the Latines on such occasions. THEOBALD.

In consequence of this ratiocination Mr. Theobald printed the text, *a* thread *of my own life*. I have restored the ancient reading. Prospero, in his reason subjoined why he calls her the *third* of his life, seems to allude to some logical distinction of causes, making her the final cause. JOHNSON.

Though this conjecture be very ingenious, I cannot think the poet had any such idea in his mind. The word *thread* was formerly spelt *third*; as appears from the following passage:

"Long maist thou live, and when the sisters shall decree
"To cut in twaine the twisted *third* of life,
"Then let him die, &c."

See comedy of *Mucedorus*, 1619. signat. c. 3. HAWKINS.

"A *thrid* of my own life" is a *fibre* or a *part* of my own life. *Prospero* considers himself as the *stock* or *parent-tree*, and his daughter as a *fibre* or *portion* of himself, and for whose benefit he himself lives. In this sense the word is used in *Markham's English Husbandman*, edit. 1635. p. 146: "Cut off all the maine rootes, "within half a foot of the tree, only the small *thriddes* or twist "rootes you shall not cut at all." Again, ibid. "Every "branch and *thrid* of the root." This is evidently the same word as *thread*, which is likewise spelt *thrid* by lord *Bacon*.

TOLLET.

The

Or that for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast [2] strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: o Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my [3] gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter: But
If thou dost break her virgin knot [4], before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion [5] shall the Heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,

The late Mr. *Hawkins* has properly observed that the word *thread* was anciently spelt *third*. So in *Lingua*, &c. 1607; and I could furnish many more instances:

"For as a subtle spider closely sitting
"In center of her web that spreadeth round,
"If the least fly but touch the smallest *third*,
"She feels it instantly."

The following quotation, however, should seem to place the meaning beyond all dispute. In *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529, is this passage:

"—one of worldly shame's *children*, of his countenaunce,
"and THREDE of his body." STEEVENS.

[2] —*strangely stood the test:*] Strangely is used by way of commendation, *merveilleusement*, *to a wonder*; the sense is the same in the foregoing scene, with *observation strange*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*my gift*,—] My guest, *first folio*. JOHNSON.

[4] *her* virgin knot,——] The same expression occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"Untide I still my *virgin knot* will keepe." STEEVENS.

[5] *No sweet* aspersion] *Aspersion* is here used in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*. At present it is expressive only of calumny and detraction. STEEVENS.

That you ſhall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps ſhall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair iſſue, and long life,
With ſuch love as 'tis now; the murkieſt den,
The moſt opportune place, the ſtrong'ſt ſuggeſtion
Our worſer Genius can, ſhall never melt
Mine honour into luſt; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I ſhall think, or Phœbus' ſteeds are founder'd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly ſpoke:
Sit then, and talk with her, ſhe is thine own.—
What, Ariel; my induſtrious ſervant Ariel!—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent maſter? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows, your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform; and I muſt uſe you
In ſuch another trick: go, bring [6] the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I muſt
Beſtow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promiſe,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Preſently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can ſay, [7] *Come*, and *go*,
And breathe twice; and cry, *ſo*, *ſo*;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and moe:
Do you love me, maſter? no.

[6] —*the rabble*,] The crew of meaner ſpirits. JOHNSON.

[7] ———*Come, and go*,———
Each one, tripping on his toe,] So Milton:
"Come, and trip it as you go
"On the light fantaſtic toe." STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel: Do not approach,
Till thou doſt hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the ſtrongeſt oaths are ſtraw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abſtemious,
Or elſe, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, ſir;
The white, cold, virgin-ſnow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; [8] bring a corollary,
Rather than want a ſpirit; appear, and pertly.——
[9] No tongue; all eyes; be ſilent. [*Soft muſick.*

A Maſque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, moſt bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peaſe;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling ſheep,
And flat meads [1] thatch'd with ſtover, them to keep;

[8] —*bring a corollary,*] That is, bring more than are ſufficient, rather than fail for want of numbers. *Corollary* means *ſurplus. Corolaire*, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary. STEEVENS.

[9] *No tongue;*—] Thoſe who are preſent at incantations are obliged to be ſtrictly ſilent, "elſe," as we are afterwards told, "the ſpell is marred." JOHNSON.

[1] —*thatch'd with ſtover,*—] *Stover*, from *Eſtovers*, a law word, ſignifies an allowance in food or other neceſſaries of life. It is here uſed for proviſion in general for animals.

From the following inſtance, *ſtover* ſhould mean the pointed blades of graſs or corn:

"Beard, be confin'd to neatneſs, that no hair
"May *ſtover* up to prick my miſtreſs' lip
"More rude than briſtles of a porcupine."
Love's Sacrifice, 1633.

The word occurs again in the 25th ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:
"To draw out ſedge and reed, for thatch and *ſtover* fit."

Again in his *Muſes Elyzium*:
"Their brows and *ſtover* waxing thin and ſcant."
STEEVENS.

[2] Thy banks with pionied, and twilled brims,
Which spungy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; [3] and thy
broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,

[2] *Thy banks with pionied, and twilled brims,*] The old edition reads *pioned* and *twilled* brims, which gave rise to Mr. Holt's conjecture, that the poet originally wrote,

——— *with* pioned *and* tilled *brims.*

Spenser and the author of *Muleasses the Turk*, a tragedy, 1610, use *pioning* for digging. It is not therefore difficult to find a meaning for the word as it stands in the old copy; and remove a letter from *twilled* and it leaves us *tilled.* I am yet, however, in doubt whether we ought not to read *lillied* brims, for *Pliny*, b. XXVI. ch. x. mentions the *water-lilly* as a preserver of chastity; and says, elsewhere, that the Pæony *medetur Faunorum in Quiete Ludibriis*, &c. In the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584, are mentioned

"The watry flow'rs, and *lillies of the banks.*"

In the 20th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the Naiades are represented as making chaplets with all the tribe of aquatic flowers; and Mr. Tollet informs me that Lyte's *Herbal* says "one kind of "peonie is called by some, *maiden* or *virgin* peonie."

In *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, by Chapman, 1595, I met with the following stanza, in which *twill-pants* are enumerated among flowers:

"White and red jasmines, merry, melliphill,
"Fair crown-imperial, emperor of flowers,
"Immortal amaranth, white aphrodill,
"And cup-like *twill-pants* strew'd in Bacchus bowers."

If *twill* be the ancient name of any flower, the present reading, *pionied* and *twilled* may uncontrovertibly stand. Steevens.

[3] *——and thy broom groves,*] A grove of *broom*, I believe, was never heard of, as it is a low shrub and not a tree. Hanmer reads *brown* groves. Steevens.

Disappointed lovers are still said to wear the *willow*, and in these lines *broom groves* are assigned to that unfortunate tribe for a retreat. This may allude to some old custom. We still say that a husband *hangs out the broom* when his wife goes from home for a short time; and on such occasions a *broom* besom has been exhibited as a signal that the house was freed from uxorial restraint, and where the master might be considered as a temporary bachelor. *Broom grove* may signify *broom bushes.* See *Grava* in Cowel's Law Dict. Tollet.

Being

Being lass-lorn [4]; thy pole-clipt vineyard [5];
And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air; The queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain;
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
[6] My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; Why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, [7] to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the queen? since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis my daughter got,

[4] *Being lass*-lorn;] *Lass-lorn* is forsaken of his mistress. So Spenser:

"Who after that he had fair Una *lorn.*" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*thy pole-clipt vineyard,*] To *clip* is to *twine round* or *embrace*. The poles are *clipt* or embraced by the vines. STEEVENS.

[6] *My bosky acres,* &c.] *Bosky* is woody. *Bosquet,* Fr. So Milton:

"And every *bosky* bourn from side to side."

Again in *K. Edward* I. 1599:

"Hale him from hence, and in this *bosky* wood
"Bury his corps." STEEVENS.

[7] — *to this short-grass'd green?*] The old copy reads short-*graz'd* green. *Short-graz'd green* means *grazed so as to be short.* STEEVENS.

Her and her blind boy's ſcandal'd company
I have forſworn.
Iris. Of her ſociety
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her ſon
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whoſe vows are, that no bed-rite ſhall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waſpiſh-headed ſon has broke his arrows,
Swears he will ſhoot no more, but play with ſparrows,
And be a boy right out.
Cer. [8] High queen of ſtate,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Jun. How does my bounteous ſiſter? Go with me,
To bleſs this twain, that they may proſperous be,
And honour'd in their iſſue.

Jun. *Honour, riches, marriage-bleſſing,*
Long continuance, and increaſing,

[8] *High queen of ſtate,*] Mr. Whalley thinks this paſſage in *The Tempeſt:*

High queen of ſtate,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait,

a remarkable inſtance of Shakeſpeare's knowledge of ancient poetic ſtory; and that the hint was furniſhed by the *Divûm incedo Regina* of Virgil.

John Taylor, the water-poet, declares, that he never learned his *Accidence*, and that Latin and French were to him Heathen Greek; yet by the help of Mr. Whalley's argument, I will prove him a learned man, in ſpite of every thing he may ſay to the contrary: for thus he makes a gallant addreſs his lady; "Moſt "ineſtimable magazine of beauty! in whom the port and majeſty "of Juno, the wiſdom of Jove's braine-bred girle, and the fea-"ture of Cytherea, have their domeſtical habitation." FARMER.
So in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"Firſt ſtatelie *Juno*, with her porte and grace."
STEEVENS.

Hourly

Hourly joys be ſtill upon you!
Juno ſings her bleſſings on you.

Cer. [9] *Earth's increaſe, and foiſon plenty* [1];
Barns, and garners, never empty;
Vines, with cluſt'ring bunches growing;
Plants, with goodly burden bowing;
Spring come to you, at the fartheſt,
In the very end of harveſt!
Scarcity, and want, ſhall ſhun you;
Ceres' bleſſing ſo is on you.

Fer. This is a moſt majeſtic viſion, and
[2] Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think theſe ſpirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My preſent fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradiſe.

Pro. Sweet now, ſilence:
Juno, and Ceres, whiſper ſeriouſly;

[9] *Earth's increaſe,*——] All the editions, that I have ever ſeen, concur in placing this whole ſonnet to Juno; but very abſurdly, in my opinion. I believe every accurate reader, who is acquainted with poetical hiſtory, and the diſtinct offices of theſe two goddeſſes, and who then ſeriouſly reads over our author's lines, will agree with me, that Ceres's name ought to have been placed where I have now prefixed it. THEOBALD.

[1] ——*foiſon plenty*;] i. e. plenty to the utmoſt abundance; *foiſon* ſignifying plenty.
So in Adam Davie's poem of the *Life of Alexander*:
"All the innes of the ton
"Hadden litel *foyſon*," STEEVENS.

[2] *Harmonious charmingly:*——] Mr. Edwards would read,
Harmonious charming lay:——
For though (ſays he) the benediction is ſung by two goddeſſes, it is yet but one *lay* or hymn. I believe this paſſage appears as it was written by the poet, who, for the ſake of the verſe, made the words change places; and then the meaning is ſufficiently obvious. STEEVENS.

There's

There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*]

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the [3] wandring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
[4] Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.— [*To the spirits.*] Well done;— avoid;—no more.

[3] —*wandring brooks,*] The modern editors read *winding brooks.* The old copy—*windring.* I suppose we should read *wandring*, as it is here printed. STEEVENS.

[4] *Leave your crisp channels,*—] *Crisp*, i. e. *curling*, *winding*. Lat. *crispus.* So *Hen.* IV. part 1. act I. sc. iv. Hotspur speaking of the river Severn:

"And hid his *crisped* head in the hollow bank."

Crisp, however, may allude to the little wave or *curl* (as it is commonly called) that the gentlest wind occasions on the surface of waters. STEEVENS.

Fer.

Fer. This is ſtrange: your father's in ſome paſſion
That works him ſtrongly.
Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger ſo diſtemper'd.
Pro. You do look, my ſon, in a mov'd ſort,
As if you were diſmay'd: be cheerful, ſir:
Our revels now are ended: theſe our actors,
As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion [5],
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all, which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
[6] Leave not a rack behind: We are ſuch ſtuff

As

[5] *And, like the baſeleſs fabrick of this viſion,* &c.] The exact period at which this play was produced, is unknown: It was not, however, publiſhed before 1623. In the year 1603, the *Tragedy of Darius*, by Lord Sterline, made its appearance, and there I find the following paſſage:

"Let greatneſs of her glaſſy ſcepters vaunt,
"Not ſcepters, no, but reeds, ſoon bruis'd, ſoon broken;
"And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
"All fades, and ſcarcely leaves behind a token.
"Thoſe golden palaces, thoſe gorgeous halls,
"With furniture ſuperfluouſly fair,
"Thoſe ſtately courts, thoſe ſky-encount'ring walls,
"Evaniſh all like vapours in the air."

Lord Sterline's play muſt have been written before the death of queen *Elizabeth*, (which happen'd on the 24th of March 1603) as it is dedicated to *James* VI. *King of Scots.*

Whoever ſhould ſeek for this paſſage, (as here quoted from the 4to, 1603) in the folio edition, 1637, will be diſappointed, as Lord Sterline made conſiderable changes in all his plays, after their firſt publication. STEEVENS.

[6] *Leave not a rack behind:*—] "The winds" (ſays lord Bacon) "which move the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are "not perceived below, paſs without noiſe."

The word is common to many authors contemporary with Shakeſpeare. So in the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, by B. and Fletcher:

"———ſhall I ſtray
"In the middle air, and ſtay
"The ſailing *rack*."———

Again

As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.——[7] Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mira.*

Again in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:
"Beating the clouds into their swiftest *rack*."
Again in the prologue to the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:
"We list not ride the rolling *rack* that dims the chrystal skies."
Again in Shakespeare's 33d Sonnet:
"Anon permits the basest clouds to ride
"With ugly *rack* on his celestial face."
Sir T. H. instead of *rack*, reads *track*, which may be supported by the following passage in the first scene of *Timon of Athens*;
"But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
"*Leaving no tract behind.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Sir, I am vex'd*;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:] Prospero here discovers a great emotion of anger on his sudden recollection of Caliban's plot. This appears from the admirable reflection he makes on the insignificancy of human things. For thinking men are never under greater depression of mind than when they moralize in this manner; and yet, if we turn to the occasion of his disorder, it does not appear, at first view, to be a thing capable of moving one in Prospero's circumstances. The plot of a contemptible *savage* and two drunken sailors, all of whom he had absolutely in his power. There was then no apprehension of danger. But if we look more nearly into the case, we shall have reason to admire our author's wonderful knowledge of nature. There was something in it with which great minds are most deeply affected, and that is, *the sense of ingratitude*. He recalled to mind the obligations this Caliban lay under for the instructions he had given him, and the conveniencies of life he had taught him to use. But these reflexions on Caliban's ingratitude would naturally recall to mind his brother's; and then these two working together, were very capable of producing all the disorder of passion here represented.—That these two, who had received at his hands the two best gifts mortals are capable of, when rightly employed, *regal power*, and the *use of reason*; that these, in return, should conspire against the life of the donor, would surely afflict a generous mind to its utmost bearing. WARBURTON.

Pro. Come with a thought:——I thank thee:——
Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to [8]: What's thy pleasure?
Pro. Spirit,
We must prepare, [9] to meet with Caliban.
Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.
Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?
Ari. I told you, sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project: Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,
[1] Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As

[8] *Thy thoughts I* cleave to:] To *cleave to* is to *unite with closely*. So in *Macbeth*:
"Like our strange garments *cleave* not *to* their mold."
Again—"If you shall *cleave to* my consent." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*to meet with Caliban.*] *To meet with* is to *counteract*; to play stratagem against stratagem.—*The parson knows the temper of every one in his house, and accordingly either* meets with their vices, *or advances their virtues.* HERBERT'S *Country Parson.*
JOHNSON.

So in *Cinthia's Revenge*, 1613:
"——You may *meet*
"*With* her abusive malice, and exempt
"Yourself from the suspicion of revenge." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*advanced their eye-lids*, &c.] Thus Drayton, in his *Court of Fairie of Hobgoblin caught in a Spell*:
"But once the circle got within,
"The charms to work do straight begin,
"And he was caught as in a gin:
"For as he thus was busy,
"A pain

As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, [2] pricking goss, and
thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
[3] For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature

" A pain he in his head-piece feels,
" Against a stubbed tree he reels,
" And up went poor Hobgoblin's heels:
" Alas, his brain was dizzy.
" At length upon his feet he gets,
" Hobgoblin fumes, Hobgoblin frets;
" And as again he forward sets,
" And through the bushes scrambles,
" A stump doth hit him in his pace,
" Down comes poor Hob upon his face,
" And lamentably tore his case
" Among the briers and brambles." JOHNSON.

[2] —*pricking* goss,—] I know not how Shakespeare distinguished *goss* from *furze*; for what he calls *furze*, is called *goss* or *gorse* in the midland counties.

This word is used in the first chorus to Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595:
" With worthless *gorse* that yearly, fruitless dies."
STEEVENS.

By the latter, Shakespeare means the low sort of *gorse* that only grows upon wet ground, and which is well described by the name of *whins* in Markham's *Farewell to Husbandry*. It has prickles like those on a rose-tree or a gooseberry. *Furze* and *whins* occur together in Mr. Farmer's quotation from Holinshed. TOLLET.

[3] *For* stale *to catch these thieves.*] *Stale* is a word in *fowling*, and is used to mean a *bait* or *decoy* to catch birds.

So in *A Looking Glass for London and England*, 1617:
" Hence tools of wrath, *stales* of temptation!"

So in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: " — that she might not strike at the *stale*, lest she were canvassed in the nets." STEEVENS.

Nurture

Nurture can never ſtick [4]; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all loſt, quite loſt;
And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers: I will plague them all,
Even to roaring:—Come, hang them on this line.

[*Proſpero remains inviſible.*

Enter Ariel loaden with gliſtering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread ſoftly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monſter, your fairy, which, you ſay, is a harmleſs fairy, has done little better than play'd the [5] Jack with us.

Trin. Monſter, I do ſmell all horſe-piſs; at which my noſe is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monſter? If I ſhould take a diſpleaſure againſt you; look you—

Trin. Thou wert but a loſt monſter.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour ſtill:
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this miſchance: therefore, ſpeak ſoftly;
All's huſh'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to loſe our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only diſgrace and diſhonour in that, monſter, but an infinite loſs.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting: Yet this is your harmleſs fairy, monſter.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet: See'ſt thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell; no noiſe, and enter:

[4] Nurture *can never ſtick*;] *Nurture* is *education*. STEEVENS.

[5] He has play'd *Jack with a lantern*] Has led us about like an *ignis fatuus*, by which travellers are decoyed into the mire. JOHNSON.

Do

Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

[6] *Trin.* O king Stephano! o peer! o worthy Stephano!
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, ho, monster; [7] we know what belongs to a frippery:—o, king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,
To doat thus on such luggage? [8] Let's along,

And

[6] Trin. *O king Stephano! o peer! o worthy Stephano!*
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!] The humour of these lines consists in their being an allusion to an old celebrated ballad, which begins thus: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*—and celebrates that king's parsimony with regard to his *wardrobe*.—There are two stanzas of this ballad in *Othello*. WARBURTON.

The old ballad is printed at large in *The Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. PERCY.

[7] —*we know what belongs to a* frippery:—] A *frippery* was a shop where old cloaths were sold. *Fripperie*, Fr.

Beaumont and Fletcher use it in this sense, in *Wit without Money*, act II:

"As if I were a running *frippery*."

So in *Monsieur de Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606: "Passing yesterday by the *frippery*, I spied two of them hanging out at a stall with a gambrell thrust from shoulder to shoulder."

The person who kept one of these shops, was called a *fripper*. So again in *Monsieur de Olive*, 1606:

"Taylors, *frippers*, brokers."

Again, ibid: "What is your profession, I pray?—*Fripperie*, my lord."

Again, "Farewell *fripper*, farewell petty broker."

Strype, in the life of Stowe, says, that these *frippers* lived in Birchin-lane and Cornhill. STEEVENS.

[8] First edit. *Let's alone.* JOHNSON.

Let's

And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skin with pinches;
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin [9] under the line: Now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; We steal by line and level, and't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country: *Steal by line and level*, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, [1] put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd [2] to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

Ste.

Let's alone may mean—Let you and I only go to commit the murder, leaving Trinculo, who is so solicitous about the *trash* of dress, behind us. STEEVENS.

9 ——— *under the line:*] An allusion to what often happens to people who pass the line. The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair.

EDWARDS' MSS.

Perhaps the allusion is to a more indelicate disease than any peculiar to the equinoxial.

So in *The Noble Soldier*, 1632:

" 'Tis hot going under the *line* there."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

" ——Look to the clime
" Where you inhabit; that's the torrid zone,
" Yea, there goes *the hair* away."

Shakespeare seems to design an equivoque between the equinoxial, and the girdle of a woman. STEEVENS.

1 ——*put some lime*, &c.] That is, *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

2 ———*to barnacles, or to apes*] Skinner says *barnacle* is *Anser Scoticus*. The *barnacle* is a kind of shell-fish growing on the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become one of these geese. Hall, in his *Virgedemiarum*, lib. iv. sat. 2. seems to favour this supposition:

" The

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

[3] *A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

Pro. Hey, *Mountain*, hey!

Ari. *Silver!* there it goes, *Silver!*

Pro. *Fury, Fury!* there, *Tyrant*, there! hark, hark!——

[*To Ariel.*] Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints

With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews

"The Scottish *barnacle*, if I might choose,
"That of a worme doth waxe a winged goose," &c.

So likewise Marston, in his *Malecontent*, 1604:

"——like your Scotch *barnacle*, now a block,
"Instantly a worm, and presently a great goose."

"There are," (says Gerard, in his *Herbal*, edit. 1597. page 1391) "in the north parts of Scotland certaine trees, whereon do growe shell-fishes, &c. &c. which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*; in the north of England *brant geese*; and in Lancashire *tree geese*," &c.

This vulgar error deserves no serious confutation. Commend me, however, to Holinshed, (vol. I. p. 38.) who declares himself to have seen the feathers of these *barnacles* "hang out of the shell at least two inches." And in the 27th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the same account of their generation is given.

Again, in *Valentinian*, by B. and Fletcher:

"——not till *barnacles*
"Breed in my sides." COLLINS.

[3] *A noise of hunters heard.*——] Shakespeare might have had in view "*Arthur's Chace*, which many believe to be in France, and think that it is a kennel of black dogs followed by unknown huntsmen with an exceeding great sound of horns, as if it was a very hunting of some wild beast." See a *Treatise of Spectres* translated from the French of Peter de Loier, and published in quarto, 1605. DR. GRAY.

With

With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,
Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the cell.

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; * and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers?

Ari. Confin'd together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the lime-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot budge, till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow, and dismay; but, chiefly,

* ——— *and time*
Goes upright with his carriage.—] Alluding to one carrying a burthen. This critical period of my life proceeds as I could wish. Time brings forward all the expected events, without faultering under his burthen. STEEVENS.

Him that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo*,
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds: your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch [5], a feeling
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,
One of their kind, [6] that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,

[5] —*a* touch, *a feeling*] A *touch* is a *sensation*. So in *Cymbeline*:
"—a *touch* more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears."
So in the 141st sonnet of Shakespeare:
"Nor tender feeling to base *touches* prone."
Again in the *Civil Wars* of Daniel, b. I:
"I know not how their death gives such a *touch*."
STEEVENS.

[6] —*that relish all as sharply*,
Passion as they,—] *Passion* is a verb in Shakespeare. I feel every thing with the same quick sensibility, and am moved by the same passions as they are. So in *The Gent. of Verona*:
"Madam, 'twas Ariadne *passioning*
"For Theseus' perjury," &c.
Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:
"Dumbly she *passions*, frantickly she doateth."
Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act I. sc. i:
"—I *passion* to say wherewith."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. II. c. 9:
"—to see the maid
"So strangely *passioned*—"
A similar thought occurs in *K. Rich.* II:
"*Taste grief*, need friends, like you," &c. STEEVENS.

The

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further: Go, release them, Ariel;
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. [7] Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
And ye, that on the sands [8] with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
[9] (Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd
The

[7] *Ye elves of hills, of standing lakes, and groves;*] This speech Dr. Warburton rightly observes to be borrowed from Medea's in *Ovid*: and "it proves, says Mr. Holt, beyond contradiction, that Shakespeare was perfectly acquainted with the sentiments of the ancients on the subject of inchantments." The original lines are these:

"Auræque, & venti, montesque, amnesque, lacusque,
"Diique omnes nemorum, diique omnes noctis adeste."

The translation of which, by Golding, is by no means literal, and Shakespeare hath closely followed it:

"Ye ayres and winds; ye *elves of hills*, of brookes, of
"woods alone;
"*Of standing lakes*, and of the night, approche ye everych
"one." FARMER.

Ye elves of hills, &c.] *Fairies* and *elves* are frequently in the poets mentioned together, without any distinction of character that I can recollect. Keysler says that *alp* and *alf*, which is *elf* with the *Suedes* and *English*, equally signified a mountain, or a dæmon of the mountains. This seems to have been its original meaning; but Somner's Dict. mentions elves or fairies of the mountains, of the woods, of the sea and fountains, without any distinction between elves and fairies. TOLLET.

[8] ——*with printless foot*
Do chase the ebbing Neptune,—] So Milton in his *Masque:*
"Whilst from off the waters fleet,
"Thus I set my *printless* feet." STEEVENS.

[9] (*Weak masters though ye be*)—] The meaning of this passage may be; *Though you are but inferior masters of these supernatural*

powers,—

The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine, and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art: But this rough magick
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd
Some heavenly musick, (which even now I do)
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [*Solemn musick.*

Re-enter Ariel: after him Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull[1]! there stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.——
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the shew of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.—The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,

powers,—though you possess them but in a low degree. Spenser uses the same kind of expression, b. III. cant. 8. st. 4.

"Where she (the witch) was wont her sprights to entertain,
"*The masters of her art:* there was she fain
"To call them all in order to her aid." STEEVENS.

[1] ——boil'd *within thy skull!*] So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains, &c."
STEEVENS.

Melting

Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason.—O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed.—Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.——Flesh and
blood [2],
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse, and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art!—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;—
I will dis-case me, and myself present, [*Exit Ariel.*
As I was sometime Milan:——quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel enters singing, and helps to attire him.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
[3] *After summer, merrily:*
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro.

[2] *Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian.—Flesh and blood,*] Thus the old copy: Theobald points the passage in a different manner, and perhaps rightly:

"Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian, flesh and blood.

STEEVENS.

[3] *After summer, merrily:*] This is the reading of all the editions. Yet Mr. Theobald has substituted *sun-set*, because Ariel

 talks

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: So, so, so.——
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:

talks of riding on the bat in this expedition. An idle fancy. That circumstance is given only to design the *time of night* in which fairies travel. One would think the consideration of the circumstances should have set him right. Ariel was a spirit of great delicacy, bound by the charms of Prospero to a constant attendance on his occasions. So that he was confined to the island winter and summer. But the roughness of winter is represented by Shakespeare as disagreeable to fairies, and such like delicate spirits, who, on this account, constantly follow *summer*. Was not this then the most agreeable circumstance of Ariel's new-recovered liberty, that he could now avoid *winter*, and follow *summer* quite round the globe? But to put the matter quite out of question, let us consider the meaning of this line:

There I couch when owls do cry.

Where? in the *cowslip's bell*, and *where the bee sucks*, he tells us: this must needs be in *summer*. When? *when owls cry*, and this is in *winter*:

"When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
"Then nightly sings the staring owl."

The Song of *Winter* in *Love's Labour Lost*.

The consequence is, that Ariel *flies after summer*. Yet the Oxford Editor has adopted this judicious emendation of Mr. Theobald. WARBURTON.

Ariel does not appear to have been confined to the island, summer and winter, as he was sometimes sent on so long an errand as to the Bermoothes. When he says, *On the bat's back I do fly*, &c. he speaks of his present situation only, nor triumphs in the idea of his future liberty, till the last couplet;

Merrily, merrily, &c.

The bat is no bird of passage, and the expression is therefore probably used to signify, *not that he pursues summer*, but that *after summer is past*, he rides upon the soft down of a bat's back, which suits not improperly with the delicacy of his airy being.

Shakespeare, who, in his *Midsummer Night's Dream*, has placed the light of a glow-worm in its eyes, might, through the same ignorance of natural history, have supposed the bat to be a bird of passage. Owls cry not only in winter. It is well known that they are to the full as clamorous in summer; and as a proof of it, Titania, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the time of which is supposed to be May, commands her faeries to—*keep back The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots.*—— STEEVENS.

"There

There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. [4] I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, sir King,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r thou be'st he, or no,
Or some inchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
[5] Thy dukedom I resign; and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs:—But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age; whose honour cannot
Be measur'd, or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

[4] *To drink the air*—— is an expression of swiftness of the same kind as *to devour the way* in *Henry* IV. JOHNSON.

[5] *Thy dukedom I resign,*——] The duchy of Milan being through the treachery of Anthonio made feudatory to the crown of Naples, Alonso promises to resign his claim of sovereignty for the future. STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain:—Welcome, my friends all:—
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*Aside.*

Pro. No:——
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since [6]
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost,
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. [7] I am woe for't, sir.

Alon.

[6] ——*who* three hours *since*] The unity of time is most rigidly observed in this piece. The fable scarcely takes up a greater number of hours than are employed in the representation; and from the very particular care which our author takes to point out this circumstance in so many other passages, as well as here, it should seem as if it were not accidental, but purposely designed to shew the admirers of Ben Jonson's art, and the cavillers of the time, that he too could write a play within all the strictest laws of regularity, when he chose to load himself with the critick's fetters.

The *Boatswain* marks the progress of the day again—*which but three glasses since*, &c. and at the beginning of this act the duration of the time employed on the stage is particularly ascertained; and it refers to a passage in the first act, of the same tendency. The storm was raised *at least* two glasses, after mid-day, and Ariel was promised that *the work should cease* at the *sixth hour*.

STEEVENS.

[7] *I am woe for't, sir.*] i. e. *I am sorry for it. To be woe*, is often used by old writers to signify, *to be sorry.* So Chaucer: See *The Court of Love*, p. 36.

"——I wolde

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. [8] As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,

"——I *wolde be wo,*
"That I presume to her to writin so."

So in the play of *The Four Ps*, 1569:
"But be ye sure I *would be woe*
"That you should chance to begyle me so."

STEEVENS.

[8] *As great to me, as late;*——] My loss is as great as yours, and has as lately happened to me. JOHNSON.

And

And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in;
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.
Mira. [9] Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have curs'd them without cause.
Alon. Now all the blessings [*Ferd. kneels.*
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!
Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

[9] *Yes, for a score of kingdoms,*——] I take the sense to be only this: Ferdinand would not, he says, play her false for the *world*; yes, answers she, I would allow you to do it for something less than the world, for *twenty kingdoms*, and I wish you well enough to allow you, after a little *wrangle*, that your play was fair. So likewise Dr. Gray. JOHNSON.

I would recommend another punctuation, and then the sense would be as follows:

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play;

because such a contest would be worthy of you. STEEVENS.

Alon.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But, by immortal Providence, she's mine:
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice; nor thought, I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers:
But, oh, how oddly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, sir, stop;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown;
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way
Which brought us hither!

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? o, rejoice
Beyond a common joy; and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
[1] When no man was his own.

Alon.

[1] When *no man was his own.*] For *when* perhaps should be read *where.* JOHNSON.

When

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

Re-enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, sir, look, sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown:—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king, and company: the next, our ship,—
Which but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. [*Aside.*

Pro. My tricksy spirit![2]

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger:—Say, how came you hither?

When is certainly right; i. e. *at a time when* no one was in his senses. Shakespeare could not have written *where*, (i. e. in the island) because the mind of Prospero, who lived in it, had not been disordered. It is still said, in colloquial language, that a madman *is not his own man*, i. e. is not master of himself.

STEEVENS.

[2] *My tricksy spirit!*] is, I believe, my clever, adroit spirit. Shakespeare uses the same word elsewhere:

" ——that for a *tricksy* word
" Defy the matter."

So in the interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, bl. l. no date:

" ——invent and seek out
" To make them go *tricksie*, gallaunt and cleane."

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

" Mary, sir, now is Maister Jacob trimme indeede,
" That is all *trickfie* and gallant, &c."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. VI. ch. 31:

" There was a *trickfie* girl, I wot albeit clad in gray."

STEEVENS.

Boats.

Boatſ. If I did think, ſir, I were well awake,
I'd ſtrive to tell you. We were dead aſleep [3],
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with ſtrange and ſeveral noiſes
Of roaring, ſhrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diverſity of ſounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; ſtraightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freſhly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ſhip; our maſter
Cap'ring to eye her: On a trice, ſo pleaſe you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?
Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou ſhalt be free. [*Aſide.*

Alon. This is as ſtrange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this buſineſs more than nature
Was ever conduct [4] of: ſome oracle
Muſt rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my liege,
Do not infeſt your mind [5] with beating on
The ſtrangeneſs of this buſineſs; at pick'd leiſure,
Which ſhall be ſhortly, ſingle I'll reſolve you,
[6] (Which to you ſhall ſeem probable) of every
These

[3] ——*dead* aſleep,] The old copy reads—*of* ſleep. STEEVENS.

[4] —conduct *for* conductor. So in Ben Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour:*
"Come, gentlemen, I will be your *conduct.*" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*with beating on The ſtrangeneſs,* &c.] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in one of the parts of *Hen.* VI:
"——your thoughts
"*Beat* on a crown."
Beating may mean *hammering*, working in the mind, dwelling long upon. So in the preface to Stanyhurſt's *Tranſlation of Virgil,* 1582: "For my part, I purpoſe not to *beat* on everye childiſh tittle that concerneth proſodie." Again, Miranda, in the ſecond ſcene of this play, tells her father that the ſtorm is ſtill *beating* in her mind. STEEVENS.

[6] *(Which to you ſhall ſeem probable)*] Theſe words ſeem, at the firſt view, to have no uſe; ſome lines are perhaps loſt with which
they

These happen'd accidents: till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit; [Aside.
Set Caliban and his companions free: [To Ariel.
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Re-enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune:— Coragio, bully-monster, Coragio[7]!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord Anthonio!
Will money buy them?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be [8] true:—This mis-shapen knave,——

they were connected. Or we may explain them thus:, I will resolve you, by yourself, which method, when you hear the story [of Anthonio's and Sebastian's plot] *shall seem probable*; that is, *shall deserve your approbation.* JOHNSON.

Surely Prospero's meaning is: "I will relate to you the means by which I have been enabled to accomplish these ends; which means, though they now appear strange and improbable, will then appear otherwise." ANONYMOUS.

[7] *Coragio!*] This exclamation of encouragement I find in J. Florio's *Translation of Montaigne*, 1603:
"——You often cried *Coragio*, and called ça, ça."
Again, in the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598. STEEVENS.

[8] —*true:*—] That is, *honest*. *A true man* is, in the language of that time, opposed to a *thief*. The sense is, *Mark what these men wear, and say if they are honest.* JOHNSON.

His

His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power:
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows, you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness, I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: Where had he wine?

Alon. [9] And Trinculo is reeling ripe: Where should they

[9] *And Trinculo is reeling ripe; where should they*
Find this grand LIQUOR *that hath gilded them?*—] Shakespeare, to be sure, wrote—grand 'LIXIR, alluding to the *grand* Elixir of the alchymists, which they pretend would restore youth, and confer immortality. This, as they said, being a preparation of gold they called *Aurum potabile*; which Shakespeare alluded to in the word *gilded*; as he does again in *Anthony and Cleopatra:*

"How much art thou unlike Mark Anthony?
"Yet coming from him, that *great med'cine* hath,
"With his tinct *gilded* thee."

But the joke here is to insinuate that, notwithstanding all the boasts of the chymists, sack was the only restorer of youth, and bestower of immortality. So Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour:*—"Canarie the very *Elixar* and spirit of wine." This seems to have been the cant name for sack, of which the English were, at that time, immoderately fond. Randolph, in his *Jealous Lovers*, speaking of it, says,—"A pottle of Elixar at the "Pegasus bravely caroused." So again in Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, act III:

"—Old reverend sack, which, for ought that I can read
"yet,
"Was that philosopher's stone the wise king Ptolemeus
"Did all his wonders by."——

The phrase too of being *gilded* was a trite one on this occasion. Fletcher, in his *Chances:*—"Duke. *Is she not drunk too?* Whore. *A little* gilded *o'er, sir; old sack, old sack, boys!*" WARB.

As the alchymist's *Elixir* was supposed to be a liquor, the old reading may stand, and the allusion holds good without any alteration. STEEVENS.

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?—
How cam'ſt thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in ſuch a pickle, ſince I ſaw you laſt, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I ſhall not fear fly-blowing [1].

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp [2].

Pro. You'd be king of the iſle, ſirrah?

Ste. I ſhould have been a ſore one then.

Alon. This is a ſtrange thing as e'er I look'd on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*

Pro. He is as diſproportion'd in his manners,
As in his ſhape:—Go, ſirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handſomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wiſe hereafter,
And ſeek for grace: What a thrice-double aſs
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worſhip this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and beſtow your luggage where you found it.

Seb. Or ſtole it, rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highneſs, and your train,
To my poor cell: where you ſhall take your reſt
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waſte
With ſuch diſcourſe, as, I not doubt, ſhall make it
Go quick away: the ſtory of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,

[1] —*fly-blowing.*] This pickle alludes to their plunge into the ſtinking pool; and *pickling* preſerves meat from *fly-blowing.*
STEEVENS.

[2] —*but a* cramp.] i. e. I am all over a *cramp.* Proſpero had ordered Ariel to *ſhorten up their ſinews with aged cramps. Touch me not* alludes to the *ſoreneſs* occaſioned by them. In the next line the ſpeaker confirms this meaning by a quibble on the word *ſore.*
STEEVENS.

Since

Since I came to this isle: And in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptials
Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,— } *Aside.*
That is thy charge: then to the elements }
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

NOW my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples: Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
[3] *With the help of your good hands.*
Gentle breath of yours, my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant:
[4] *And my ending is despair,*
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,

Which

[3] *With the help*, &c.] By your applause, by clapping hands.
JOHNSON.

Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell. So twice before in this play:

"No tongue; all eyes; be silent."

Again: "——hush! be mute,
"Or else our *spell is marr'd.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *And my ending is despair,*
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;] This alludes to the old stories told of the despair of necromancers in their last moments, and of the efficacy of the prayers of their friends for them.
WARBURTON.

It

Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!

It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular; this the author of *The Revisal* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be Shakespeare's intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin. The operations of magick, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desart island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

JOHNSON.

TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

Perſons Repreſented.

Duke of Milan, *father to Silvia.*
Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }
Anthonio, *father to Protheus.*
Thurio, *a fooliſh rival to Valentine.*
Eglamour, *agent for Silvia in her eſcape.*
Hoſt, *where Julia lodges in Milan.*
Out-laws.
Speed, *a clowniſh ſervant to Valentine.*
Launce, *the like to Protheus.*
Panthino [1], *ſervant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *a lady of Verona, beloved of Protheus.*
Silvia, *the duke of Milan's daughter, beloved of Valentine.*
Lucetta, *waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, muſicians.

SCENE, ſometimes in Verona; ſometimes in Milan; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

[1] *Panthino,*] In the enumeration of characters in the old copy, this attendant on Anthonio is called *Panthion*, but in the play, always *Panthino*. Steevens.

[1]TWO GENTLEMEN

OF

VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

Val. Ceafe to perfuade, my loving Protheus;
[2] Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Wer't

[1] Some of the incidents in this play may be fuppofed to have been taken from *The Arcadia*, book I. chap. 6. where Pyrocles confents to head the Helots. (The *Arcadia* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, Aug. 23d, 1588.) The love-adventure of Julia refembles that of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, and is indeed common to many of the ancient novels. STEEVENS.

Mrs. *Lenox* obferves, and I think not improbably, that the ftory of *Protheus* and *Julia* might be taken from a fimilar one in the *Diana* of *George* of *Montemayor*.—" This paftoral romance," fays fhe, " was tranflated from the *Spanifh* in *Shakefpeare's* time." I have feen no earlier tranflation, than that of *Bartholomew Yong*, who dates his dedication in *November* 1598, and *Meres*, in his *Wit's Treafury*, printed the fame year, exprefly mentions the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Indeed *Montemayor* was tranflated two or three years before, by one *Thomas Wilfon*; but this work, I am perfuaded, was never publifhed *entirely*; perhaps fome parts of it were, or the tale might have been tranflated by others. However Mr. Steevens fays, very truly, that this kind of love-adventure is frequent in the old *novelifts*. FARMER.

There

Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather

There is no earlier translation of the *Diana* entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, than that of B. Younge, September 1598. Many translations, however, after they were licensed, were capriciously suppressed. Among others, "The Decameron of Mr. John Boccace Florentine," was "recalled by my lord of Canterbury's commands." I much lament having never met with a work entitled, "A Catalogue for Englishe printed Bookes," entered at Stationers' Hall, May 8, 1595.
STEEVENS.

[2] It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote. POPE.

It may very well be doubted, whether Shakespeare had any other hand in this play than the enlivening it with some speeches and lines thrown in here and there, which are easily distinguished, as being of a different stamp from the rest. HANMER.

To this observation of Mr. Pope, which is very just, Mr. Theobald has added, that this is one of Shakespeare's *worst plays, and is less corrupted than any other*. Mr. Upton peremptorily determines, *that if any proof can be drawn from manner and style, this play must be sent packing, and seek for its parent elsewhere. How otherwise*, says he, *do painters distinguish copies from originals, and have not authors their peculiar style and manner from which a true critic can form as unerring judgment as a painter?* I am afraid this illustration of a critic's science will not prove what is desired. A painter knows a copy from an original by rules somewhat resembling these by which critics know a translation, which if it be literal, and literal it must be to resemble the copy of a picture, will be easily distinguished. Copies are known from originals, even when the painter copies his own picture; so if an author should literally translate his work, he would lose the manner of an original.

Mr. Upton confounds the copy of a picture with the imitation of a painter's manner. Copies are easily known, but good imitations are not detected with equal certainty, and are, by the best judges, often mistaken. Nor is it true that the writer has always peculiarities equally distinguishable with those of the painter. The peculiar manner of each arises from the desire, natural to every performer, of facilitating his subsequent works by recurrence to his former ideas; this recurrence produces that repetition which is called habit. The painter, whose work is partly intellectual and partly manual, has habits of the mind, the eye and the
hand,

I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with [4] shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Protheus, when thou, haply, seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

hand, the writer has only habits of the mind. Yet, some painters have differed as much from themselves as from any other; and I have been told, that there is little resemblance between the first works of Raphael and the last. The same variation may be expected in writers; and if it be true, as it seems, that they are less subject to habit, the difference between their works may be yet greater.

But by the internal marks of a composition we may discover the author with probability, though seldom with certainty. When I read this play, I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes, the language and sentiments of Shakespeare. It is not indeed one of his most powerful effusions, it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life, but it abounds in γνωμαὶ beyond most of his plays, and few have more lines or passages, which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful. I am yet inclined to believe that it was not very successful, and suspect that it has escaped corruption, only because being seldom played, it was less exposed to the hazards of transcription. JOHNSON.

[3] *Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:*] Milton has the same play on words:

"It is for *homely* features to keep *home*,
"They had their name thence." STEEVENS.

[4] —*shapeless idleness.*] The expression is fine, as implying that *idleness* prevents the giving any form or character to the manners. WARBURTON.

Val.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? [5] nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not; for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
[6] However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

[5] ——*nay, give me not the boots.*] A proverbial expression, though now disused, signifying, don't make a laughing stock of me; don't play upon me. The French have a phrase, *Bailler foin en corne*; which Cotgrave thus interprets, *To give one the boots*; to sell him a bargain. THEOBALD.

Perhaps this expression took its origin from a sport the country people in Warwickshire use at their harvest-home, where one sits as judge to try misdemeanors committed in harvest, and the punishment for the men is to be laid on a bench, and slapped on the breech with a pair of *boots*. This they call *giving them the boots*. I meet with the same expression in the old comedy called *Mother Bombie*, by Lylly:

"What do you *give me the boots*?"

Again, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, a comedy, 1618:

"—Nor your fat bacon can carry it away, if you *offer us the boots*."

The *boots*, however, were an ancient engine of torture. In MS. Harl. 6999—48, Mr. T. Randolph writes to lord Hunsdon, &c. and mentions, in the P. S. to his letter, that Geo. Flecke *had* yesterday night *the boots*, and is said to have confessed that the E. of Morton was privy to the poisoning the E. of Athol, 16 March, 1580: and in another letter, March 18, 1580, "—that the laird of Whittingham *had the boots*, but without torment confess'd, &c." STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear, you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, As in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, As the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Protheus, no; now let us take our leave.
At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!
[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends, to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,

[6] *However, but a folly*—] This love will end in a *foolish action*, to produce which you are long to spend your *wit*, or it will end in the loss of your *wit*, which will be overpowered by the folly of love. JOHNSON.

War

War with good counfel, fet the world at nought;
[7] Made wit with mufing weak, heart fick with thought.

[8] *Enter Speed.*

Speed. Sir Protheus, fave you: Saw you my mafter?
Pro. But now he parted hence to imbark for Milan.
Speed. Twenty to one then, he is fhipp'd already;
And I have play'd the fheep, in lofing him.
Pro. Indeed, a fheep doth very often ftray,
An if the fhepherd be awhile away.
Speed. You conclude, that my mafter is a fhepherd then, and I a fheep?
Pro. I do.
Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or fleep.
Pro. A filly anfwer, and fitting well a fheep.
Speed. This proves me ftill a fheep.
Pro. True; and thy mafter a fhepherd.
Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumftance.
Pro. It fhall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.
Speed. The fhepherd feeks the fheep, and not the fheep the fhepherd; but I feek my mafter, and my mafter feeks not me: therefore I am no fheep.

[7] *Made wit with mufing weak,*—] For *made* read *make*. *Thou*, Julia, *haft* made *me war with good counfel, and* make *wit weak with mufing*. JOHNSON.

Surely there is no need of emendation. It is *Julia*, who *has already made wit weak* with mufing, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] This whole fcene, like many others in thefe plays (fome of which I believe were written by Shakefpeare, and others interpolated by the players) is compofed of the lowest and moft trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from the grofs tafte of the age he lived in; *Populo ut placerent*. I wifh I had authority to leave them out; but I have done all I could, fet a mark of reprobation upon them throughout this edition. POPE.

That this, like many other fcenes, is mean and vulgar, will be univerfally allowed; but that it was interpolated by the players feems advanced without any proof, only to give a greater licence to criticifm. JOHNSON.

Pro.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the shepherd for the food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: [9] I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton; and she, a lac'd mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such a store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick her.

Pro.

[9] *I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a lac'd mutton;*——] Speed calls himself a *lost mutton*, because he had lost his master, and because Protheus had been proving him a *sheep*. But why does he call the lady a *lac'd mutton?* Wenchers are to this day called *mutton-mongers*; and consequently the object of their passion must, by the metaphor, be the *mutton*. And Cotgrave, in his English-French Dictionary, explains *lac'd mutton*, *Une garse, putain, fille de joye*. And Mr. Motteux has rendered this passage of Rabelais, in the prologue of his fourth book, *Cailles coiphees mignonnement chantans*, in this manner; *Coated quails and* lac'd mutton *waggishly singing*. So that *lac'd mutton* has been a sort of standard phrase for *girls of pleasure*. THEOBALD.

Nash, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, speaking of Gabriel Harvey's incontinence, says: *he would not stick to extoll rotten* lac'd mutton. So in the comedy of *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, 1610:

"Why here's good *lac'd mutton*, as I promis'd you."

Again, in *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602:

"Cupid hath got me a stomach, and I long for *lac'd mutton*."

Again, in Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"And I smelt he lov'd *lac'd mutton* well."

Again, Heywood, in his *Love's Mistress*, 1636, speaking of Cupid, says, he is the "Hero of hie-hoes, admiral of ay-me's, and monsieur of *mutton lac'd*." STEEVENS.

A laced mutton was so established a name for a courtezan, that a street in Clerkenwell, which was much frequented by women of the town, was formerly called *Mutton-lane*. It is mentioned, with many others of the same character, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1639:

"Search

Pro. [1] Nay, in that you are a ſtray; 'twere beſt pound you.

Speed. Nay, ſir, leſs than a pound ſhall ſerve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You miſtake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what ſaid ſhe? [2] did ſhe nod. [*Speed nods.*

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy [3].

Speed. You miſtook, ſir; I ſaid, ſhe did nod: and you aſk me, if ſhe did nod; and I ſaid, I.

Pro. And that ſet together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to ſet it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you ſhall have it for bearing the letter.

"Search all the alleys, Spittle or Pickthatch,
"Turnbull, the Bank-ſide, or the Minories,
"White Friars, St. Peter's Street, and *Mutton-lane.*"

Again, in *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, by Middleton, 1602:
"*Laz.* Pilcher, Cupid hath got me a ſtomach, and I long for *laced mutton.*
"*Pilch.* Plain mutton without a *lace* will do for me."

Before I met with this paſſage, I own I underſtood *laced mutton* in the ſenſe of *mouton galonée*, and could not at all account for ſo ſtrange an expreſſion. From the above, it appears to have been a phraſe much of the ſame kind as *caille coiffée.* MALONE.

[1] *Nay, in that you are aſtray;*—] For the reaſon Protheus gives, Dr. Thirlby adviſes that we ſhould read, *a ſtray*, i. e. a ſtray ſheep; which continues Protheus's banter upon Speed. THEOBALD.

[2] —*did ſhe nod?*] Theſe words have been ſupplied by ſome of the editors, to introduce what follows. STEEVENS.

[3] Noddy *was a game at cards.* So in *The Inner Temple Maſk*, by Middleton, 1619: "I leave them wholly (ſays Chriſtmas) to my eldeſt ſon *Noddy*, whom, during his minority, I commit to the cuſtody of *a pair of knaves* and *one and thirty.*" Again, in Quarles's *Virgin Widow*, 1656: "Let her forbear cheſs and *noddy*, as *games* too ſerious." STEEVENS.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief: What said she?

Speed. Open your purse; that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains: What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducket for delivering your letter: And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in [4] telling her mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—*take this for thy pains.* To testify your bounty, I thank you, [5] you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore:—

[4] ——*telling her mind.*] The old copy reads, *your* mind.
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*you have testern'd me;*] You have gratified me with a *tester*, *testern*, or *testen*, that is, with a sixpence. JOHNSON.
The old reading is *cestern'd*. Mr. Rowe made the alteration.
STEEVENS.

I muſt go ſend ſome better meſſenger;
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from ſuch a worthleſs poſt.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Julia's chamber.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But ſay, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Would'ſt thou then counſel me to fall in love?
Luc. Ay, madam; ſo you ſtumble not unheedfully.
Jul. Of all the fair reſort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthieſt love?
Luc. Pleaſe you, repeat their names, I'll ſhew my mind
According to my ſhallow ſimple ſkill.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?
Luc. As of a knight well ſpoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never ſhould be mine [6].
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the rich Mercatio?
Luc. Well, of his wealth; but, of himſelf, ſo, ſo.
Jul. What think'ſt thou of the gentle Protheus?
Luc. Lord, lord! to ſee what folly reigns in us!
Jul. How now? what means this paſſion at his name?
Luc. Pardon, dear madam; 'tis a paſſing ſhame,

[6] —*he never ſhould be mine.*] Perhaps the inſignificancy of ſir Eglamour's character is burleſqued in the following paſſage in Decker's *Satiromaſtix.*

"Adieu, *ſir Eglamour*; adieu lute-ſtring, curtain-rod, gooſe-quill, &c." *Sir Eglamour of Artoys*, is the hero of an ancient metrical romance, "Imprinted at London, in Foſter-lane, at the ſygne of the Hatteſhorne, by John Walley." bl. l. no date.
STEEVENS.

That

That I, unworthy body as I am,
[7] Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Protheus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that is closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. *To Julia*,—Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Protheus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, [8] a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

[7] *Should* censure *thus* &c.] To *censure* means, in this place, to pass sentence. So in *Othello*:
" ———to you, lord governor,
" Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*a goodly broker!*] A *broker* was used for matchmaker, sometimes for a procuress. JOHNSON.
So in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1599:
" And flie (oh flie) these bed-*brokers* unclean,
" The monsters of our sex, &c." STEEVENS.

And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame, to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view?
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that[9]
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay.*
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would, it were;
That you might kill your [1] stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

[9] —*say* No, *to that*, &c.] A paraphrase on the old proverb, "Maids say *nay*, and take it." STEEVENS.

[1] —*stomach on your meat*,] *Stomach* was used for *passion* or *obstinacy*. JOHNSON.

Luc.

Luc. To take a paper up, that I let fall.
Jul. And is that paper nothing?
Luc. Nothing concerning me.
Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.
Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.
Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhime.
Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.
Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*[2].
Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.
Jul. Heavy? 'belike, it hath some burden then.
Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.
Jul. And why not you?
Luc. I cannot reach so high.
Jul. Let's see your song:—How now, minion?
Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.
Jul. You do not?
Luc. No, madam, it is too sharp.
Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.
Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant[3]:
There wanteth but a mean[4] to fill your song.
Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.
Luc. [5] Indeed, I bid the base for Protheus.

Jul.

[2] *Light o' love.*] This tune is given in a note on *Much ado about Nothing*, act III. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

[3] —*too harsh a* descant:] *Descant* is a term in music. See Sir John Hawkins's note on the first speech in *K. Richard* III. STEEVENS.

[4] —*but a* mean &c.] The *mean* is the *tenor* in music. So in the enterlude of *Mary Magdalene's Repentaunce*, 1569:
" Utilitie can sing the base full cleane,
" And noble honour shall sing the *meane*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Indeed, I bid the base for Protheus.*] The speaker here turns the allusion (which her mistress employed) from the *base in musick* to a country exercise, *Bid the base*: in which some pursue, and

others

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil with protestation!— [*Tears it.*
Go, get you gone; and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange; but she would be best pleas'd
To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!
Oh hateful hands, to tear such loving words!
Injurious wasps; to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—*kind* Julia;—unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
Look, here is writ—*love-wounded* Protheus:—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be throughly heal'd;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Protheus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
Poor forlorn Protheus, *passionate* Protheus,
To the sweet Julia;—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names;

others are made prisoners. So that Lucetta would intend, by this, to say, Indeed I take pains to make you a captive to Protheus's passion.—He uses the same allusion in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"To *bid* the winds a *base* he now prepares."

And in his *Cymbeline* he mentions the game:

"——Lads more like
"To run the country *base*. WARBURTON.

Thus

Thus will I fold them one upon another;
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. Madam, dinner's ready, and your father stays.
Jul. Well, let us go.
Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?
Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.
Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.
Jul. [5] I see, you have a month's mind to them.
Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.
Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? [*Exeunt.*

[5] *I see you have a month's mind to them.*] A *month's mind* was an *anniversary* in times of popery; or, as Mr. Ray calls it, a less solemnity directed by the will of the deceased. There was also *a year's mind*, and *a week's mind*. See *Proverbial Phrases*.

This appears from the interrogatories and observations against the clergy, in the year 1552. Inter. 7. "Whether there are *any month's minds*, and *anniversaries*?" Strype's *Memorials of the Reformation*, vol. ii. p. 354.

"Was the *month's mind* of sir Will. Laxton, who died the last month (July 1556.) his hearse burning with wax, and the morrow mass celebrated, and a sermon preached," &c. Strype's *Mem.* vol. iii. p. 305. Dr. GRAY.

A *month's mind*, in the ritual sense, signifies not desire or inclination, but remonstrance; yet I suppose this is the true original of the expression. JOHNSON.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, chap. 24. speaking of *Poetical Lamentations*, says, they were chiefly used "at the burials of the dead, also at *month's minds*, and longer times:" and in the churchwarden's accompts of St. Helens in Abington, Berkshire, 1558, these *month's minds*, and the expences attending them, are frequently mentioned. Instead of *month's minds*, they are sometimes called *month's monuments*, and in the Injunctions of K. Edward VI. *memories*, Injunct. 21. By *memories*, says Fuller, we understand the *Obsequia for the dead*, which some say succeeded in the place of the heathen *Parentalia*.

If this line was designed for a verse, we should read—mon*thes* mind. So in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Swifter than the moon*es* sphere."

Both these are the Saxon genitive case. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Anthonio's house.

Enter Anthonio and Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, [6] what sad talk was that,
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?
Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Protheus, your son.
Ant. Why, what of him?
Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars, to try their fortune there;
[7] Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that Protheus, your son, was meet;
And did request me, to importune you,
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment [8] to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.
Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.

[6] —*what sad talk*—] *Sad* is the same as *grave* or *serious*. JOHNSON.

[7] *Some, to discover islands far away;*] In Shakespeare's time, voyages for the discovery of the islands of America were much in vogue. And we find, in the journals of the travellers of that time, that the sons of noblemen, and of others of the best families in England, went very frequently on these adventures. Such as, the Fortescues, Collitons, Thornhills, Farmers, Pickerings, Littletons, Willoughbys, Chesters, Hawleys, Bromleys, and others. To this prevailing fashion our poet frequently alludes, and not without high commendations of it. WARBURTON.

[8] —*great* impeachment *to his age,*] *Impeachment* is *hindrance*. So in *Henry* V:

"—but could be glad
"Without *impeachment* to march on to Calais."

STEEVENS.

I have

I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time:
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
[1] Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him thither:
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen;

[1] *Attends the emperor in his royal court.*] The emperor's royal court is properly at Vienna, but Valentine, 'tis plain, is at Milan; where, in most other passages, it is said he is attending the duke, who makes one of the characters in the drama. This seems to convict the author of a forgetfulness and contradiction; but perhaps it may be solved thus, and Milan be called the emperor's court; as, since the reign of Charlemaigne, this dukedom and its territories have belonged to the emperors. I wish I could as easily solve another absurdity which encounters us, of Valentine's going from Verona to Milan, both inland places, by sea.
THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald discovers not any great skill in history. Vienna is not the court of the emperor as emperor, nor has Milan been always without its princes since the days of Charlemaigne; but the note has its use. JOHNSON.

Shakespeare has been guilty of no mistake in placing the emperor's court at Milan in this play. Several of the first German emperors held their courts there occasionally, it being, at that time, their immediate property, and the chief town of their Italian dominions. Some of them were crowned kings of Italy at Milan, before they received the imperial crown at Rome. Nor has the poet fallen into any contradiction by giving a duke to Milan at the same time that the emperor held his court there. The first dukes of that, and all the other great cities in Italy, were not sovereign princes, as they afterwards became; but were merely governors, or viceroys, under the emperors, and removeable at their pleasure. Such was the *Duke of Milan* mentioned in this play.
STEEVENS.

And

And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.
Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd:
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Even with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.
Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.
Ant. Good company; with them shall Protheus go:
And, [2] in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn:
Oh! that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
Oh heavenly Julia!
Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?
Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.
Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.
Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.
Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

[2] —*in good time*] *In good time* was the old expression when something happened which suited the thing in hand, as the French say, *à propos*. JOHNSON.
So in *Rich.* III:
"And, *in good time*, here comes the sweating lord."
STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentino in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition [3] thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pant.*

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
[4] Oh, how this spring of love resembleth

The

[3] ——*exhibition*] i. e. allowance.
So in *Othello*:
"Due reference of place and *exhibition*."
Again, in the *Devil's Law-case*, 1623:
"—in his riot does far exceed the *exhibition* I allowed him." STEEVENS.

[4] *Oh, how this spring of love resembleth*] At the end of this verse there is wanting a syllable, for the speech apparently ends in a quatrain. I find nothing that will rhyme to *sun*, and therefore shall leave it to some happier critic. But I suspect that the author might write thus:

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth right,
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the glory of the light,
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Light

The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

Re-enter Panthino.

Pant. Sir Protheus, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.
Pro. Why, this it is! my heart accords thereto;
And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*

Light was either by negligence or affectation changed to *sun*, which, considered without the rhyme, is indeed better. The next transcriber, finding that the word *right* did not rhyme to *sun*, supposed it erroneously written, and left it out. JOHNSON.

It was not always the custom among our early writers, to make the first and third lines rhime to each other; and when a word was not long enough to complete the measure, they occasionally extended it. Thus Spenser, in his *Faery Queen*, b. II. c. 12:

"Formerly grounded, and fast *setteled.*"

Again, b. II. c. 12:

"The while sweet Zephirus loud *whisteled*
"His treble, a strange kind of harmony;
"Which Guyon's senses softly *tickeled*," &c.

From this practice, I suppose our author wrote *resembeleth*, which, though it affords no jingle, completes the verse. The old ballad of *Titus Andronicus* is written in this measure, where the second and fourth lines only rhime. STEEVENS.

Resembleth is here used as a quadrisyllable, as if it was written *resembeleth*. See *Com. of Errors*, act V. sc. the last:

"And these two Dromios, one in *semblance*."

As you like it, act II. sc. ii.

"The parts and graces of the *wrestler*."

And it should be observed, that Shakespeare takes the same liberty with many other words, in which *l* or *r* are subjoined to another consonant. See *Com. of Errors*, next verse but one to that cited above:

"These are the parents to these *children*."

where some editors, being unnecessarily alarmed for the metre, have endeavoured to help it by a word of their own.

"These *plainly* are the parents to these children."

TYRWHITT.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

to Milan.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why then this may be yours; for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine:—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah Silvia! Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bad you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?
Speed. She that your worship loves?
Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learn'd, like sir Protheus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet[5]; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to

[5] —*takes diet*;] To *take diet* was the phrase for being under a regimen for a disease mentioned in *Timon*:
" —bring down the rose-cheek'd youth
" To the tub-fast and *the diet*. STEEVENS.

speak

ſpeak puling, like a beggar at [6] Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you faſted, it was preſently after dinner; when you look'd ſadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a miſtreſs, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my maſter.

Val. Are all theſe things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were ſo ſimple, [7] none elſe would: but you are ſo without theſe follies, that theſe follies are within you, and ſhine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that ſees you, but is a phyſician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, doſt thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on ſo, as ſhe ſits at ſupper?

Val. Haſt thou obſerv'd that? even ſhe I mean.

Speed. Why, ſir, I know her not.

Val. Doſt thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'ſt her not?

Speed. Is ſhe not hard-favour'd, ſir?

Val. Not ſo fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

[6] —*Hallowmas.*—] That is, about the feaſt of All-Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes leſs comfortable. JOHNSON.

Is it worth remarking that on *All-Saints-Day* the poor people in *Staffordſhire*, and perhaps in other country places, go from pariſh to pariſh *a ſouling* as they call it; i. e. begging and *puling* (or ſinging ſmall, as Bailey's Dict. explains *puling*) for *ſoul-cakes*, or any good thing to make them merry? This cuſtom is mentioned by *Peck*, and ſeems a remnant of Popiſh ſuperſtition to pray for departed ſouls, particularly thoſe of friends. The *ſouler's* ſong, in *Staffordſhire*, is different from that which Mr. *Peck* mentions, and is by no means worthy publication. TOLLET.

[7] —*none elſe would:*—] None elſe would *be ſo ſimple.* JOHNSON.

Speed.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What doſt thou know?

Speed. That ſhe is not ſo fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquiſite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's becauſe the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, ſir, ſo painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How eſteem'ſt thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never ſaw her ſince ſhe was deform'd.

Val. How long hath ſhe been deform'd?

Speed. Ever ſince you lov'd her.

Val. I have lov'd her, ever ſince I ſaw her; and ſtill I ſee her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot ſee her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Becauſe love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at ſir Protheus for going ungarter'd!

Val. What ſhould I ſee then?

Speed. Your own preſent folly, and her paſſing deformity: for he, being in love, could not ſee to garter his hoſe; and you, being in love, cannot ſee to put on your hoſe.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for laſt morning you could not ſee to wipe my ſhoes.

Speed. True, ſir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you ſwing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In concluſion, I ſtand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were ſet, ſo your affection would ceaſe.

Val.

Val. Last night she injoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. [8] Oh excellent motion! Oh exceeding puppet! now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners.

Sil. [9] Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed.

[8] *Oh excellent motion!* &c.] *Motion*, in Shakespeare's time, signified *puppet*. In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* it is frequently used in that sense, or rather perhaps to signify a *puppet-show*; the master whereof may properly be said to be an interpreter, as being the explainer of the inarticulate language of the actors. The speech of the servant is an allusion to that practice, and he means to say, that Silvia is a *puppet*, and that Valentine is to interpret *to*, or rather *for* her. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The City Match*, 1639, by Jasper Maine:

"——— his mother came,
"Who follows strange sights out of town, and went
"To Brentford for a *motion*."——

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Rule a Wife*, &c:

"———————— let me see him,
"And if he be that *motion* that thou speak'st of."

Again, in *The Pilgrim*:

"——— Nothing but a *motion*?
"A *puppet* pilgrim?"———

Again, in *Love and Honour*, by Sir *W. Davenant*, 1649:

"——The *motion* of Queen Guinever's death
"Acted by *puppets* would please you as well." STEEVENS.

[9] *Sir Valentine and servant*,——] Here Silvia calls her lover *servant*, and again below her *gentle servant*. This was the language of ladies to their lovers at the time when Shakespeare wrote. SIR J. HAWKINS.

So

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly done [1].

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off [2];
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes! the lines are very quaintly writ:—
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

So in Marston's *What you will*, 1607:
"Sweet sister, let's sit in judgment a little; faith upon my *servant* Monsieur Laverdure.
— *Mel.* Troth, well for a *servant*, but for a husband!"
Again, in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*:
"Every man was not born with my *servant* Brisk's features." STEEVENS.

[1] —'*tis very clerkly done.*] i. e. like a scholar.
So in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:
"Thou art *clerkly*, sir John, *clerkly*." STEEVENS.

[2] —*it came hardly off*;] A similar phrase occurs in *Timon*, act I. sc. i:
"This *comes off* well and excellent." STEEVENS.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my requeſt;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll write your ladyſhip another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my ſake read it over:
And, if it pleaſe you, ſo; if not, why, ſo.

Val. If it pleaſe me, madam? what then?

Sil. Why, if it pleaſe you, take it for your labour;
And ſo good-morrow, ſervant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jeſt unſeen, inſcrutable, inviſible,
As a noſe on a man's face, or a weathercock on a ſteeple!
My maſter ſues to her; and ſhe hath taught her ſuitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my maſter, being the ſcribe, to himſelf ſhould write the letter?

Val. How now, ſir? what are you [3] reaſoning with yourſelf?

Speed. Nay, I was rhiming; 'tis you that have the reaſon.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a ſpokeſman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourſelf: why, ſhe wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I ſhould ſay.

Val. Why, ſhe hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need ſhe, when ſhe made you write to yourſelf? Why, do you not perceive the jeſt?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, ſir: But did you perceive her earneſt?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, ſhe hath given you a letter.

[3] —*reaſoning with yourſelf?*] That is, *diſcourſing, talking.* An Italianiſm. JOHNSON.

Val.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end[4].

Val. I would, it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often you have writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this I speak in print[5]; for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat: Oh be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Julia's house at Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

4 —*and there an end.*] i. e. there's the conclusion of the matter. So in *Macbeth*:

"——— a time has been
"That when the brains were out, the man would die,
"*And there an end.*"——— STEEVENS.

5 *All this I speak* in print;] *In print* means *with exactness.* So in the comedy of *All Fooles*, 1605:

"—— not a hair
"About his bulk, but it stands *in print.*" STEEVENS.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
[*Giving a ring.*

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should:
[*Exit Julia.*
Julia, farewell.—What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Sir Protheus, you are staid for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come:—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A street.

Enter Launce, leading a dog.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Protheus to the imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling,

howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear: he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole: This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; [6] I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and [7] I am the dog,—oh, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing*; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on: now come I to my mother;—oh that she could speak now [8] like a wood woman!-

[6] —*I am the dog:*—&c.] A similar thought occurs in a play of elder date than this. See *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 16[illegible].

> "— you shall stand for the lady, you for her *dog*, and I the page; you and the dog looking one upon another: the page presents himself." STEEVENS.

[7] —I *am the dog*, &c.] This passage is much confused, and of confusion the present reading makes no end. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *I am the dog, no, the dog is himself and I am* me, *the dog is the dog, and I am myself*. This certainly is more reasonable, but I know not how much reason the author intended to bestow on Launce's soliloquy. JOHNSON.

[8] —*like a wood woman!* —] The first folios agree in *would-woman*; for which, because it was a mystery to Mr. Pope, he has unmeaningly substituted *ould woman*. But it must be writ, or at least understood, *wood woman*, i. e. crazy, frantic with grief; or distracted, from any other cause. The word is very frequently used in Chaucer; and sometimes writ *wood*, sometimes *wode*. THEOBALD.

woman!—well, I kiss her;—why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthino.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost [9]; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Oh that she could speak now like a wood woman!] I am not certain that I understand this passage. *Wood*, or crazy women, were anciently supposed to be able to tell fortunes. *Launce* may therefore mean, that as her gestures are those of frantic persons, so he wishes she was possessed of their other powers, and could predict his fate. Or should we point the line as interrupted?

Oh that she could speak now!—like a wood woman! meaning, I wish she could speak - but she behaves as if she were out of her senses! STEEVENS.

9 —*if the* ty'd *were lost*; &c.] This quibble, wretched as it is, might have been borrowed by *Shakespeare* from Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591:

"You know it is said, the *tide* tarrieth for no man.—
"True.
"A monstrous lye: for I was *ty'd* two hours, and tarried for one to unlose me."

The same occurs in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614:

"And now came roaring to the *tied* the *tide*." STEEVENS.

Pan.

Pan. In thy tail?

Laun. [1] Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide [2]? Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

MILAN.

An apartment in the duke's palace.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

[1] *Lose the tide,*——] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read—the *flood.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*and the tide?*] I should suppose these three words to be repeated through some error of the printer. STEEVENS.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote[1] you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire: sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more; here comes my father.

[1] —*how* quote *you my folly?*] To *quote* is to *observe*. So in *Hamlet*:

"I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health:
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?
Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.
Duke. Know you Don Anthonio, your countryman?
Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And [4] not without desert so well reputed.
Duke. Hath he not a son?
Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.
Duke. You know him well?
Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloath mine age with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath sir Protheus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.
Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir; this gentleman is come to me,
With commendation from great potentates;

[4] *—not without desert—*] And not dignified with so much reputation without proportionate merit. JOHNSON.

And

And here he means to ſpend his time a-while:
I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wiſh'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth;
Silvia, I ſpeak to you; and you, ſir Thurio:—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it:
I'll ſend him hither to you preſently. [*Exit Duke.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyſhip,
Had come along with me, but that his miſtreſs
Did hold his eyes lock'd in her cryſtal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now ſhe hath enfranchis'd them
Upon ſome other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, ſure, I think, ſhe holds them priſoners ſtill.

Sil. Nay, then he ſhould be blind; and, being blind,
How could he ſee his way to ſeek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They ſay, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To ſee ſuch lovers, Thurio, as yourſelf;
Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Protheus!—Miſtreſs, I beſeech you,
Confirm his welcome with ſome ſpecial favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wiſh'd to hear from.

Val. Miſtreſs, it is: ſweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-ſervant to your ladyſhip.

Sil. Too low a miſtreſs for ſo high a ſervant.

Pro. Not ſo, ſweet lady; but too mean a ſervant
To have a look of ſuch a worthy miſtreſs.

Val. Leave off diſcourſe of diſability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your ſervant.

Pro. My duty will I boaſt of, nothing elſe.

Sil.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. [5] No; that you are worthless.

Enter Servant.

[6] *Ser.* Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I'll wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*] Come, Sir Thurio,
Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Exit Silvia and Thurio.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Protheus, but that life is alter'd now;
I have done penance for contemning love;
[7] Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me

[5] *No; that you are worthless.*] I have inserted the particle *no* to fill up the measure. JOHNSON.

[6] *Thur. Madam, my lord your father*——] This speech in all the editions is assigned improperly to Thurio; but he has been all along upon the stage, and could not know that the duke wanted his daughter. Besides, the first line and half of Silvia's answer is evidently addressed to two persons. A servant, therefore, must come in and deliver the message; and then Silvia goes out with Thurio. THEOBALD.

[7] *Whose high imperious*——] For *whose* I read *those*. I have contemned love and am punished. *Those* high thoughts by which I exalted myself above human passions or frailties, have brought upon me fasts and groans. JOHNSON.

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O, gentle Protheus, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is [8] no woe to his correction,
Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be [9] a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

[8] —*no woe to his correction*;] No misery that *can be compared to* the punishment inflicted by love. Herbert called for the prayers of the liturgy a little before his death, saying, *None to them, none to them.* JOHNSON.

The same idiom occurs in an old ballad quoted in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

"There is no comfort in the world
"*To* women that are kind." MALONE.

[9] —*a principality*,] The first or *principal* of women. So the old writers use *state*. "*She is a lady, a great state.*" Latymer. "*This look is called in states warlie, in others otherwise.*" Sir T. More. JOHNSON.

Val.

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She ſhall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train; leſt the baſe earth
Should from her veſture chance to ſteal a kiſs,
And, of ſo great a favour growing proud,
Diſdain to root the [1] ſummer-ſwelling flower,
And make rough winter everlaſtingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardiſm is this?

Val. Pardon me, Protheus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whoſe worth makes other worthies nothing;
[2] She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why, man, ſhe is mine
own;
And I as rich in having ſuch a jewel,
As twenty ſeas, if all their ſand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Becauſe thou ſee'ſt me doat upon my love.
My fooliſh rival, that her father likes,
Only for his poſſeſſions are ſo huge,
Is gone with her along; and I muſt after,
For love, thou know'ſt, is full of jealouſy.

Pro. But ſhe loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our
marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,

[1] ——*ſummer-ſwelling flower,*] I once thought that the poet had written *ſummer-ſmelling*; but the epithet which ſtands in the text I have ſince met with in the tranſlation of Lucan, by Sir Arthur Gorges, 1614, b. viii. p. 354:

" —— no Roman chieftaine ſhould
" Come neare to Nyles Peluſian mould,
" But ſhun that *ſommer-ſwelling* ſhore."

The original is, " —— ripaſque *æſtate tumentes,*" l. 829. May likewiſe renders it *ſummer-ſwelled* banks. The *ſummer-ſwelling* flower is the flower which ſwells in ſummer, till it expands itſelf into bloom. STEEVENS.

[2] *She is alone.*] She ſtands by herſelf. There is none to be compared to her. JOHNSON.

Determin'd

Determin'd of: how I must climb her window;
The ladder made of cords; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Protheus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth:
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.— [*Exit Val.*
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
[3] Is it mine eye, or Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is Julia, that I love;—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire [4],
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold;

[3] *Is it mine* THEN, *or Valentino's praise,*] Here Protheus questions with himself, whether it is his own praise, or Valentine's, that makes him fall in love with Valentine's mistress. But not to insist on the absurdity of falling in love through his own praises, he had not indeed praised her any farther than giving his opinion of her in three words, when his friend asked it of him. In all the old editions we find the line printed thus:

It is mine, or Valentino's praise?

A word is wanting. The line was originally thus:

Is it mine EYE, *or Valentino's praise?*

Protheus had just seen Valentine's mistress, whom her lover had been lavishingly praising. His encomiums therefore heightening Protheus's idea of her at the interview, it was the less wonder he should be uncertain which had made the strongest impression, Valentine's praises, or his own view of her. WARBURTON.

[4] —*a* waxen image '*gainst a fire,*] Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representatives of those whom they designed to torment or destroy. STEEVENS.

And

And that I love him not, as I was wont;
O! but I love his lady too, too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her [5] with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
[6] 'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled so my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

[5] —*with more advice,*] With more prudence, with more discretion. JOHNSON.

With more advice, is *on further knowledge, on better consideration.* So in *Titus Andronicus:*

"The Greeks, *upon advice,* did bury Ajax."

The word, as Mr. Malone observes, is still current among mercantile people, whose constant language is, "We are *advised* by letters from abroad," meaning *informed.* So in bills, the conclusion always is—"Without further *advice.*" So in this very play:

"This pride of hers, upon *advice,* &c."

So in *Measure for Measure:*

"Yet did repent me *after more advice.*" STEEVENS.

[6] '*Tis but her picture* —] This is evidently a slip of attention, for he had seen her in the last scene, and in high terms offered her his service. JOHNSON.

I believe Protheus means, that, as yet, he had seen only her outward form, without having known her long enough to have any acquaintance with her mind.

So in *Cymbeline:*

"All of her, that is, *out of door,* most rich!
"If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare, &c."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale,* act II. sc. i:

"Praise her but for this her *without-door* form."

STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to † Milan.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? [8] My staff understands me.

† It is *Padua* in the former editions. See the note on act III. POPE.

[8] *My staff understands me.*] This equivocation, miserable as it is, has been admitted by Milton in his great poem. B. vi:

"——The

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whorson ass, thou mistakest me.

Laun. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Laun. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Laun. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale-house [9] with a Christian: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

" ——The terms we sent were terms of weight,
" Such as we may perceive, amaz'd them all,
" And stagger'd many; who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *understand*;
" Not *understood*, this gift they have besides,
" To shew us when our foes stand not upright."
JOHNSON.

[9] —*the* ale-house] The old copy reads only—the *ale*; and *Ales*

SCENE VI.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. To leave my Julia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To love fair Silvia, ſhall I be forſworn;
To wrong my friend, I ſhall be much forſworn;
And even that power, which gave me firſt my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me ſwear, and love bids me forſwear:
[2] O ſweet-ſuggeſting love, if thou haſt ſinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted ſubject, to excuſe it!
At firſt I did adore a twinkling ſtar,
But now I worſhip a celeſtial ſun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants reſolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whoſe ſovereignty ſo oft thou haſt preferr'd
With twenty thouſand ſoul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;

Ales were merry-meetings inſtituted in country places. Thus Ben Jonſon:

"And all the neighbourhood, from old records
"Of antique proverbs drawn from Whitſon lords,
"And their authorities at wakes and *ales*,
"With country precedents and old wives' tales,
"We bring you now." STEEVENS.

[1] It is to be obſerved, that in the firſt folio edition, the only edition of authority, there are no directions concerning the ſcenes; they have been added by the later editors, and may therefore be changed by any reader that can give more conſiſtency or regularity to the drama by ſuch alterations. I make this remark in this place, becauſe I know not whether the following ſoliloquy of Protheus is ſo proper in the ſtreet. JOHNSON.

[2] *O ſweet-ſuggeſting love,*——] To *ſuggeſt* is to *tempt* in our author's language. So again:

"Knowing that tender youth is ſoon *ſuggeſted.*"

The ſenſe is. *O tempting love, if thou haſt* influenced me to ſin, *teach me to excuſe it.* Dr. Warburton reads, *if I have ſinn'd*; but, I think, not only without neceſſity, but with leſs elegance.

JOHNSON.

But

But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, this find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still more precious in itself:
And Silvia, witness heaven, that made her fair!
Shews Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery us'd to Valentine:—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
[3] Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and [4] pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;
For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
[5] As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

[3] *Myself, who am his* competitor *or* rival, being admitted to his counsel. JOHNSON.

Competitor is *confederate, assistant, partner.* So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"It is not Cæsar's natural vice, to hate
"One great *competitor*."

and he is speaking of Lepidus, one of the triumvirate. STEEVENS.

[4] —*pretended flight*;] We may read *intended flight*. JOHNSON.

Pretended flight is *proposed* or *intended* flight. So in *Macbeth*:

"—— What good could they *pretend*?" STEEVENS.

[5] I suspect that the author concluded the act with this couplet, and that the next scene should begin the third act; but the change, as it will add nothing to the probability of the action, is of no great importance. JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

Julia's house in Verona.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
And, even in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Protheus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as sir Protheus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Protheus make return.

Jul. Oh, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet musick with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge

He

He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as—"tell me, good my lord,
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them [6] with a cod-piece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta [7]! that will be ill-favour'd.

[6] —*with a cod-piece*, &c.] Whoever wishes to be acquainted with this particular, relative to dress, may consult Bulwer's *Artificial Changeling*, in which such matters are very amply discussed. Ocular instruction may be had from the armour shewn as John of Gaunt's in the Tower of London. The same fashion appears to have been no less offensive in France. See Montaigne, chap. XXII. The custom of sticking pins in this ostentatious piece of indecency, was continued by the illiberal warders of the Tower, till forbidden by authority. STEEVENS.

[7] Out, out, *Lucetta!* &c.] Dr. Percy observes, that this interjection is still used in the North. It seems to have the same meaning as *apage*, Lat. STEEVENS.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly:
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Protheus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone:
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances [8] as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Protheus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Protheus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong,
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love, by loving him;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey [9].
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,

[8] —of *infinite*—] Old edit. JOHNSON.

[9] —*my* longing *journey*.] Dr. Gray observes, that *longing* is a participle active, with a passive signification; for *longed*, wished or desired. STEEVENS.

My

My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently;
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The duke's palace in Milan.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Protheus.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.——
[*Exit Thur.*
Now, tell me, Protheus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,
The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know, you have determin'd to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Protheus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
Sir Valentine her company, and my court:
But, fearing lest my jealous aim [1] might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.
And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery [2] be not aimed at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher [3] of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit Pro.*

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

[1] —*jealous* aim] *Aim* is *guess*, in this instance, as in the following. So in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"I *aim'd* so near when I suppos'd you lov'd." STEEVENS.

[2] —*be not aimed at*:] Be not *guessed*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*of this pretence.*] Of this *claim* made to your daughter. JOHNSON.

Pretence is *design*. So in *K. Lear*: "——to feel my affection to your honour, and no other *pretence* of danger."
Again, in the same play; "——*pretence* and purpose of unkindness." STEEVENS.

Val.

Val. Pleaſe it your grace, there is a meſſenger
That ſtays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but ſignify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter; ſtay with me a while;
I am to break with thee of ſome affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou muſt be ſecret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have ſought
To match my friend, ſir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, ſure, the match
Were rich and honourable; beſides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beſeeming ſuch a wife as your fair daughter:
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, truſt me; ſhe is peeviſh, ſullen, froward,
Proud, diſobedient, ſtubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that ſhe is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I ſay to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cheriſh'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full reſolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower;
For me, and my poſſeſſions, ſhe eſteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady, [4] ſir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect; but ſhe is nice, and coy,
And nought eſteems my aged eloquence:

[4] —*ſir, in Milan, here,*] It ought to be thus, inſtead of—*in Verona, here*—for the ſcene apparently is in Milan, as is clear from ſeveral paſſages in the firſt act, and in the beginning of the firſt ſcene of the fourth act. A like miſtake has crept into the eighth ſcene of act II. where Speed bids his fellow-ſervant Launce welcome to Padua. POPE.

Now,

Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, [5] the fashion of the time is chang'd)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman scorns sometimes what best contents her:
Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, *get you gone*, she doth not mean, *away*:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she, I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets [6], but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

[5] ——*the fashion of the time*—] The modes of courtship, the acts by which men recommended themselves to ladies. JOHNSON.

[6] *What lets*,] i. e. what hinders. STEEVENS.

Val.

Val. Why, then a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.——
What letter is this same? what's here?—*To Silvia?*
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke reads.*

My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them,
Because myself do want my servant's fortune:
I curse myself, [7] *for they are sent by me,*
That they should harbour where their lord would be.

[7] —*for they are sent by me,*] *For* is the same as *for that, since.* JOHNSON.

What's

What's here? *Silvia, this night will I enfranchise thee!*
'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art [8] Merops' son)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence:
Thank me for this, more than for all the favours,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.
[*Exit.*

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banish'd from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self! a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,

[8] —*Merops' son*)] Thou art Phaëton in thy rashness, but without his pretensions; thou art not the son of a divinity, but a *terræ filius*, a low born wretch; Merops is thy true father, with whom Phaëton was falsely reproached. JOHNSON.

This scrap of mythology Shakespeare might have found in the spurious play of *K. John*, 1591, 1611, and 1622:
"—as sometime *Phaeton*
"Mistrusting silly *Merops* for his sire."
Or in Robert Greene's *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:
"Why foolish, hardy, daring, simple groom,
"Follower of fond conceited Phaeton, &c." STEEVENS.

And

And feed upon the ſhadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no muſick in the nightingale;
Unleſs I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon;
She is my eſſence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foſter'd, illumin'd, cheriſh'd, kept alive.
[9] I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and ſeek him out.
Laun. So-ho! ſo-ho!
Pro. What ſeeſt thou?
Laun. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
On's head, but 'tis a Valentine.
Pro. Valentine?
Val. No.
Pro. Who then? his ſpirit?
Val. Neither.
Pro. What then?
Val. Nothing.
Laun. Can nothing ſpeak? maſter, ſhall I ſtrike?
Pro. Whom would'ſt thou ſtrike?
Laun. Nothing.
Pro. Villain, forbear.
Launc. Why, ſir, I'll ſtrike nothing: I pray you,—
Pro. Sirrah, I ſay, forbear: Friend Valentine, a word.
Val. My ears are ſtopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

[9] *I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:*] *To fly his doom,* uſed for *by flying,* or *in flying,* is a galliciſm. The ſenſe is, By avoiding the execution of his ſentence I ſhall not eſcape death. If I ſtay here, I ſuffer myſelf to be deſtroyed; if I go away, I deſtroy myſelf. JOHNSON.

So

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.
Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.
Val. Is Silvia dead?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?
Pro. No, Valentine.
Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!—
What is your news?
Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are vanish'd.
Pro. That thou art banish'd, oh, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.
Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished?
Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
(Which unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.
Val. No more; unless the next word, that thou speak'st,
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Ceaſe to lament for that thou canſt not help,
And ſtudy help for that which thou lament'ſt.
Time is the nurſe and breeder of all good.
Here if thou ſtay, thou canſt not ſee thy love;
Beſides, thy ſtaying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's ſtaff; walk hence with that,
And manage it againſt deſpairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence;
Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white boſom of thy love [1].
The time now ſerves not to expoſtulate:
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate;
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'ſt Silvia, though not for thyſelf,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou ſeeſt my boy,
Bid him make haſte, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go, ſirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia! hapleſs Valentine!

[*Exeunt Valentine and Protheus.*

[2] *Laun.* I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think, my maſter is a kind of a knave: but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not

[1] *Even in the* milk-white boſom of thy love.] So in *Hamlet:*
"These *to her excellent white boſom*, &c."

Trifling as the remark may appear, before the meaning of this *addreſs of letters to the boſom of a miſtreſs* can be underſtood, it ſhould be known that women anciently had a pocket in the fore part of their ſtays, in which they not only carried love-letters and love tokens, but even their money and materials for needle work. In many parts of England the ruſtic damſels ſtill obſerve the ſame practice; and a very old lady informs me that ſhe remembers when it was the faſhion to wear very prominent ſtays, it was no leſs the cuſtom for ſtratagem or gallantry to drop its literary favours within the front of them. STEEVENS.

[2] Laun. *I am but a fool, look you; and yet I have the wit to think my maſter is a kind of knave: but that's all one, if he be but one* KNAVE.] Where is the ſenſe? or, if you won't allow the ſpeaker that, where is the humour of this ſpeech? Nothing had given

not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but [3] a team of horse shall not pluck that from

given the fool occasion to suspect that his master was become double, like Antipholis in *The Comedy of Errors*. The last word is corrupt. We should read

——*if he be but one* KIND.

He thought his master was *a kind of knave*; however, he keeps himself in countenance with this reflection, that if he was a knave *but of one kind*, he might pass well enough amongst his neighbours. This is truly humourous. WARBURTON.

This alteration is acute and specious, yet I know not whether, in Shakespeare's language, *one knave* may not signify a *knave on only one occasion*, a *single knave*. We still use a *double* villain for a villain beyond the common rate of guilt. JOHNSON.

This passage has been altered, with little difference, by Dr. *Warburton* and sir *Tho. Hanmer*.—Mr. *Edwards* explains it,—"if *he only* be a knave, if *I myself* be not found to be *another*." I agree with Dr. *Johnson*, and will support the old reading and his interpretation with indisputable authority. In the old play of *Damon and Pythias*, *Aristippus* declares of *Carisophus*, "you lose money by him if you sell him for *one knave*, for he serves for *twayne*."

This phraseology is often met with: *Arragon* says in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"With *one fool's* head I came to woo,
"But I go away with *two*."

Donne begins one of his sonnets:

"I am *two fools*, I know,
"For *loving* and for *saying so*, &c."

And when *Panurge* cheats St. *Nicholas* of the chapel, which he vowed to him in a storm, *Rabelais* calls him "a rogue—a *rogue and an half—Le gallant, gallant et demy*." FARMER.

Again, in *Like will to Like, quoth the Devil to the Collier*, 1587:

"Thus thou may'st be called a knave in graine,
"And where knaves be scant, thou may'st go for *twayne*."

STEEVENS.

Again in Chapman's *Two wise Men and all the rest Fools*, 1619:
"I desire no more cunning than I now have, and I'll serve you still and set up for myself; for I had rather be a *double knave* than a single fool." MALONE.

[3] ——*a team of horse shall not pluck*—] I see, how Valentine suffers for telling his love-secrets, therefore I will keep mine close. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Launce was not intended to shew so much sense; but here indulges himself in talking contradictory nonsense.

STEEVENS.

me;

me; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself, and yet 'tis a milk-maid: yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips[4]: yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel—which is much in a bare christian[5]. Here is the cat-log [*Pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, *She can fetch and carry*: Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore, is she the better than a jade. Item, *She can milk*, look you; A sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter Speed.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. [6] With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: What news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Laun. Why, as black as ink.

[4] —*for she hath had gossips:*] *Gossips* not only signify those who answer for a child in baptism, but the tattling women who attend lyings-in. The quibble between these is evident. STEEVENS.

[5] —*a bare christian.*] *Launce* is quibbling on. *Bare* has two senses; *mere* and *naked*. In *Coriolanus* it is used in the first:

"'Tis but a *bare* petition of the state."

Launce uses it in both, and opposes the *naked* female to the water-spaniel *cover'd with hairs of remarkable thickness.* STEEVENS.

[6] In former editions it is,

With my mastership? *why, it is at sea.* For how does Launce mistake the word? Speed asks him about his mastership, and he replies to it *literatim*. But then how was his mastership at sea, and on shore too? The addition of a letter and a note of apostrophe make Launce both mistake the word, and sets the pun right: it restores, indeed, but a mean joke; but, without it, there is no sense in the passage. Besides, it is in character with the rest of the scene; and, I dare be confident, the poet's own conceit. THEOBALD.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Thou lyeſt, I can.

Laun. I will try thee: Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the ſon of my grandfather.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer! it was the ſon of thy grandmother[7]: this proves, that thou can'ſt not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Laun. There; And [8] St. Nicholas be thy ſpeed!

Speed. Imprimis, *She can milk.*

[7] ——*the ſon of thy* grandmother:] It is undoubtedly true that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child. I ſuppoſe *Launce* infers, that if he could read, he muſt have read this well known obſervation. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*St. Nicholas be thy ſpeed!*] St. Nicholas preſided over ſcholars, who were therefore called *St. Nicholas's clerks.* Hence, by a quibble between Nicholas and Old Nick, highwaymen, in *The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth*, are called *Nicholas's clerks.* WARBURTON.

That this ſaint preſided over young ſcholars, may be gathered from Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*, p. 362. For by the ſtatutes of Paul's ſchool there inſerted, the children are required to attend divine ſervice at the cathedral on his anniverſary. The reaſon I take to be, that the legend of this ſaint makes him to have been a biſhop, while he was a boy. At Saliſbury cathedral is a monument of a boy biſhop; and it is ſaid that a cuſtom formerly prevailed there, of chooſing, from among the choriſters, a biſhop, who actually performed the paſtoral functions, and diſpoſed of ſuch prebends as became vacant during his epiſcopacy, which laſted but a few days. It is thought that the monument abovementioned was for ſome boy who died in office.—See *The Poſthumous Works of Mr. John Gregory*, 4to. Oxon. SIR. J. HAWKINS.

So Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589: "Methinks this fellow ſpeaks like biſhop Nicholas; for on Saint Nicholas' night commonly the ſcholars of the country make them a biſhop, who, like a fooliſh boy, goeth about bleſſing and preaching with ſuch childiſh terms, as maketh the people laugh at his fooliſh counterfeit ſpeeches." STEEVENS.

In Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, 1771, vol. ii. p. 674, and 686, we find that archbiſhop Rotherham bequeathed "a myter for the *barne*-biſhop, of cloth of gold, with two knopps of ſilver gilt and enamyled." And this was in a country village in Yorkſhire. TOLLET.

Laun.

Laun. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, *She brews good ale.*

Laun. And therefore comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale [9].

Speed. Item, *She can sew.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, *She can knit.*

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock [1].

Speed. Item, *She can wash and scour.*

Laun. A special virtue; for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. Item, *She can spin.*

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, *She hath many nameless virtues.*

Laun. That's as much as to say, Bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. *Here follow her vices.*

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, [2] *She is not to be kiss'd fasting, in respect of her breath.*

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: Read on.

Speed. Item, *She hath a* [3] *sweet mouth.*

Laun.

[9] *Blessing o' your heart,* &c.] So in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Augurs:*

"Our ale's o' the best,
"And each good guest
"*Prays for their souls* that brew it." STEEVENS.

[1] —*knit him a* stock.] i. e. a *stocking*. So in *Twelfth Night:*
"——it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd *stock.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] —*she is not to be* kiss'd *fasting,*—] The old copy reads,—*she is not to be fasting,* &c. The necessary word *kiss'd*, was first added by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*sweet mouth.*] This I take to be the same with what is

 now

Laun. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, *She doth talk in her sleep.*

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, *She is slow in words.*

Laun. O villain! that set down among her vices! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee, out with't; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, *She is proud.*

Laun. Out with that too; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, *She hath no teeth.*

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, *She is curst.*

Laun. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, *She will often* [4] *praise her liquor.*

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, [5] *She is too liberal.*

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot; for that's writ down, she is slow of: of her purse she shall not; for that I'll keep shut: now of another thing she may; and that I cannot help. Well, proceed.

now vulgarly called a *sweet tooth*, a luxurious desire of dainties and sweetmeats. JOHNSON.

How a *luxurious desire of dainties* can make amends for *offensive breath*, I know not: I rather believe that by a *sweet mouth* is meant that she *sings sweetly*. In *Twelfth Night* we have heard of a *sweet breast* as the recommendation of a singer. It may however mean a *liquorish* mouth, in a wanton sense. So in *Measure for Measure*:

"Their saucy *sweetness* that do coin heaven's image, &c."

STEEVENS.

[4] —*praise her liquor.*] That is, shew how well she likes it by drinking often. JOHNSON.

[5] —*she is too* liberal.] *Liberal*, is licentious and gross in language. So in *Othello*: "Is he not a profane and very *liberal* counsellor?" JOHNSON.

Speed.

Speed. Item, *She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article: Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, [6] *She hath more hair than wit,*—

Laun. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. —*And more faults than hairs*—

Laun. That's monstrous: Oh, that that were out!

Speed. —*And more wealth than faults.*

Laun. Why, that word makes the faults gracious[7]: Well, I'll have her: And if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him, for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

[6] —*she hath more hair than wit,*—] An old English proverb. See Ray's Collection:

"Bush natural, *more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Deckar's Satiromastix:*

"*Hair!* 'tis the basest stubble; in scorn of it

"This proverb sprung—*He has more hair than wit.*"

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

"Now is the old proverb really perform'd,

"*More hair than wit.*" STEEVENS.

[7] —*makes the faults* gracious:] *Gracious*, in old language, means *graceful.* So in *K. John:*

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born."

STEEVENS.

Speed. Why didſt not tell me ſooner? pox on your love-letters!

Laun. Now will he be ſwing'd for reading my letter; An unmannerly ſlave, that will thruſt himſelf into ſecrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Duke and Thurio, and Protheus behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that ſhe will love you,
Now Valentine is baniſh'd from her ſight.

Thu. Since his exile ſhe hath deſpis'd me moſt,
Forſworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am deſperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impreſs of love is as a figure
[8] Trenched in ice; which with an hour's heat
Diſſolves to water, and doth loſe his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthleſs Valentine ſhall be forgot.—
How now, ſir Protheus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not ſo.—
Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou haſt ſhewn ſome ſign of good deſert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'ſt, how willingly I would effect
The match between ſir Thurio and my daughter.

[8] *Trenched in ice;*—] Cut, carved in ice. *Trancher*, to cut, French. JOHNSON.
So in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1633:
"Is deeply *trenched* in my bluſhing brow." STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I do think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persevers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?
Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, [9] with circumstance, be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.
Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend [1].
Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.
Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord; if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.
Thu. Therefore [2] as you unwind her love from him,
Lest

[9] —*with circumstance,*—] With the addition of such incidental particulars as may induce belief. JOHNSON.

[1] *his very friend.*] *Very* is *immediate.* So in *Macbeth:*
"And the *very* points they blow." STEEVENS.

[2] —*as you unwind her love*—] As you wind off her love from him, make me the *bottom* on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound upon a central body, is a *bottom of thread.* JOHNSON.

Left it ſhould ravel, and be good to none,
You muſt provide to bottom it on me:
Which muſt be done, by praiſing me as much
As you in worth diſpraiſe ſir Valentine.

Duke. And, Protheus, we dare truſt you in this kind;
Becauſe we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already love's firm votary,
And cannot ſoon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant ſhall you have acceſs,
Where you with Silvia may confer at large;
For ſhe is lumpiſh, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend's ſake, will be glad of you;
Where you may temper her, by your perſuaſion,
To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:—
But you, ſir Thurio, are not ſharp enough;
You muſt lay [3] lime, to tangle her deſires,
By wailful ſonnets, whoſe compoſed rhimes
Should be full fraught with ſerviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, Much is the force of heaven-bred poeſy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You ſacrifice your tears, your ſighs, your heart:
Write, till your ink be dry; and with your tears
Moiſt it again; and frame ſome feeling line,
That may diſcover ſuch integrity:—
[4] For Orpheus' lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews;
Whoſe

So in *Grange's Garden*, 1577, in anſwer to a letter written unto him by Curtyzan:

"A *bottome* for your ſilke it ſeemes
"My letters are become,
"Which oft with winding off and on
"Are waſted whole and ſome." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*lime*,—] That is, *birdlime*. JOHNSON.

[4] *For Orpheus lute was ſtrung with poets' ſinews*;] This ſhews Shakeſpeare's knowledge of antiquity. He here aſſigns Orpheus his true character of legiſlator. For under that of a poet only, or lover,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump[5]; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her[6].

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice:
Therefore, sweet Protheus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort[7] some gentlemen well skill'd in musick:
I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; [8] I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

lover, the quality given to his lute is unintelligible. But, considered as a lawgiver, the thought is noble, and the imagery exquisitely beautiful. For by his *lute* is to be understood his *system of laws*; and by the *poet's sinews*, the power of numbers, which Orpheus actually employed in those laws to make them received by a fierce and barbarous people. WARBURTON.

[5] *Tune a deploring* dump;] A *dump* was the ancient term for a *mournful elegy*. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*will* inherit *her*.] To *inherit*, is, by our author, sometimes used, as in this instance, for *to obtain possession* of, without any idea of acquiring *by inheritance*. So in *Titus Andronicus*:

"He that had wit would think that I had none,
"To bury so much gold under a tree,
"And never after to *inherit* it." STEEVENS.

[7] *To* sort] i. e. to chuse out. So in *K. Richard* III:

"Yet I will *sort* a pitchy hour for thee." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I will pardon you.*] I will excuse you from waiting. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A forest, leading towards Mantua.

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, ſtand faſt; I ſee a paſſenger.
2 *Out.* If there be ten, ſhrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, ſir, and throw us what you have about you;
[9] If not, we'll make you ſit, and rifle you.
Speed. Sir, we are undone! theſe are the villains
That all the travellers do fear ſo much.
Val. My friends,—
1 *Out.* That's not ſo, ſir; we are your enemies.
2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.
3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;
For he's a proper man.
Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to loſe;
A man I am, croſs'd with adverſity:
My riches are theſe poor habiliments,
Of which if you ſhould here disfurniſh me,
You take the ſum and ſubſtance that I have.
2 *Out.* Whither travel you?
Val. To Verona.
1 *Out.* Whence came you?
Val. From Milan.
3 *Out.* Have you long ſojourn'd there?

[9] *If not, we'll make you* ſit, *and rifle you.*] The old copy reads as I have printed the paſſage. Paltry as the oppoſition between *ſtand* and *ſit* may be thought, it is Shakeſpeare's own. The editors read, —— we'll make you, *ſir*, &c. STEEVENS.

Val.

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have
staid,
If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so:
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy;
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of [1] Robin Hood's fat
friar,
This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him: sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them;
It is a kind of honourable thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this; Have you any thing to take
to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust

[1] *Robin Hood* was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen. JOHNSON.

So in *A mery Geste of Robyn Hoode*, &c. bl. l. no date:

"These *byshoppes* and these *archebyshoppes*
"Ye shall them beate and bynde, &c."

By Robin Hood's *fat friar*, I believe, Shakespeare means *Friar Tuck*, who was confessor and companion to this noted outlaw. So in one of the old songs of *Robin Hood:*

"And of brave little John,
"Of *Friar Tuck* and Will Scarlett,
"Stokesly and Maid Marian."

Again,

Thrust from the company of [2] awful men:
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
[3] An heir, and niece ally'd unto the duke.
  2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Whom, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.
  1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—(for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives)
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape; and by your own report
A linguist; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality [4] much want,—
  2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you:

Again, in the 26th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Of *Tuck the merry friar* which many a sermon made,
"In praise of *Robin Hoode*, his outlawes, and his trade."

See figure III. in the plate at the end of the first part of *K. Henry* IV. with Mr. Tollet's observations on it. STEEVENS.

[2] —*awful men*:] Reverend, worshipful, such as magistrates, and other principal members of civil communities. JOHNSON.

I think we should read *lawful* in opposition to *lawless* men. In judicial proceedings the word has this sense. SIR J. HAWKINS.

The author of *The Revisal* has proposed the same emendation. STEEVENS.

Awful is used by Shakespeare, in another place, in the sense of *lawful*. Second part of *Henry* IV. act IV. sc. ii.

"We come within our *awful* banks again." TYRWHITT.

[3] All the impressions, from the first downwards, *An heir and niece allied unto the duke.* But our poet would never have expressed himself so stupidly, as to tell us, this lady was the duke's *niece*, and *allied* to him: for her alliance was certainly sufficiently included in the first term. Our author meant to say, she was an *heiress*, and *near allied* to the duke; an expression the most natural that can be for the purpose, and very frequently used by the stage-poets. THEOBALD.

A *niece* or a *nephew* did not always signify the daughter of a brother or sister, but any remote descendant. Of this use I have given instances as to a *nephew*. See *Othello*, act I. STEEVENS.

[4] —*in our* quality] *Quality* is *nature relatively considered*. STEEVENS.

Are

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?
Say, ay, and be the captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided, that you do no outrages [5]
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Under Silvia's apartment in Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

[5] ——*no outrages*
On silly women or poor passengers.] This was one of the rules of Robin Hood's government. STEEVENS.

In

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And, notwithstanding all her [6] sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Protheus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily a while.

Enter Host, at a distance; and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now, my young guest! methinks you're allycholly; I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark! hark!

[6] —*sudden quips,*] That is, hasty passionate reproaches and scoffs. So Macbeth is in a kindred sense said to be *sudden*; that is, irascible and impetuous. JOHNSON.

The same expression is used by Dr. Wilson in his *Arte of Rhetorique,* 1553: "And make him at his wit's end through the *sudden quip.*" MALONE.

Jul.

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For [7] beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excells each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How, now? are you sadder than you were before?

How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

[7] *——beauty lives with kindness:*] Beauty without kindness *dies* unenjoyed, and undelighting. JOHNSON.

Jul.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this sir Protheus, that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he lov'd her [8] out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead,
That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and musick.*

Silvia appears above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen:
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Protheus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Protheus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

[8] ——*out of all nick.*] Beyond all reckoning or count. Reckonings are kept upon nicked or notched sticks or tallies. WARBURTON.

So in a *Woman never vex'd*, 1632:
"——I have carried
"The tallies at my girdle seven years together,
"For I did ever love to deal honestly in the *nick*."

As it is an inn-keeper who employs the allusion, it is much in character. STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. That I may compaſs yours.

Sil. [9] You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—
That preſently you hie you home to bed.
Thou ſubtle, perjur'd, falſe, diſloyal man!
Think'ſt thou, I am ſo ſhallow, ſo conceitleſs,
To be ſeduced by thy flattery,
That haſt deceived ſo many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night, I ſwear,
I am ſo far from granting thy requeſt,
That I deſpiſe thee for thy wrongful ſuit;
And by and by intend to chide myſelf,
Even for this time I ſpend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, ſweet love, that I did love a lady;
But ſhe is dead.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] 'Twere falſe, if I ſhould ſpeak it;
For, I am ſure, ſhe is not buried.

Sil. Say, that ſhe be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyſelf art witneſs,
I am betroth'd; And art thou not aſham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewiſe hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And ſo, ſuppoſe, am I; for in his grave,
Aſſure thyſelf, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
Or, at the leaſt, in her's ſepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aſide.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if that your heart be ſo obdurate,
Vouchſafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll ſpeak, to that I'll ſigh and weep:
For, ſince the ſubſtance of your perfect ſelf
Is elſe devoted, I am but a ſhadow;
And to your ſhadow will I make true love.

[9] *You have your wiſh; my will is even this,—*] The word *will* is here ambiguous. He wiſhes to *gain* her *will:* ſhe tells him, if he wants her *will* he has it. JOHNSON.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
[1] But, since your falshood, shall become you well
To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it;
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.
[*Exeunt Protheus and Silvia.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Protheus?

Host. Marry, at my house: Trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind;
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Silvia, above at her window.

Sil. Who calls?

[1] *But, since your falshood, shall become you well*] This is hardly sense. We may read, with very little alteration,
But since *you're false*, it shall become you well. JOHNSON.
There is no occasion for any alteration, if we only suppose that *it* is understood here, as in several other places.
But, since your falshood, shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
i. e. But, since your falshood, *it* shall become you well, &c.
Or indeed, in this place, *To worship shadows*, &c. may be considered as the nominative case to *shall become*. TYRWHITT.

Egl.

Egl. Your servant, and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.
Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.
Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose [2],
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.
Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful [3], well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd,
[4] Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode;

[2] —*your ladyship's* impose,] *Impose* is *injunction, command.* A task set at college, in consequence of a fault, is still called an *imposition.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Remorseful* is pitiful. So in the *Maid's Metamorphosis*, by Lilly, 1600:

"Provokes my mind to take *remorse* of thee."

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 2d Book of Homer, 1598:

"Descend on our long-toyled host with thy *remorseful* eye." STEEVENS.

[4] *Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.*] It was common in former ages for widowers and widows to make vows of chastity in honour of their deceased wives or husbands. In Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, page 1013, there is the form of a commission by the bishop of the diocese for taking a vow of chastity made by a widow. It seems that, besides observing the vow, the widow was, for life, to wear a veil and a mourning habit. The same distinction we may suppose to have been made in respect of male votarists; and therefore this circumstance might inform the players how sir Eglamour should be drest; and will account for Silvia's having chosen him as a person in whom she could confide without injury to her own character. STEEVENS.

And, for the ways are dangerous to paſs,
I do deſire thy worthy company,
Upon whoſe faith and honour I repoſe.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief;
And on the juſtice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a moſt unholy match,
Which heaven, and fortune, ſtill reward with plagues.
I do deſire thee, even from a heart
As full of ſorrows as the ſea of ſands,
To bear me company, and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have ſaid to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your [5] grievances;
Which ſince I know they virtuouſly are plac'd,
I give conſent to go along with you;
Recking as little [6] what betideth me,
As much I wiſh all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where ſhall I meet you?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confeſſion.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyſhip:
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind ſir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Launce with his dog.

When a man's ſervant ſhall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I ſav'd from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and ſiſters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would ſay preciſely,

[5] —*grievances;*] Sorrows, ſorrowful affections. JOHNSON.

[6] *Recking as little*] To *reck* is to care for. So in *Hamlet:*
"And *recks* not his own read."
Both Chaucer and Spenſer uſe this word with the ſame ſignification. STEEVENS.

Thus

Thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself [7] in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him [8] to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't; sure as I live, he had suffer'd for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while [9], but all the chamber smelt him. *Out with the dog*, says one; *What cur is that?* says another; *Whip him out*, says the third; *Hang him up*, says the duke: I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs [1]: *Friend*, quoth I, *you mean to whip the dog? Ay, marry, do I*, quoth he. *You do him the more wrong*, quoth I; *'twas I did the thing you wot of.* He makes no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for [2] their servant? nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, other-

[7] ——keep *himself*] i. e. restrain himself. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*to be a dog*——] I believe we should read, *I would have*, &c. *one that takes upon him to be a dog*, to be a dog *indeed, to be*, &c. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*a pissing while*,] This expression is used in Ben Jonson's *Magnetic Lady*: "—— have patience but a *pissing while*." It appears from Ray's Collection, that it is proverbial. STEEVENS.

[1] *The fellow that whips the dogs*:] This appears to have been part of the office of an *usher of the table*. So in *Mucedorus*:

"——I'll prove my office good; for look you, &c. —When a dog chance to blow his nose backward, then with a *whip* I give him good time of the day, and strew rushes presently." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*their servant?*——] The old copy reads,

——*his* servant?—— STEEVENS.

wise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you serv'd me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia [3]; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I'll do, sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope, thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant, [*To Launce.*
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, sir, I carry'd mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No, indeed, she did not: here I have brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay, sir; the other squirrel [4] was stol'n from me by the hangman's boy in the market-place: and then I offer'd her mine own; who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,

[3] —*madam Silvia*;] Perhaps we should read of madam *Julia*. It was *Julia* only of whom a formal leave could have been taken. STEEVENS.

[4] —*the other squirrel*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads, —the other, *Squirrel*, &c. and consequently makes *Squirrel* the proper name of the beast. Perhaps Launce only speaks of it as a diminutive animal, more resembling a *squirrel* in size, than a dog. STEEVENS.

Or

Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say; Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave, that, still an end [5], turns me to shame.
[*Exit Launce.*

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yon foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour;
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. [6] It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:
She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why do'st thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore should'st thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia:
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;
You doat on her, that cares not for your love.
'Tis pity love should be so contrary,
And, thinking on it, makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

[5] —— *an end,*] i. e. *in the end,* at the conclusion of every business he undertakes. STEEVENS.

[6] *It seems, you lov'd not her, to leave her token:*] Protheus does not properly leave his lady's token, he gives it away. The old edition has it:

It seems you lov'd her not, *not* leave her token.

I should correct it thus:

It seems you lov'd her not, *nor love* her token. JOHNSON.

This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Protheus.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Protheus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now I am (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
[7] To carry that, which I would have refus'd;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, sir Protheus, madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

[7] *To carry that, which I would have refus'd;*] The sense is, To go and present that which I wish to be not accepted, to praise him whom I wish to be dispraised. JOHNSON.

Sil.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.
——Pardon me, madam; I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear this paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure:
Though his false finger hath profan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her:
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself:
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Protheus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:
When she did think my master lov'd her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;

'But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for, at pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown;
Which served me as fit, by all mens' judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good [9],

' *But since she did neglect her looking-glass,*
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd *the roses in her cheeks,*
And PINCH'D *the lily-tincture of her face,*
That now she is become as black as I.] To *starve* the roses is certainly a very proper expression: but what is *pinching a tincture*? However, *starved*, in the third line, made the blundering editors write *pinch'd* in the fourth: though they might have seen that it was a tanning scorching, not a freezing air that was spoken of. For how could this latter quality in the air so affect the whiteness of the skin as to turn it black? We should read:

And PITCH'D the lily-tincture of her face.

i. e. turned the white tincture *black*, as the following line has it:

That now she is become as *black* as I:

and we say, in common speech, *as black as pitch*.—By the roses being *starv'd*, is only meant their being withered, and losing their colour. WARBURTON.

This is no emendation; none ever heard of a face being *pitched* by the weather. The colour of a part *pinched*, is livid, as it is commonly termed, *black and blue*. The weather may therefore be justly said to *pinch* when it produces the same visible effect. I believe this is the reason why the cold is said to *pinch*. JOHNSON.

Cleopatra says of herself:

"I that am with Phœbus' *pinches* black." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*weep* a-good;] i. e. in good earnest. *Tout de bon*. Fr. STEEVENS.

So in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"And therewithal their knees have rankled so
"That I have laugh'd *a-good*." MALONE.

For

For I did play a lamentable part;
Madam, [1] 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;
Which

[1] ——'*twas Ariadne, passioning*
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;] The history of this twice-deserted lady is too well known to need an introduction here; nor is the reader interrupted on the business of Shakespeare: but I find it difficult to refrain from making a note the vehicle for a conjecture like this, which I may have no better opportunity of communicating to the public.—The subject of a picture of Guido (commonly supposed to be Ariadne deserted by Theseus and courted by Bacchus) may possibly have been hitherto mistaken. Whoever will examine the fabulous history critically, as well as the performance itself, will acquiesce in the truth of the remark. Ovid, in his *Fasti*, tell us, that Bacchus (who left Ariadne to go on his Indian expedition) found too many charms in the daughter of one of the kings of that country.

" Interea Liber depexos crinibus Indos
" Vincit, et Eoo dives ab orbe redit.
" Inter captivas facie præstante puellas
" Grata nimis Baccho filia regis erat.
" Flebat amans conjux, spatiataque littore curvo
" Edidit incultis talia verba sonis.
" Quid me desertis perituram, Liber, arenis
" Servabas? potui dedoluisse semel.——
" Ausus es ante oculos, adducta pellice, nostros
" Tam bene compositum sollicitare torum, &c."

Ovid. Fast. l. iii. lin. 465.

In this picture he appears as if just returned from India, bringing with him his new favourite, who hangs on his arm, and whose presence only causes those emotions so visible in the countenance of Ariadne, who has been hitherto represented on this occasion,

———— ———— as passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight.

From this painting a plate was engraved by Giacomo Freij, which is generally a companion to the Aurora of the same master. The print is so common, that the curious may easily satisfy themselves concerning the propriety of a remark which has perhaps intruded itself among the notes on this author.

To passion is used as a verb by writers contemporary with Shakespeare. In *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, printed 1598, we meet with the same expression:

" —— what, are thou *passioning* over the picture of Cleanthes?"

Again, in *Eliosto Libidinoso*, a novel, by *John Hinde*, 1606:

" ——if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with Pigmalion be *passionate*."

Again,

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow!

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth:—
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse; I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: Let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd periwig [2].
Her eyes are grey as glass; and so are mine:
Ay, but [3] her forehead's low; and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective [4] in myself,

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 2:
"Some argument of matter *passioned.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *I'll get me such a colour'd* periwig.] It should be remembered, that false hair was worn by the ladies, long before *wigs* were in fashion. These false coverings, however, were called *periwigs*. So in *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "There is a new trade come up for cast gentlewomen, of *perriwig-making*: let your wife set up in the Strand." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*her forehead's low*;——] A high forehead was in our author's time accounted a feature eminently beautiful. So in *The History of Guy of Warwick*: Felice his lady is said to have *the same high forehead as Venus.* JOHNSON.

[4] ——respective] i. e. *respectful*, or *respectable.* STEEVENS.

If

If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and ador'd;
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
[5] My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Near the Friar's cell, in Milan.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.

[5] *My substance should be* STATUE *in thy stead.*] It is evident this noun should be a participle *statued*, i. e. placed on a pedestal, or fixed in a shrine to be adored. WARBURTON.

Statued is, I am afraid, a new word, and that it should be received, is not quite evident. JOHNSON.

It would be easy to read with no more roughness than is to be found in many lines of Shakespeare:

—should be *a* statue in thy stead.

The sense, as Mr. Edwards observes, is, "He should have my substance as a *statue*, instead of thee [the picture] who art a senseless form." This word, however, is used without the article *a* in Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*:

"—it was your beauty
"That turn'd me *statue*."

And again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the 4th Æneid:

"And Trojan *statue* throw into the flame."

Again, in Dryden's *Don Sebastian*:

"—try the virtue of that Gorgon face,
"To stare me into *statue*." STEEVENS.

She

She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time;
So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes: Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are [6] sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in the Duke's palace.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, and Julia.

Thu. Sir Protheus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. Oh, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
"Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes [7]."

[8] *Jul.* 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink, than look on them. [*Aside.*

[6] —*sure enough.*] *Sure* is safe, out of danger. JOHNSON.

[7] "*Black men are pearls,* &c.] So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:
"—a *black complexion*
"Is always *precious* in a *woman's eye.*"
Again, in *Sir Giles Goosecap:* "—but to make every *black* slovenly cloud a *pearl in her eye.*" STEEVENS.

[8] Jul. '*Tis true,* &c.] This speech, which certainly belongs to Julia, is given in the old copy to Thurio. Mr. Rowe restored it to its proper owner. STEEVENS.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love, and peace?
Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.

Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. Oh, sir, she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [Aside.

Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [Aside.
Thu. Considers she my possessions?
Pro. O, ay; and pities them.
Thu. Wherefore?
Jul. That such an ass should owe them. [Aside.
Pro. That they are out by lease[9].
Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, sir Protheus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant Valentine;
And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;
But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.

9. *That they are out by lease.*] I suppose he means because Thurio's folly has let them on disadvantageous terms. STEEVENS.

Therefore,

Therefore, I pray you, ſtand not to diſcourſe,
But mount you preſently; and meet with me
Upon the riſing of the mountain-foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled:
Diſpatch, ſweet gentlemen, and follow me.
[*Exit Duke.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peeviſh girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her:
I'll after; more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckleſs Silvia.

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to croſs that love,
Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Foreſt.

Enter Silvia and Out-laws.

Out. Come, come;
Be patient, we muſt bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thouſand more miſchances, than this one,
Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But Moyſes, and Valerius, follow him.
Go thou with her to the weſt end of the wood,
There is our captain: we'll follow him that's fled;
The thicket is beſet, he cannot 'ſcape.

1 *Out.* Come, I muſt bring you to our captain's cave:
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not uſe a woman lawleſsly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

The Out-laws' cave in the forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desart, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record [9] my woes.
[1] O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What hallowing, and what stir, is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chace:
They love me well; yet I have much to do,

[9] ——*record my woes.*] To *record* anciently signified to *sing*. So in the *Pilgrim*, by B. and Fletcher:
"——O sweet, sweet! how the birds *record* too?"
Again, in a pastoral, by N. Breton, published in *England's Helicon*, 1614:
"Sweet philomel, the bird that hath the heavenly throat,
"Doth now, alas! not once afford *recording* of a note."
Again, in another *Dittie*, by Tho. Watson, ibid:
"Now birds *record* with harmonie."
Sir John Hawkins informs me, that to *record* is a term still used by bird-fanciers, to express the first essays of a bird in singing.
STEEVENS.

[1] *O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,*
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!] It is hardly possible to point out four lines in any of the plays of Shakespeare, more remarkable for ease and elegance. STEEVENS.

To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine; who's this comes here?
[*Val. steps aside.*

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service have I done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed [2] but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this, I see, and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear a while. [*Aside.*
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence. [*Aside.*
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.
Oh, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false perjur'd Protheus:
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

[2] ——*my* meed] i. e. reward. So in another play of our author:
"——thanks to men
"Of noble minds is honourable *meed.*" STEEVENS.

Sil.

Sil. When Protheus cannot love, where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. Oh heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
(For such is a friend now) treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say,
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
[4] The private wound is deepest: Oh time, most curst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

[4] *The private wound,* &c.] I have a little mended the measure. The old edition, and all but sir T. Hanmer, read,

The private wound is deepest, oh time most accurst. JOHNSON.

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender it here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest:—
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
[5] All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. Oh me unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why wag! how now? what is the matter?
Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia;
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

"[5] *All, that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.*] It is (I think) very odd to give up his mistress thus at once, without any reason alledged." But our author probably followed the stories just as he found them in his novels as well as histories. POPE.

This passage either hath been much sophisticated, or is one great proof that the main parts of this play did not proceed from Shakespeare; for it is impossible he could make Valentine act and speak so much out of character, or give to Silvia so unnatural a behaviour, as to take no notice of this strange concession, if it had been made. HANMER.

Valentine, from seeing *Silvia* in the company of Protheus, might conceive she had escaped with him, from her father's court, for the purposes of love, though she could not foresee the violence which his villainy might offer, after he had seduced her under the pretence of an honest passion. If Valentine, however, be supposed to hear all that passed between them in this scene, I am afraid I have only to subscribe to the opinions of my predecessors.
STEEVENS.

Pro.

Pro. How! let me ſee:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. Oh, cry your mercy, ſir, I have miſtook;
This is the ring you ſent to Silvia. [*Shews another ring.*
Pro. But, how cam'ſt thou by this ring? at my depart,
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herſelf did give it me;
And Julia herſelf hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia?
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
[6] How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh Protheus, let this habit make thee bluſh!
Be thou aſham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodeſt rayment; [7] if ſhame live
In a diſguiſe of love:
It is the leſſer blot, modeſty finds,
Women to change their ſhapes, than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true: oh heaven! were man
But conſtant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all ſins:
Inconſtancy falls off, ere it begins:
What is in Silvia's face, but I may ſpy
More freſh in Julia's with a conſtant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be bleſt to make this happy cloſe;
'Twere pity two ſuch friends ſhould long be foes.
Pro. Bear witneſs, heaven,
I have my wiſh for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

[6] *How oft haſt thou with perjury cleft the root?*] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *cleft the root on't.* JOHNSON.

[7] ——*if ſhame live*] That is, *if it be any ſhame to wear a diſguiſe for the purpoſes of love.* JOHNSON.

Enter Out-laws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, I ſay; it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man diſgrac'd,
Baniſhed Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or elſe embrace thy death;
Come not within [8] the meaſure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
[9]Milan ſhall not behold thee. Here ſhe ſtands,
Take but poſſeſſion of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.—

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I;
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore ſhe is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and baſe art thou,
To make ſuch means for her as thou haſt done,
And leave her on ſuch ſlight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my anceſtry,
I do applaud thy ſpirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empreſs' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,

[8] *—the meaſure—*] The length of my ſword, the reach of my anger. JOHNSON.

[9] *Milan ſhall not behold thee.*—] All the editions, *Verona ſhall not hold thee.* But, whether through the miſtake of the firſt editors, or the poet's own careleſſneſs, this reading is abſurdly faulty. For the threat here is to Thurio, who is a Milaneſe; and has no concern, as it appears, with Verona. Beſides, the ſcene is betwixt the confines of Milan and Mantua, to which Silvia follows Valentine, having heard that he had retreated thither. And, upon theſe circumſtances, I ventured to adjuſt the text, as I imagine the poet muſt have intended; i. e. Milan, *thy country ſhall never ſee thee again: thou ſhalt never live to go back thither.* THEOBALD.

Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
Plead a new ſtate [1] in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus ſubſcribe,—ſir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou haſt deſerv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beſeech you, for your daughter's ſake,
To grant one boon that I ſhall aſk of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. Theſe baniſh'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities;
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou haſt prevail'd: I pardon them, and thee;
Diſpoſe of them, as thou know'ſt their deſerts.
Come, let us go; we will [2] include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare ſolemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our diſcourſe to make your grace to ſmile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he bluſhes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord; more grace than boy.

[1] Should not this begin a new ſentence?
Plead is the ſame as *plead thou.* TYRWHITT.
So I have printed it. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*include all jars*] Sir Tho. Hanmer reads *conclude.*
JOHNSON.
To *include* is to *ſhut up*, to *conclude.* So in *Macbeth:*
"——and *ſhut up*
"In meaſureleſs content."
Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c 9:
"And for to *ſhut up* all in friendly love." STEEVENS.

Duke. What mean you by that ſaying?

Val. Pleaſe you, I'll tell you as we paſs along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortuned.—
Come, Protheus; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The ſtory of your loves diſcovered:
That done, our day of marriage ſhall be yours;
One feaſt, one houſe, one mutual happineſs.

[[3] *Exeunt omnes.*

[3] In this play there is a ſtrange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The verſification is often excellent, the alluſions are learned and juſt; but the author conveys his heroes by ſea from one inland town to another in the ſame country; he places the emperor at Milan, and ſends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes Protheus, after an interview with Silvia, ſay he has only ſeen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by miſtaking places, left his ſcenery inextricable. The reaſon of all this confuſion ſeems to be, that he took his ſtory from a novel, which he ſometimes followed, and ſometimes forſook, ſometimes remembered, and ſometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to Shakeſpeare, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom ſhall it be given? This queſtion may be aſked of all the diſputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that Shakeſpeare might ſometimes ſink below his higheſt flights, than that any other ſhould riſe up to his loweſt. JOHNSON.

MERRY WIVES

OF

WINDSOR.

Perſons Repreſented.

Sir John Falſtaff.
Fenton.
Shallow, *a country juſtice.*
Slender, *couſin to Shallow.*
Mr. Page, } *two gentlemen dwelling at Windſor.*
Mr. Ford, }
Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch parſon.*
Dr. Caius, *a French doctor.*
Hoſt of the Garter,
Bardolph.
Piſtol.
Nym.
Robin, *page to Falſtaff.*
William Page, *a boy, ſon to Mr. Page.*
Simple, *ſervant to Slender.*
Rugby, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page.
Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Ann Page, *daughter to Mr. Page, in love with Fenton.*
Mrs. Quickly, *ſervant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &

SCENE, Windſor; and the parts adjacent.

[1] MERRY WIVES

OF

[2] WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before Page's house in Windsor.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Shal. Sir Hugh [3], persuade me not: I will make [4] a Star-chamber matter of it: if he were twenty sir John

[1] A few of the incidents in this comedy might have been taken from some old translation of *Il Pecorone* by Giovanni Fiorentino. I have lately met with the same story in a very contemptible performance, intitled, *The fortunate, the deceived, and the unfortunate Lovers.* Of this book, as I am told, there are several impressions; but that in which I read it, was published in 1632, quarto. A something similar story occurs in *Piacevoli Notti di Straparola.* Nott. 4ª. Fav. 4ª.

This comedy was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Jan. 18, 1601, by John Busby. STEEVENS.

This play should be read between *K. Henry* IV. and *K. Henry* V. JOHNSON.

The adventures of *Falstaff* in this play seem to have been taken from the story of the *Lovers of Pisa*, in an old piece, called "*Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie.*" A late editor pretended to much knowledge of this sort; and I am sorry that it proved to be only pretension.

Mr. *Warton* observes, in a note to the last *Oxford* edition, that the play was probably not written, as we now have it, before 1607 at the earliest. I agree with my very ingenious friend in this supposition, but yet the argument here produced for it may not be conclusive.

John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

conclusive. *Slender* observes to master *Page*, that his *greyhound was out-run on Cotsale*; [*Cotswold-Hills* in *Gloucestershire*] and Mr. *Warton* thinks, that the *games* established there by Capt. *Dover* in the beginning of K. *James*'s reign, are alluded to.—But perhaps, though the Captain be celebrated in the *Annalia Dubrensia* as the *founder* of them, he might be the *reviver* only, or some way contribute to make them more famous; for in the 2d part of *Henry* IV. 1600, justice *Shallow* reckons amongst the *Swinge-bucklers*, "*Will Squeele*, a *Cotsole man*."

In the first edition of the imperfect play, *sir Hugh Evans* is called on the title-page, the *Welsh Knight*; and yet there are some persons who still affect to believe, that all our author's plays were originally published by *himself*. FARMER.

Mr. Farmer's opinion is well supported by "An eclogue on the noble assemblies *revived* on Cotswold Hills, by Mr. Robert Dover." See Randolph's Poems, printed at Oxford, 4to. 1638, p. 114. The hills of *Cotswold*, in *Gloucestershire*, are mentioned in *K. Rich.* II. act II. sc. iii. and by Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, song 14. STEEVENS.

[2] *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*] Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the admirable character of Falstaff in *The Two Parts of Henry* IV. that, as Mr. Rowe informs us, she commanded Shakespeare to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. To this command we owe *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: which, Mr. Gildon says, he was very well assured our author finished in a fortnight. But this must be meant only of the first imperfect sketch of this comedy; an old quarto edition which I have seen, printed in 1602, says, in the title-page—*As it hath been divers times acted both before her majesty, and elsewhere.* POPE. THEOBALD.

[3] *Sir Hugh,*] This is the first, of sundry instances in our poet, where a *parson* is called *sir*. Upon which it may be observed, that anciently it was the common designation both of one in holy orders and a knight. Fuller, somewhere in his Church History says, that anciently there were in England more *sirs* than *knights*; and so lately as temp. W. and Mar. in a deposition in the Exchequer in a case of tithes, the witness speaking of the curate, whom he remembered, stiles him, *sir Gyles*. Vide Gibson's View of the State of the Churches of Door, Home-Lacy, &c. page 36. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[4] ——*a Star-chamber matter of it:*] Ben Jonson intimates, that the *Star-chamber* had a right to take cognizance of such matters. See *The Magnetic Lady*, act III. sc. iv:

"There is a court above, of the *Star-chamber*,
"To punish *routs* and *riots*." STEEVENS.

Slen.

Slen. In the county of Glofter, juftice of peace, and *coram.*

Shal. Ay, coufin Slender, and [5] *cuftalorum.*

Slen. Ay, and *ratalorum* too; and a gentleman born, mafter parfon; who writes himfelf *armigero*; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *armigero.*

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time thefe three hundred years.

Slen. All his fucceffors, gone before him, have don't; and all his anceftors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white loufes do become an old coat well; it agrees well, paffant: it is a familiar beaft to man, and fignifies—love.

Shal. [6] The luce is the frefh fifh; the falt fifh is an old coat.

Slen.

[5] *cuftalorum.*] This is, I fuppofe, intended for a corruption of *Cuftos Rotulorum.* The miftake was hardly defigned by the author, who, though he gives Shallow folly enough, makes him rather pedantic than illiterate. If we read:

Shal. *Ay, coufin Slender, and* Cuftos Rotulorum.

It follows naturally:

Slen. *Ay, and* Ratolorum *too.* JOHNSON.

Ay, coufin *Slender*, and *cuftalorum.*]

I think with Dr. *Johnfon*, that this blunder could fcarcely be intended. *Shallow*, we know, had been bred to the law at *Clement's Inn.*—But I would rather read *cuftos* only; then *Slender* adds naturally, "Ay, and *rotulorum* too." He had heard the words *cuftos rotulorum*, and fuppofes them to mean different offices. FARMER.

[6] *The luce* &c.] I fee no confequence in this anfwer. Perhaps we may read, *the falt fifh is* not *an old coat.* That is, the *frefh fifh* is the coat of an ancient family, and the *falt fifh* is the coat of a merchant grown rich by trading over the fea. JOHNSON.

Shakefpeare, by hinting that the arms of the Shallows and the Lucys were the fame, fhews he could not forget his old friend fir Tho. Lucy, pointing at him under the character of juftice Shallow. But to put the matter out of all doubt, Shakefpeare has here

Slen. I may quarter, coz.

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva.

here given us a diſtinguiſhing mark, whereby it appears that ſir Thomas was the very perſon repreſented by Shallow. To ſet blundering parſon Evans right, Shallow tells him, the *luce* is not the *louſe*, but the *freſh fiſh*, or pike, the ſalt fiſh (indeed) is *an old coat*. The plain Engliſh of which is (if I am not greatly miſtaken) the family of the Charlcotts had for their arms a *ſalt fiſh* originally; but when William, ſon of Walter de Charlcott, aſſumed the name of Lucy, in the time of Henry III. he took the arms of the Lucys. This is not at all improbable; for we find, when Maud Lucy bequeathed her eſtates to the Percys, it was upon condition they joined her arms with their own. Says Dugdale, "it is likely William de Charlcott took the name of Lucy to oblige his mother." And I ſay farther, it is likely he took the arms of the Lucys at the ſame time. SMITH.

The luce is the freſh fiſh, the ſalt fiſh is an old coat.]

I am not ſatisfied with any thing that has been offered on this difficult paſſage. All that Mr. *Smith* tell us, is a mere *gratis dictum*. I cannot find that *ſalt fiſh* were ever really borne in heraldry. I fancy the latter part of the ſpeech ſhould be given to ſir *Hugh*, who is at croſs purpoſes with the *Juſtice*. *Shallow* had ſaid juſt before, the coat is an old one; and now, that it is the luce, the freſh fiſh.—No, replies the parſon, it cannot be *old* and *freſh* too—"the *ſalt fiſh* is an *old coat*." I give this with rather the more confidence, as a ſimilar miſtake has happened a little lower in the ſcene.—"*Slice*, I ſay!" cries out Corporal *Nym*, "*Pauca, pauca: Slice*, that's my humour." There can be no doubt, but *pauca, pauca* ſhould be ſpoken by *Evans*.

Again, a little before this, the copies give us:

Slender. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Shallow. That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis fault—'tis a good dog.

Surely it ſhould be thus:

Shallow. You'll not confeſs, you'll not confeſs.

Slender. That he will not.

Shallow. 'Tis your fault, 'tis your fault, &c. FARMER.

This fugitive ſcrap of Latin, *pauca*, &c. is uſed in ſeveral old pieces, by characters, who have no more of literature about them, than *Nym*. So *Skinke*, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"But *pauca Verba, Skinke*."

Again, in *Every Man in his Humour*, where it is called the *benchers phraſe*. STEEVENS.

Shakeſpeare ſeems to frolick here in his heraldry, with a deſign not to be eaſily underſtood. In Leland's Collectanea, vol. I. p. ii. p. 615. the arms of *Geffrey de Lucy* are "de goules *poudre* a croiſil

dor

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.
Shal. Not a whit.

Eva.

dor a treis luz dor." Can the poet mean to quibble upon the word *poudré*, that is, *powdred*, which signifies *salted*; or strewed and sprinkled with any thing? In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio says—
"Ever your fresh whore and your *powder'd* bawd." TOLLET.

The *luce* is a *pike* or *jack*:

"Ful many a fair partrich hadde he in mewe,
"And many a breme, and many a *luce* in stewe."

Chaucer's *Prol. of the Cant. Tales*, late edit. 351, 352.

In Ferne's *Blazon of Gentry*, 1586, quarto, the arms of the Lucy family are represented as an instance, that "signs of the coat should something agree with the name. It is the coat of Geffray Lord Lucy. He did bear gules, three *lucies* hariant, argent."

Mr. William Oldys, (Norroy King at Arms, and well known from the share he had in compiling the *Biographia Britannica*) among the collections which he left for a *Life of Shakespeare*, observes, that—"there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighbourhood of Stratford, (where he died fifty years since) who had not only heard, from several old people in that town, of Shakespeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which, repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very curteously communicated to me."

"A parliemente member, a justice of peace,
"At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
"If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
"Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
"He thinks himself greate,
"Yet an asse in his state,
"We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
"If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
"Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it."

Contemptible as this performance must now appear, at the time when it was written it might have had sufficient power to irritate a vain, weak, and vindictive magistrate; especially as it was affixed to several of his park-gates, and consequently published among his neighbours.—It may be remarked likewise, that the jingle on which it turns, occurs in the first scene of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

I may add, that the veracity of the late Mr. Oldys has never yet been impeached; and it is not very probable that a ballad should

Eva. Yes, py'r-lady; if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three ſkirts for yourſelf, in my ſimple conjectures: but that is all one: If ſir John Falſtaff have committed diſparagements unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make atonements and compromiſes between you.

Shal. [7] The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, look you, ſhall deſire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that [8].

Shal. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the ſword ſhould end it.

Eva. It is petter that friends is the ſword, and end it: and there is alſo another device in my prain, which, peradventure, prings goot diſcretions with it: There is Anne Page, [9] which is daughter to maſter George Page, which is pretty virginity.

ſhould be forged, from which an undiſcovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity. STEEVENS.

[7] *The council ſhall hear it; it is a riot.*] He alludes to a ſtatute made in the reign of K. Henry IV. (13, chap. 7.) by which it is enacted, "That the juſtices, three, or two of them, and the "ſheriff, ſhall certify before the king, and his counſelle, all the "deeds and circumſtances thereof (namely the *riot*); which cer- "tification ſhould be of the like force as the preſentment of "twelve: upon which certificate the treſpaſſers and offenders "ſhall be put to anſwer, and they which be found guilty ſhall be "puniſhed, according to the diſcretion of the kinge and counſelle." Dr. GRAY.

[8] *Your* vizaments *in that.*] *Adviſement* is now an obſolete word. I meet with it in the ancient morality of *Every Man*:

"That I may amend me with good *advyſement.*"

Again: "I ſhall ſmite without any *advyſement.*"

Again: "To go with good *advyſements* and delyberacyon."

It is often uſed by Spenſer in his *Faery Queen*. So, b. ii. c. 9:

"Perhaps my ſuccour and *advizement* meete." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*which is daughter to maſter Thomas Page,*] The whole ſet of editions have negligently blundered one after another in Page's Chriſtian name in this place; though Mrs. Page calls him George afterwards in at leaſt ſix ſeveral paſſages. THEOBALD.

Slen.

Slen. Miſtreſs Anne Page? ſhe has brown hair, and [1] ſpeaks ſmall like a woman.

Eva. It is that very perſon for all the 'orld, as juſt as you will deſire; and ſeven hundred pounds of monies, and gold, and ſilver, is her grandſire, upon his death's-bed, (Got deliver to a joyful reſurrections!) give, when ſhe is able to overtake ſeventeen years old: it were a goot motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and deſire a marriage between maſter Abraham, and miſtreſs Anne Page.

Slen. Did her grandſire leave her ſeven hundred pounds?

Eva. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slen. I know the young gentlewoman; ſhe has good gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred pounds, and poſſibilities, is good gifts.

Shal. Well, let us ſee honeſt maſter Page: Is Falſtaff there?

Eva. Shall I tell you a lie? I do deſpiſe a liar, as I do deſpiſe one that is falſe; or, as I deſpiſe one that is not true. The knight, ſir John is there; and, I beſeech you, be ruled by your well-willers. I will peat the door [*Knocks*] for maſter Page. What, hoa! Got pleſs your houſe here!

Enter Page.

Page. Who's there?

[1] *ſpeaks* SMALL *like a woman.*] This is from the folio of 1623, and is the true reading. He admires her for the ſweetneſs of her voice. But the expreſſion is highly humourous, as making her *ſpeaking* ſmall *like a woman* one of her marks of diſtinction; and the ambiguity of *ſmall*, which ſignifies *little* as well as *low*, makes the expreſſion ſtill more pleaſant. WARBURTON.

Thus *Lear*, ſpeaking of *Cordelia*:

"——Her *voice* was ever ſoft,
" *Gentle* and *low*;—an excellent thing in woman."

STEEVENS.

Eva. Here is Got's pleſſing, and your friend, and juſtice Shallow: and here is young maſter Slender; that, peradventures, ſhall tell you another tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to ſee your worſhips well: I thank you for my veniſon, maſter Shallow.

Shal. Maſter Page, I am glad to ſee you; Much good do it your good heart! I wiſh'd your veniſon better; it was ill kill'd:—How doth good miſtreſs Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to ſee you, good maſter Slender.

Slen. [2] How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on Cotſale.

Page.

[2] *How does your fallow greyhound, ſir? I heard ſay, he was out-run on* Cotſale.] He means *Cotſwold*, in *Glouceſterſhire.* In the beginning of the reign of James the Firſt, by permiſſion of the king, one Dover, a public-ſpirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickſhire, inſtituted on the hills of *Cotſwold* an annual celebration of games, conſiſting of rural ſports and exerciſes. Theſe he conſtantly conducted in perſon, well mounted, and accoutred in a ſuit of his majeſty's old cloaths; and they were frequented above forty years by the nobility and gentry for ſixty miles round, till the grand rebellion aboliſhed every liberal eſtabliſhment. I have ſeen a very ſcarce book, entitled, "*Annalia Dubrenſia. Upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympick games upon Cotſwold hills, &c.*" *Lond.* 1636. 4to. There are recommendatory verſes prefixed, written by Drayton, Jonſon, Randolph, and many others, the moſt eminent wits of the times. The games, as appears by a curious frontiſpiece, were, chiefly, wreſtling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing of women, various kinds of hunting, and particularly courſing the hare with greyhounds. Hence alſo we ſee the meaning of another paſſage, where Falſtaff, or Shallow, calls a ſtout fellow a *Cotſwold-man.* But from what is here ſaid, an inference of another kind may be drawn, reſpecting the age of the play. A meager and imperfect ſketch of this comedy was printed in 1602. Afterwards Shakeſpeare new-wrote it entirely. This alluſion therefore to the *Cotſwold* games, not founded till the reign of

Page. It could not be judg'd, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:—'Tis a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; Can there be more said? he is good, and fair.—Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, master Page.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confess it.

Shal. If it be confess'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, master Page? He hath wrong'd me;—indeed, he hath;—at a word, he hath;—believe me; —Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes sir John.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deer, [3] and broke open my lodge.

of James the First, ascertains a period of time beyond which our author must have made the additions to his original rough draught, or, in other words, composed the present comedy. James the First came to the crown in the year 1603. And we will suppose that two or three more years at least must have passed before these games could have been effectually established. I would therefore, at the earliest, date this play about the year 1607. It is not generally known, at least it has not been observed by the modern editors, that the first edition of the *Merry Wives* in its present state, is in the valuable folio, printed 1623. From whence the quarto of the same play, dated 1630, was evidently copied. The two earlier quartos, 1602, and 1619, only exhibit this comedy as it was originally written: and are so far curious, as they contain Shakespeare's first conceptions in forming a drama, which is the most complete specimen of his comick powers. WARTON.

[3] —— *and broke open my lodge.*] This probably alludes to some real incident, at that time well known. JOHNSON.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter?

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it strait;—I have done all this:—That is now answer'd.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. [4] 'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council; you'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, sir John; good worts.

Fal. Good worts! [5] good cabbage:—Slender, I broke your head; What matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your [6] coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

[4] The old copies read, *'Twere better for you, if 'twere known in council.* Perhaps it is an abrupt speech, and must be read thus: *'Twere better for you——if 'twere known in council, you'll be laugh'd at.* *'Twere better for you*, is, I believe, a menace. JOHNSON.

The modern editors arbitrarily read—if 'twere *not* known in council;—but I believe Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel*. The latter signifies *secrecy*. So in *Hamlet*:

"The players cannot keep *counsel*, they'll tell all."

Falstaff's meaning seems to be—'twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i. e. among your friends. A more public complaint would subject you to ridicule.

Thus, in Chaucer's prologue to the *Squieres Tale*, v. 10305, late edit:

"But wete ye what? *in conseil* be it seyde,
"Me reweth sore I am unto hire teyde." STEEVENS.

[5] *Good* worts! *good cabbage:*—] *Worts* was the ancient name of all the cabbage kind. So in B. and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"Planting of *worts* and onions, any thing." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*coney-catching rascals*,——] A *coney-catcher* was, in the time of Elizabeth, a common name for a cheat or sharper. Green, one of the first among us who made a trade of writing pamphlets, published *A Detection of the Frauds and Tricks of Coney-catchers and Couzeners*. JOHNSON.

So in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"Thou shalt not *coney-catch* me for five pounds."
STEEVENS.

Bar-

Bar. [7] You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. [8] How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Evan. Peace: I pray you! Now let us understand: There is three umpires in this matter, as I understand: that is—master Page, *fidelicet*, master Page; and there is myself, *fidelicet*, myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Fery goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Fal. Pistol,——

[7] *You Banbury cheese!*] This is said in allusion to the thin carcase of Slender. The same thought occurs in *Jack Drums Entertainment*, 1601:—"Put off your cloaths, and you are like a Banbury cheese——nothing but paring." So Heywood, in his collection of epigrams:

"I never saw *Banbury cheese thick enough*,
"But I have oft seen Essex cheese quick enough."

STEEVENS.

[8] *How now, Mephostophilus?*] This is the name of a spirit or familiar, in the old story book of *Sir John Faustus*, or *John Faust*: to whom our author afterwards alludes, p. 279. That it was a cant phrase of abuse, appears from the old comedy cited above, called *A pleasant Comedy of the Gentle Craft*, Signat. H. 3. "Away you *Islington* whitepot, hence you hopper-arse, you barley-pudding full of maggots, you broiled carbonado, avaunt, avaunt, *Mephostophilus*." In the same vein, *Bardolph* here also calls *Slender*, "You *Banbury* cheese." WARTON.

So in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"Thou must run of an errand *for* me, *Mephostophilus*."

Again, in the *Muse's Looking Glass*, 1638:

"—We want not you to play *Mephostophilus*. A pretty natural vizard." STEEVENS.

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear?* Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else) of seven groats in mill-sixpences [9], and two [1] Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!——Sir John, and master mine,
[2] I combat challenge of this latten bilboe:

Word

[9] ——*mill-sixpences*,] It appears from a passage in *Sir W. Davenant's News from Plimouth*, that these *mill'd-sixpences* were used by way of counters to cast up money:
"——A few *mill'd sixpences* with which
"My purser casts accompt." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Edward shovel-boards*,——] By this term, I believe, are meant brass castors, such as are shoveled on a board, with king Edward's face stamped upon them. JOHNSON.

One of these pieces of metal is mentioned in Middleton's comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:——"away slid I my man, like a *shovel-board shilling*," &c. STEEVENS.

"*Edward Shovel-boards*," were not brass castors, but the broad shillings of *Edw.* VI.

Taylor, the water-poet, in his *Travel of Twelve-pence*, makes him complain:
"——the unthrift every day
"With my face downwards do at *shoave-board* play;
"That had I had a board, you may suppose,
"They had worne it off, as they have done my nose."
And in a note he tells us: "Edw. shillings for the most part are used at *shoave-board*." FARMER.

[2] *I combat challenge of this* Latin *bilboe*:] Our modern editors have distinguished this word *Latin* in Italic characters, as if it was addressed to Sir Hugh, and meant to call him *pedantic blade*, on account of his being a schoolmaster, and teaching Latin. But I'll be bold to say, in this they do not take the poet's conceit. Pistol barely calls Sir Hugh mountain-foreigner, because he had interposed

[3] Word of denial in thy labra's here;
Word of denial: froth, and scum, thou ly'st.

Slen.

posed in the dispute: but then immediately demands the combat of Slender, for having charged him with picking his pocket. The old quartos write it *latten*, as it should be, in the common characters: and as a proof that the author designed this should be addressed to Slender, Sir Hugh does not there interpose one word in the quarrel. But what then signifies——*latten bilboe?* Why, Pistol, seeing Slender such a slim, puny wight, would intimate, that he is as thin as a plate of that compound metal, which is called *latten*: and which was, as we are told, the old *orichalc*. Monsieur Dacier, upon this verse in Horace's epistle *de Arte Poetica*,

"Tibia non ut nunc *orichalco* vincta," &c.

says, *C'est une espece de cuivre de montagne, comme son nom mesme le temoigne; c'est ce que nous appellons aujourd'huy du* leton. "It is a sort of mountain-copper, as its very name imports, and which we at this time of day call *latten*." THEOBALD.

After all this display of learning in Mr. Theobald's note, I believe our poet had a much more obvious meaning. *Latten* may signify no more than *as thin as a lath*. The word in some counties is still pronounced as if there was no *h* in it; and Ray, in his Dict. of North Country Words, affirms it to be spelt *lat* in the north of England.

Falstaff threatens, in another play, to drive prince Henry out of his kingdom, with *a dagger of lath*. A *latten bilboe* means therefore, I believe, no more than *a blade as thin as a lath—a vice's dagger*.

Theobald, however, is right in his assertion that *latten* was a metal. So Turbervile, in his Book of Falconry, 1575: "—you must set her a *latten* bason, or a vessel of stone or earth." Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "Whether it were lead or *lattin* that hasp'd down those winking casements, I know not." Again, in the old metrical Romance of *Syr Bevis of Hampton*, b. l. no date:

"Windowes of *latin* were set with glasse."

Latten is still a common word for *tin* in the North. STEEVENS.

I believe Theobald has given the true sense of *latten*, though he is wrong in supposing, that the allusion is to Slender's *thinness*. It is rather to his *softness* or *weakness*. TYRWHITT.

[3] *Word of denial in thy labra's here;*] I suppose it should rather be read:

Word of denial in my *labra's* hear;

that is, *hear* the word of denial in my *lips*. *Thou ly'st.*

JOHNSON.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be avis'd, Sir, and pass good humours: I will say, [4] *marry trap*, with you, if you run the [5] nut-hook's humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it: for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, [6] Scarlet and John?

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap [7], sir, was, as they say, cashier'd; and so conclusions pass'd the [8] careires.

Slen.

We often talk of giving the lie in a man's *teeth*, or in his *throat*. Pistol chooses to throw the word of denial in the *lips* of his adversary, and is supposed to point to them as he speaks. STEEVENS.

[4] *—marry trap,—*] When a man was caught in his own stratagem, I suppose the exclamation of insult was *marry, trap!* JOHNSON.

[5] *—nuthook's humour—*] Read, *pass the nuthook's humour*. *Nuthook* was a term of reproach in the vulgar way, and in cant strain. In *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* Dol Tearsheet says to the beadle, *Nuthook, Nuthook, you lie.* Probably it was a name given to a bailiff or catchpole, very odious to the common people. HANMER.

Nuthook is the reading of the folio, and the third quarto. The second quarto reads, *base* humour.

If you run the Nuthook's humour on me, is in plain English, *if you say I am a Thief.* Enough is said on the subject of *hooking moveables out at windows*, in a note on *K. Henry* IV. STEEVENS.

[6] *—Scarlet and John?*] The names of two of Robin Hood's companions; but the humour consists in the allusion to Bardolph's *red face*; concerning which, see *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* WARBURTON.

[7] *And being fap,—*] I know not the exact meaning of this cant word, neither have I met with it in any of our old dramatic pieces, which have often proved the best comments on Shakespeare's vulgarisms. STEEVENS.

[8] *—careires—*] I believe this strange word is nothing but the French *cariere*; and the expression means, that *the common bounds of good behaviour were overpassed.* JOHNSON.

to

Slen. Ay, you ſpake in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter: I'll never be drunk whilſt I live again, but in honeſt, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with thoſe that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So Got 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all theſe matters deny'd, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter miſtreſs Anne Page with wine; miſtreſs Ford and miſtreſs Page following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is miſtreſs Anne Page.

Page. How now, miſtreſs Ford?

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing her.*

Page. Wife, bid theſe gentlemen welcome:—Come, we have a hot veniſon paſty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drink down all unkindneſs. [*Exe. all but Shal. Slend. and Evans.*

Slen. I had rather than forty ſhillings, I had my book of ſongs and ſonnets here:—

Enter Simple.

How now, Simple; where have you been; I muſt wait on myſelf, muſt I? You have not the book of riddles about you, have you?

* —*to paſs the cariere* was a military phraſe. I find it in one of Sir John Smythe's Diſcourſes, 1589, where, ſpeaking of horſes wounded, he ſays—"they, after the firſt ſhrink at the entering of the bullet, doo *paſs their carriere*, as though they had verie little hurt." Again, in Harrington's tranſlation of Arioſto, book xxxviii. ſtanza 35.

"To ſtop, to ſtart, to *paſs carier*, to bound."

STEEVENS.

Sim.

Sim. Book of riddles! why, did you not lend it to Alice Shortcake [9] upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?

Shal. Come, coz; come, coz; we stay for you. A word with you, coz: marry, this, coz; There is, as 'twere, a tender, a kind of tender, made afar off by sir Hugh here;—Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, sir, you shall find me reasonable; if it be so, I shall do that that is reason.

Shal. Nay, but understand me.

Slen. So I do, sir.

Eva. Give ear to his motions, master Slender: I will description the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do, as my cousin Shallow says: I pray you, pardon me; he's a justice of peace in his country, simple though I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the question; the question is concerning your marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, sir.

Eva. Marry, is it; the very point of it; to mistress Anne Page.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her, upon any reasonable demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? let us command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips; for divers philosophers hold, that the lips is parcel

[9] —*upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight afore Michaelmas?*] Sure, Simple's a little out in his reckoning. Allhallowmas is almost five weeks after Michaelmas. But may it not be urged, it is designed Simple should appear thus ignorant, to keep up the character? I think not. The simplest creatures (nay, even naturals) generally are very precise in the knowledge of festivals, and marking how the seasons run: and therefore I have ventured to suspect our poet wrote Martlemas, as the vulgar call it: which is near a fortnight after All-Saint's day, i. e. eleven days, both inclusive. THEOBALD.

This correction, thus seriously and wisely enforced, is received by sir Tho. Hanmer; but probably Shakespeare intended a blunder. JOHNSON.

of

of the mouth;—Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good-will to the maid?

Shal. Cousin Abraham Slender, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, sir,—I will do, as it shall become one that would do reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's lords and his ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your desires towards her.

Shal. That you must: Will you, upon good dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that, upon your request, cousin, in any reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet coz; what I do, is to pleasure you, coz: Can you love the maid?

Slen. I will marry her, sir, at your request; but if there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another: [2] I hope, upon familiarity will grow more contempt:

[1] —*the lips is parcel of the mouth*;] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read – "parcel of the *mind*."

To be *parcel* of any thing is an expression that often occurs in the old plays.

So in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

"And make damnation *parcel* of your oath."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"To make it *parcel* of my empery."

Again, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1613:

"For as I tak't 'tis *parcel* of your oath."

This passage, however, might have been designed as a ridicule on another, in John Lylly's *Midas*, 1592:

"*Pet.* What lips hath she?

"*Li.* Tush! *Lips are no part of the head*, only made for *a double-leaf door for the mouth*." STEEVENS.

[2] —*I hope, upon familiarity will grow more* content:—] Certainly, the editors in their sagacity have murdered a jest here. It is designed, no doubt, that Slender should say *decrease*, instead of *increase*; and *dissolved*, *dissolutely*, instead of *resolved* and *resolutely*: but to make him say, on the present occasion, that upon familiarity will grow more *content*, instead of *contempt*, is disarming the sentiment

contempt: but if you say, *marry her*, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a fery discretion answer; save, the faul' is in the 'ort dissolutely: the 'ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely;—his meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne:—Would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne!

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Ex. Shal. and Evans.*

Anne. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit Simple.*] A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit, till you come.

Slen. I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, sir, walk in.

sentiment of all its *salt* and *humour*, and disappointing the audience of a reasonable cause for laughter. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be supported by the same intentional blunder in *Love's Labour Lost*.

"Sir, the *contempts* thereof are as touching me."

STEEVENS.

Slen.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you: I bruis'd my ſhin the other day with playing at ſword and dagger with a maſter of fence, [3] three veneys for a diſh of ſtew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meat ſince. Why do your dogs bark ſo? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think, there are, ſir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the ſport well; but I ſhall as ſoon quarrel at it, as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you ſee the bear looſe, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, ſir,

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have ſeen [4] Sackerſon looſe, twenty times; and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have ſo cry'd and ſhriek'd at it, [5] that it paſs'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Re-enter Page.

Page. Come, gentle maſter Slender, come; we ſtay for you.

[3] —*three veneys for a diſh*, &c.] i. e. three *venues*, French. Three different ſet-to's, *bouts*, a technical term. So in B. and Fletcher's *Philaſter*:—"thou wouldſt be loth to play half a dozen *venies* at Waſters with a good fellow for a broken head." So in Chapman's comedy, *The Widow's Tears*, 1612: "So there's *venie* for *venie*, I have given it him." So in *The Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609: "This was a paſs, 'twas fencer's play, and for the after *veny*, let me uſe my ſkill." So in *The famous Hiſt.* &c. *of Capt. Tho. Stukely*, 1605:—"for forfeits and *venneys* given upon a wager at the ninth button of your doublet." So in our author's *Love's Labour Loſt*:

"—a quick *venew* of wit." STEEVENS.

[4] —*Sackerſon*—] *Seckerſon* is likewiſe the name of a bear in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*. STEEVENS.

[5] —*that it paſs'd*:—] *It paſs'd*, or *this paſſes*, was a way of ſpeaking cuſtomary heretofore, to ſignify the *exceſs*, or *extraordinary degree* of any thing. The ſentence completed would be, *This paſſes all expreſſion*, or perhaps, *This paſſes all things*. We ſtill uſe *paſſing well*, *paſſing ſtrange*. WARBURTON.

Slen.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, sir.

Page. [6] By cock and pye, you shall not choose, sir: come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you, lead the way.

Page. Come on, sir.

Slen. Mistress Anne, yourself shall go first.

Anne. Not I, sir; pray you, keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first; truly-la: I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly, than troublesome: you do yourself wrong, indeed-la. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor Caius' house, which is the way: and there dwells one mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer.

Simp. Well, sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet:—give her this letter; for it is a 'oman that altogether's acquaintance [7] with mistress Anne Page; and the letter is, to desire and require her to solicit your master's desires to mistress Anne Page: I pray you, be gone; I will make an end of my dinner; there's pippins and cheese to come. [*Exeunt severally.*

[6] *By cock and pye,*—] See a note on act V. sc. i. *Hen. IV.* P. II. STEEVENS.

[7] *that* altogethers *acquaintance*] Should not this be "that *altogether's* acquaintance," i. e. that *is altogether* acquainted? The English, I apprehend, would still be bad enough for Evans. TYRWHITT.

I have availed myself of this remark. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol, and Robin.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Host. What says my bully-rook [8]? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Host. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Host. Thou 'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar [9], and Pheezar. I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Host. I have spoke; let him follow: [1] Let me see thee froth, and lime: I am at a word; follow.

[*Exit Host.*

Fal.

[8] ——*my* bully rock?] The spelling of this word is corrupted, and thereby its primitive meaning is lost. The old plays have generally *bully-rook*, which is right; and so it is exhibited by the folio edition of Shakespeare, as well as the 4to, 1619. The latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of chess. STEEVENS.

[9] ——Keisar,——] The preface to Stowe's Chronicle observes, that the Germans use the K for C, pronouncing *Keysar* for *Cæsar*, their general word for an emperor. TOLLET.

[1] ——*Let me see thee froth, and* live:]——] This passage has passed through all the editions without suspicion of being corrupted; but the reading of the old quartos of 1602 and 1619, *Let me see froth and lime*, I take to be the true one. The Host calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph's abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakespeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack (i. e. sherry) to make it sparkle in the glass.

Froth

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: An old cloak makes a new jerkin; a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster [2]: Go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.
[*Exit Bard.*

Pist. [3] O base Gongarian wight! wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: Is not the humour conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the [4] humour of it.

Froth and *live* is sense, but a little forced; and to make it so we must suppose the Host could guess by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *limed* sack.
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*a wither'd servingman, a fresh tapster:*] This is not improbably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Ray's Proverbs, 3d edit. p. 2. STEEVENS.

[3] *O base Gongarian wight!* &c.] This is a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning:

"O base *Gongarian*, wilt thou the distaff wield?"

I had marked the passage down, but forgot to note the play.

The folio reads *Hungarian.*

Hungarian is likewise a cant term. So in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626, the merry Host says, "I have knights and colonels in my house, and must tend the *Hungarians.*"

Again: "Come ye *Hungarian* pilchers."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607:

"Play you louzy *Hungarians.*" STEEVENS.

The *Hungarians*, when infidels, over-ran Germany and France, and would have invaded England, if they could have come to it. See Stowe, in the year 930, and Holinshed's Invasions of Ireland, p. 56. Hence their name might become a proverb of baseness. Stowe's Chronicle, in the year 1492, and Leland's Collectanea, vol. i. p. 610, spell it *Hongarian* (which might be misprinted *Gongarian*) and this is right according to their own etymology. *Hongyars*, i. e. domus suæ strenui defensores. TOLLET.

The word is *Gongarian* in the first edition, and should be continued, the better to fix the allusion. FARMER.

[4] ——*humour of it.*] This speech is partly taken from the corrected copy, and partly from the slight sketch in 1602. I mention it, that those who do not find it in either of the common old editions, may not suspect it to be spurious. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. I am glad, I am so acquit of this tinderbox; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful finger, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humour is, to steal [5] at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call [6]: Steal! foh; a fico for the phrase!

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must cony-catch, I must shift.

Pist. [7] Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

[5] ——*at a minute's rest.*] Our author probably wrote: at a *minim's rest.* LANGTON.

This conjecture seems confirmed by a passage in *Romeo and Juliet:*—"*rests his minim,*" &c. It may however mean, that, like a skilful harquebuzier, he takes a good aim, though he has rested his piece for a minute only.

So in Daniel's *Civil Wars,* &c. b. vi:

"To *set up's rest* to venture now for all." STEEVENS.

At a minute's rest.] A *minim* was anciently, as the term imports, the shortest note in musick. Its measure was afterwards, as it is now, as long as while two may be moderately counted. In *Romeo and Juliet,* act II. sc. iv. Mercutio says of Tibalt, that in fighting he rests his *minim,* one, two, and the third in your bosom. A minute contains sixty seconds, and is a long time for an action supposed to be instantaneous. Nym means to say that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

[6] Convey, *the wise it call:*] So in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner,* bl. l. no date:

"Syr, the horesones could not *convaye* clene;
"For an they could have carried by craft as I can, &c."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Young ravens must have food.*] An adage. See Ray's *Proverbs.* STEEVENS.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol: Indeed, I am in the waist two yards about: but I am now [8] about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves [9], she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar stile; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be English'd rightly, is, *I am sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath study'd her will, and translated her will; out of honesty into English.

Nym. [1] The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?

Fal.

[8] —*about no waste;*—] I find the same play on words in Heywood's *Epigrams*, 1562:

"Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the *waist*;
"Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait lac'd.
"Where am I biggest, wife? in the waste, quoth she,
"For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see."

And again, in *The Wedding*, a comedy, by Shirley, 1626:

"He's a great man indeed;
"Something given to the *wast*, for he lives within no
"*reasonable compass.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —*she carves,*] It should be remembered, that anciently the young of both sexes were instructed in *carving*, as a necessary accomplishment. In 1508, Wynkyn de Worde published "A Boke of *Kervinge*." So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Biron says of *Boyet*, the French courtier: "—He can *carve* too, and lisp."

STEEVENS.

[1] *The anchor is deep: Will that humour pass?*] I see not what relation *the anchor* has to *translation*. Perhaps we may read, *the author is deep*; or perhaps the line is out of its place, and should be inserted lower after Falstaff has said,

Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores.

It may be observed, that in the tracts of that time *anchor* and *author* could hardly be distinguished. JOHNSON.

The *anchor* is deep:] Dr. *Johnson* very acutely proposes "the *author* is deep." He reads with the first copy, "He hath study'd her *well*."—And from this equivocal word, *Nym* catches the idea of *deepness*. But it is almost impossible to ascertain the diction of this whimsical character: and I meet with a phrase in *Fenner's Comptor's Commonwealth*, 1617, which perhaps may support the old reading, "Master *Decker's Bellman of London*, hath set

Fal. Now, the report goes, ſhe has all the rule of her huſband's purſe; ſhe hath a legion of angels.

Piſt. [2] As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy,* ſay I.

Nym. The humour riſes; it is good: humour me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with moſt judicious [3] eyliads: ſometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, ſometimes my portly belly.

Piſt. Then did the ſun on dung-hill ſhine.

Nym. I thank thee for [4] that humour.

Fal.

ſet forth the vices of the time ſo lively, that it is impoſſible the *anchor* of any other man's braine can ſound the ſea of a more deepe and dreadful miſcheeſe." FARMER.

—ſtudied her *will*, and tranſlated her *will* – is the reading of the firſt folio, 1623. The conteſted part of the paſſage may mean, *His hopes are well founded.* So in the *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, by B. and Fletcher:

" —Now my lateſt *hope*
" Forſake me not, but fling thy *anchor* out,
" And let it hold."

Tranſlation is not uſed in its common acceptation, but means to *explain*, as one language is explained by another. So in *Hamlet:*

" ——theſe profound heaves
" You muſt *tranſlate*, 'tis fit we underſtand them."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" Did in great Ilion thus *tranſlate* him to me."

STEEVENS.

[2] *As many devils entertain*; &c.] The old quarto reads:
As many devils *attend her!* &c. STEEVENS.

I would read with the quarto—*As many devils attend her!* i. e. let as many devils attend her. MUSGRAVE.

[3] ——*eyliads:*——] This word is differently ſpelt in all the copies. I ſuppoſe we ſhould write *oëillades*, French. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*that humour.*] What diſtinguiſhes the language of Nym from that of the other attendants on Falſtaff, is the conſtant repetition of this phraſe. In the time of Shakeſpeare ſuch an affectation ſeems to have been ſufficient to mark a character. In *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, a play of which I have no earlier edition than that

 of

Fal. O, she did so course-o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention [5], that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning-glass! Here's another letter to her: she bears the purse too; [6] she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. [7] I will be cheater to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humour: here, take the humour letter; I will keep the haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, bear you these letters tightly [8];

of 1606, the same peculiarity is mentioned in the hero of the piece:

"——his only reason for every thing is, that *we are all mortal*; then hath he another pretty phrase too, and that is, he will *tickle the vanity* of every thing." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*intention*,] i. e. eagerness of desire. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.*] If the tradition be true (as I doubt not but it is) of this play being wrote at queen Elizabeth's command, this passage, perhaps, may furnish a probable conjecture that it could not appear till after the year 1598. The mention of Guiana, then so lately discovered to the English, was a very happy compliment to sir Walter Raleigh, who did not begin his expedition for South America till 1595, and returned from it in 1596, with an advantageous account of the great wealth of Guiana. Such an address of the poet was likely, I imagine, to have a proper impression on the people, when the intelligence of such a golden country was fresh in their minds, and gave them expectations of immense gain. THEOBALD.

[7] ——*I will be* cheater *to them both, and they shall be* exchequers *to me*;——] The same joke is intended here, as in *The Second Part of Henry the Fourth*, act II:

"—I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater."— By which is meant *Eschcatour*, an officer in the Exchequer, in no good repute with the common people. WARBURTON.

[8] ——*tightly*;] Thus the folio; the 4to. *rightly*. STEEVENS.

Sail

Sail like my pinnace [9] to these golden shores.

[*To Robin.*

Rogues, hence, avaunt! vanish like hail-stones, go;
Trudge, plod, away, o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humour of this age [1],
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exit Falstaff and Boy.*

Pist. [2] Let vultures gripe thy guts! [3] for gourd, and fullam holds;
And high and low beguiles the rich and poor:

Tester

[9] ——*my* pinnace] A pinnace seems anciently to have signified a small vessel, or sloop, attending on a larger.
So in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1613:
"—— was lately sent
"With threescore sail of ships and *pinnaces*."
Again, in *Mulcasses the Turk*, 1610:
"Our life is but a sailing to our death
"Thro' the world's ocean: it makes no matter then,
"Whether we put into the world's vast sea
"Shipp'd in a *pinnace* or an argosy."
At present it signifies only a man of war's boat. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the* humour *of* this *age*,] Thus the 4to, 1619: The folio reads—the *honor* of *the* age. STEEVENS.

[2] *Let vultures gripe thy guts!* ——] This hemistich is a burlesque on a passage in *Tamburlaine*, or *The Scythian Shepherd*, of which play a more particular account is given in one of the notes to *Henry* IV. P. II. act II. sc. iv. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*for* gourd, *and* fullam *holds*;
And high *and* low *beguiles the rich and poor*:] *Fullam* is a cant term for false dice, *high* and *low*. Torriano, in his Italian dictionary, interprets *Pise* by *false dice*, *high and low men*, *high fullams and low fullams*. Jonson, in his *Every Man out of his Humour*, quibbles upon this cant term: "*Who, he serve? He keeps* high men and low men, *he has a fair living at* fullam."—As for *gourd*, or rather *gord*, it was another instrument of gaming, as appears from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*: "—*And thy dry bones can reach at nothing now, but* GORDS *or* nine-pins." WARBURTON.

In the *London Prodigal* I find the following enumeration of false dice.—"I bequeath two bale of false dice, videlicet, *high men* and *low men*, *fulloms*, stop cater-traies, and other bones of function."

In *Monsieur D'Olive*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606, the *gord*, the *fullam*, and the *stop-cater trée*, are mentioned.

Green,

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humours of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humours, I:
I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford [4].

Pist. And I to Page shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Ford to deal with poison; I will possess him with [5] yellowness, for [6] the revolt of mien is dangerous: that is my true humour.

Pist.

Green, in his *Art of Juggling*, &c. 1612, says, "What should I say more of false dice, of *fulloms*, *high* men, *lowe* men, *gourds*, and brizled dice, graviers, demies, and contraries?"

Again, in *The Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640; among the false dice are enumerated, "a bale of *fullams*."—"A bale of *gordes*, with as many *high-men* as *low-men* for passage."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda:*

Piston. "Nay, I use not to go without a pair of false dice;
"Here are *tall* men and *little* men.

Julio. "*High* men and *low* men, thou wouldst say."

Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606:
"The *gourd*, the *fulham*, and the stop-cater-tre."

Again, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:
"Here *fullams* and *gourds*, here's *tall-men* and *low-men*."

STEEVENS.

[4] *I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.*] The very reverse of this happens. See act II. where *Nym* makes the discovery to *Page*, and not to *Ford*, as here promised; and *Pistol*, on the other hand, to *Ford*, and not to *Page*. Shakespeare is frequently guilty of these little forgetfulnesses.

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*yellowness*,——] *Yellowness* is jealousy. JOHNSON.

So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:
"If you have me you must not put on *yellows*."

Again,

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malecontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Dr. Caius's house.

Enter Mrs. Quickly, Simple, and John Rugby.

Quic. What; John Rugby!—I pray thee, go to the casement, and see if you can see my master, master Doctor Caius, coming: if he do, i'faith, and find any body in the house, here will be an old abusing of God's patience, and the king's English.

Rug. I'll go watch. [*Exit Rugby.*

Quic. Go; and we'll have a posset for't soon at night, in faith, [7] at the latter end of a sea-coal fire. An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house withal; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate [8]: his worst fault is, that he

Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
"——Flora well, perdie,
"Did paint her *yellow* for her *jealousy*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the revolt of mien*——] I suppose we may read, *the revolt of* men. Sir T. Hanmer reads, *this* revolt of *mine*. Either may serve, for of the present text I can find no meaning. JOHNSON.

The revolt of mine is the old reading. *Revolt of mien*, is *change of countenance*, one of the effects he has just been ascribing to jealousy. STEEVENS.

This, Mr. Steevens truly observes to be the old reading, and it is authority enough for *the revolt of mien* in modern orthography. "Know you that fellow that walketh there? says Eliot, 1593—he is an alchymist by his *mine*, and hath multiplied all to moonshine." FARMER.

[7] ——*at the latter end* &c.] That is, when my master is in bed. JOHNSON.

[8] ——no breed *bate*:] *Bate* is an obsolete word, signifying strife, contention. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:
"Shall ever civil *bate*
"Gnaw and devour our state?"

 Again,

he is given to prayer; he is something peevish [9] that way: but no body but has his fault;—but let that pass. Peter Simple, you say your name is?

Sim. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And master Slender's your master?

Sim. Ay, forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round beard, like a glover's paring-knife?

Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but [1] a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; [2] a Cain-colour'd beard.

Quic.

Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529:

"We shall not fall at *bate*, or stryve for this matter."

Stanyhurst, in his translation of Virgil, 1582, calls Erinnys a *make bate*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*peevish*] *Peevish* is foolish. So in *Cymbeline*, act II. "—he's strange and *peevish*." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*a little wee face*,] *Wee*, in the northern dialect, signifies very little. Thus, in the Scottish proverb that apologizes for a little woman's marriage with a big man: "——A *wee* mouse will creep under a mickle cornstack." COLLINS.

So in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, com. 1631: "He was nothing so tall as I, but a little *wee* man, and somewhat hutch-back'd."

Again, in *The Wisdom of Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Some two miles, and a *wee* bit, Sir."

Wee is derived from *wenig*. Dutch. On the authority of the 4to, 1619, we might be led to read *whey*-face: "——Somewhat of a weakly man, and has as it were a *whay*-colour'd beard." *Macbeth* calls one of the messengers *Whey*-face. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *a* Cane-*colour'd beard*.] Thus the latter editions. I have restored *Cain* from the old copies. Cain and Judas, in the tapestries and pictures of old, were represented with *yellow* beards. THEOBALD.

Theobald's conjecture may be countenanced by a parallel expression in an old play called *Blurt Master Constable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-Walk*, 1602:

"———over all,

"A goodly, long, thick, *Abraham-colour'd* beard."

Again, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, Basilisco says:

"———where is the eldest son of Priam,

"That *Abraham-colour'd* Trojan?——

I am not however certain, but that *Abraham* may be a corruption of *Auburn*.

Again,

Quic. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?

Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall a man of his hands [3], as any is between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrener.

Quic. How say you?——oh, I should remember him; Does he not hold up his head, as it were? and strut in his gait?

Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish——

Re-enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:
"And let their beards be of *Judas* his own *colour*."
Again, in *A Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:
"That's he in the *Judas* beard."——
In an age, when but a small part of the nation could read, ideas were frequently borrowed from representations in painting or tapestry. A *cane*-colour'd beard however, might signify a beard of the colour of *cane*, i. e. a sickly yellow; for *straw*-coloured beards are mentioned in the *Mid-summer's Night Dream*. STEEVENS.

The new edition of Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. v. p. 295, asserts, that painters constantly represented *Judas* the traytor with a *red head*. Dr. Plot's *Oxfordshire*, p. 153, says the same. This conceit is thought to have arisen in England, from our ancient grudge to the *red-haired* Danes. TOLLET.

See my quotation in *K. Hen.* VIII. act V. sc. ii. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*as tall a man of his hands*,——] Perhaps this is an allusion to the jocky measure, *so many hands high*, used by grooms when speaking of horses. *Tall*, in our author's time, signified not only height of stature, but stoutness of body. The ambiguity of the phrase seems intended. PERCY.

Whatever be the origin of this phrase, it is very ancient, being used by Gower:
"A worthie knight was *of his honde*,
"There was none suche in all the londe."
De Confessione Amantis. lib. v. fol. 118. b.
STEEVENS.

Quic.

Quic. We shall all be shent [4]: Run in here, good young man; go into this closet. [*Shuts Simple in the closet.*] He will not stay long.—What, John Rugby! John, what, John, I say!—Go, John, go enquire for my master; I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not home:—*and down, down, a-down-a* [5], &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius [6].

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys; Pray you, go and vetch me in my closet [7] *un boitier verd*; a box, a green-a box; Do intend vat I speak? a green-a box.

Quick. Ay, forsooth, I'll fetch it you.
I am glad he went not in himself: if he had found the young man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, fe, fe, fe! ma foi, il fait fort chaud. Je m'en vai à la Cour,——la grande affaire.*

Quic.

[4] ——we shall be *shent*:] i. e. Scolded, roughly treated. So in the old *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:
"——I can tell thee one thyng,
"In fayth you wyll be *shent*." STEEVENS.

[5] —*and down, down, a-down a*, &c.] To deceive her master, she sings as if at her work. SIR J. HAWKINS.

[6] Enter Doctor *Caius*.] It has been thought strange, that our author should take the name of *Caius* for his Frenchman in this comedy; but Shakespeare was little acquainted with literary history; and without doubt, from this unusual name, supposed him to have been a foreign quack. Add to this, that the doctor was handed down as a kind of Rosicrucian: Mr. Ames had in MS. one of the "*Secret Writings of Dr. Caius.*" FARMER.

[7] ——*un boitier verd*;——] *Boitier* in French signifies a case of surgeon's instruments. Dr. GRAY.

I believe it rather means a *box of salve*, or case to hold *simples*, for which Caius professes to seek. The same word, somewhat curtailed, is used by Chaucer, in the *Pardoner's Prologue*, v. 12241:
"And every *boist* full of thy letuarie."
Again, in the *Skynner's Play*, in the Chester Collection of Mysteries. MS. Harl. p. 149: Mary Magdalen says:
"To balme his bodye that is so brighte,
"*Boyste* here have I brought." STEEVENS.

Quic. Is it this, Sir.

Caius. *Ouy; mettez le au mon* pocket; *Depêchez*, quickly:—Vere is dat knave Rugby?

Quic. What, John Rugby! John!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby: Come, take-a your rapier, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the porch.

Caius. By my trot, I tarry too long:——Od's me! *Qu'ay j'oublié?* dere is some simples in my closet, dat I vill not for the varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and be mad.

Caius. *O diable, diable!* vat is in my closet?—Villaine, *Larron!* Rugby, my rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the closet.*

Quic. Good master, be content.

Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?

Quic. The young man is an honest man.

Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

Quic. I beseech you, be not so flegmatic; hear the truth of it. He came of an errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Vell.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue:—Speak-a your tale.

Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master in the way of marriage.

Quic. This is all, indeed-la; but I'll never put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, *baillez* me some paper: Tarry you a little while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and

and so melancholy;—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do for your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French Doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.

Sim. 'Tis a great charge, to come under one body's hand.

Quic. Are you avis'd o' that? you shall find it a great charge: And to be up early, and down late;—but notwithstanding, (to tell you in your ear; I would have no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but, notwithstanding that,——I know Anne's mind,——that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape; give-a dis letter to Sir Hugh; by gar, it is a shallenge: I vill cut his throat in de park; and I vill teach a scurvy jack-a-nape priest to meddle or make:——you may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:——by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [*Exit Simple.*

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:——do you not tell-a me dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—by gar, I vill kill de jack priest; and I have appointed mine host of *de Jarterre* to measure our weapon;——by gar, I vill myself have Anne Page.

Quic. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well: we must give folks leave to prate: What, the goujere [8]!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me;——By

[8] —What the *goujere!*] So in *K. Lear:*
"The *goujeers* shall devour them."
The *goujere;* i. e. *morbus Gallicus.* See Hanmer's note, K. Lear, act V. sc. iii. STEEVENS.

gar,

gar, if I have not Anne Page, I ſhall turn your head out of door:——Follow my heels, Rugby.

[*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*

Quic. You ſhall have An fools-head of your own. No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windſor knows more of Anne's mind than I do; nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.

Fent. [*Within.*] Who's within there, ho?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? come near the houſe, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman; how doſt thou?

Quic. The better that it pleaſes your good worſhip to aſk.

Fent. What news? how does pretty miſtreſs Anne?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and ſhe is pretty, and honeſt, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praiſe heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, thinkeſt thou? ſhall I not loſe my ſuit?

Quic. Troth, ſir, all is in his hands above: but notwithſtanding, maſter Fenton, I'll be ſworn on a book, ſhe loves you:——Have not your worſhip a wart about your eye?

Fent. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a tale;——good faith, it is ſuch another Nan;——but I deteſt, an honeſt maid as ever broke bread:—We had an hour's talk of that wart;—I ſhall never laugh but in that maid's company!—But, indeed, ſhe is given too much to allicholly and muſing: But for you—Well—go to.

Fent. Well, I ſhall ſee her to-day: Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou ſeeſt her before me, commend me——

Quic. Will I? ay, faith, that we will: and I will tell

tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence; and of other wooers.

Fent. Well, farewell; I am in great haste now. [*Exit.*

Quic. Farewell to your worship.—Truly, an honest gentleman; but Anne loves him not; I know Anne's mind as well as another does:—Out upon't! what have I forgot? [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's house.

Enter Mistress Page with a letter.

Mistress Page. What, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holy-day-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

Ask me no reason why I love you; for [9] *though love use reason*

[9] ——*though love use reason for his* precisian, *he admits him not for his counsellor:*——] This is obscure; but the meaning is, *though love permit reason to tell what is fit to be done, he seldom follows its advice.*——By *precisian*, is meant one who pretends to a more than ordinary degree of virtue and sanctity. On which account they gave this name to the puritans of that time. So Osborne—"*Conform their mode, words, and looks to these* PRECISIANS." And Maine, in his *City Match*:

" ————I did commend
" A great PRECISIAN to her for her woman.

WARBURTON.

——*precisian,*——] Of this word I do not see any meaning that is very apposite to the present intention. Perhaps Falstaff said, *Though love use reason as his* physician, *he admits him not for his counsellor.* This will be plain sense. Ask not the *reason* of my love; the business of *reason* is not to assist love, but to *cure* it. There may however be this meaning in the present reading. *Though love,* when he would submit to regulation, may *use reason as*

reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; Would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night [1],
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What

as *his precisian*, or director in nice cases, yet when he is only eager to attain his end, he takes not reason for *his counsellor*. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson wishes to read *physician*; and this conjecture becomes almost a certainty from a line in our author's 147th sonnet,
"My reason the *physician* to my love, &c." FARMER.

The character of a *precisian* seems to have been very generally ridiculed in the time of Shakespeare. So in the *Malcontent*, 1604: "You must take her in the right vein then; as, when the sign is in pisces, a fishmonger's wife is very sociable: in cancer, a *precisian*'s wife is very flexible."

Again, *Dr. Faustus*, 1604:
"I will set my countenance like a *precisian*?"

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1633:
"How now, Will! become a *precisian*?"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Case is alter'd*, 1609:
"It is *precisianism* to alter that,
"With austere judgment, which is given by nature." STEEVENS.

If *physician* be the right reading, the meaning may be this: A lover uncertain as yet of success, never takes reason for his counsellor, but when desperate, applies to him as his physician. MUSGRAVE.

[1] Thine own true knight,
By day or night.

This

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour [2] has this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—[3] I was then frugal of my mirth:—heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit [4] a bill in the

This expression, which is ludicrously employed by Falstaff, anciently meant, *at all times.*

So, in the third book of Gower, *De Confessione Amantis:*

"The sonne cleped was Machayre,
"The daughter eke Canace hight,
"*By daie bothe and eke by night.*"

Loud and still, was another phrase of the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

[2] What *an* unweigh'd behaviour &c.] Thus the folio and 4to, 1630. It has been suggested to me, that we should read, *one*.

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*I was then frugal of my mirth:*] By breaking this speech into exclamations, the text may stand; but I once thought it must be read, If *I was* not *then frugal of my mirth.*

JOHNSON.

[4] ——*a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men.*——] What, Mrs Page! put down the whole species, *unius ob noxam*, for a single offender's trespass? Don't be so unreasonable in your anger. But 'tis a false charge against you. I am persuaded, a short monosyllable is dropped out, which, once restored, would qualify the matter. We must necessarily read——*for the putting down of* fat *men.* Mrs. Ford says in the very ensuing scene, *I shall think the worse of* fat *men, as long as I have an eye,* &c. And in the old quartos, Mrs. Page, so soon as she had read the letter, says, *Well, I shall trust* fat *men the worse, while I live, for his sake:* and he is called the *fat* knight, the *greasy* knight, by the women, throughout the play. THEOBALD.

——*I'll exhibit a bill in parliament for putting down of* MEN.] Mr. Theobald says, we must necessarily read——*for putting down of* fat men. But how is the matter mended? or the thought made less ridiculous? Shakespeare wrote——*for the putting down of* MUM, i. e. the fattening liquor so called. So Fletcher in his *Wild Goose Chace:* "What a cold I have over my stomach, would I had some MUM."

the parliament for the putting down of men. How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? for reveng'd I will be, as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Miſtreſs Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Miſtreſs Page! truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Mrs. Page. And, truſt me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to ſhew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I ſay, I could ſhew you to the contrary: O, miſtreſs Page, give me ſome counſel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling reſpect, I could come to ſuch honour!

MUM." This is truly humorous, and agrees with the character ſhe had juſt before given him of *Flemiſh drunkard.* But the greateſt confirmation of this conjecture is the alluſion the words, in queſtion, bear to a matter then publicly tranſacting. *The Merry Wives of Windſor* appears to have been wrote in 1601, or very ſhortly after. And we are informed by Sir Simon D'Ewes' *Journal*, that no home affair made more noiſe in and out of parliament at that time, than the ſuppreſſion and regulation of taverns, inns, ale-houſes, ſtrong liquors, and the drinkers of them. In the parliament held 1597, a bill was brought into both houſes, "For ſuppreſſing the multitude of malſters," &c. Another, "To reſtrain the exceſſive making of malt, and diſorderly brewing of ſtrong beer." Another, "For regulating of inns, taverns," &c. In the next parliament, held 1601, was a bill, "For the ſuppreſſing of the multitude of ale-houſes and tipling-houſes." Another, "Againſt exceſſive and common drunkenneſs;" and ſeveral others of the ſame nature. Some of which, after much canvaſſing, were thrown out, and others paſſed into acts. WARBURTON.

I do not ſee that any alteration is neceſſary; if it were, either of the foregoing conjectures might ſerve the turn. But ſurely Mrs. Ford may naturally enough, in the firſt heat of her anger, rail at the ſex for the fault of one. JOHNSON.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour: What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. [5] What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These

[5] *What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will* HACK, *and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.*] The unintelligible nonsense of this speech is hardly to be matched. The change of a single letter has occasioned it, which is thus easily removed. Read and point——*These knights will* LACK, *and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The other had said, *I could be knighted,* meaning, *I could have a knight for my lover;* her companion took it in the other sense, of conferring the title, and says, *What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will* lack *a title* [i. e. risk the punishment of degradation] *rather than not make a whore of thee.* For we are to observe that—*and so thou shouldst not,* is a mode of speech, amongst the writers of that time, equivalent to—*rather than thou shouldst not.* WARBURTON.

Upon this passage the learned editor has tried his strength, in my opinion, with more spirit than success.

I read thus—*These knights* we'll *hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.* The punishment of a recreant or undeserving knight, was to *hack* off his spurs: the meaning therefore is; it is not worth the while of a gentlewoman to be made a knight, for we'll degrade all these knights in a little time, by the usual form of *hacking* off their spurs, and thou, if thou art knighted, shalt be hacked with the rest. JOHNSON.

Hanmer says, to *hack,* means to turn hackney, or prostitute. I suppose he means—*These knights will degrade themselves, so that she will* acquire no honour by being connected with them. Perhaps the passage has been hitherto entirely misunderstood. To *hack,* is an expression used in the ridiculous scene between Quickly, Evans, and the Boy; and signifies, *to do mischief.* The sense of this passage may therefore be, these knights are a riotous, dissolute sort of people, and on that account thou should'st not wish to be of the number.

It is not, however, impossible that Shakespeare meant by—*these knights will hack*—these knights will soon become *hackney'd* characters.—So many knights were made about the time this play was amplified (for the passage is neither in the copy 1602, nor 1619) that such a stroke of satire might not have been unjustly thrown in. In *Hans Beer Pot's Invisible Comedy,* 1618, is a long piece of ridicule on the same occurrence:

"'Twas strange to see what *knighthood* once would do:
"Stir great men up to lead a martial life——
"To

—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light[6]:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*[7]. What tempest, I trow,

"To gain this honour and this dignity—
"But now, alas! 'tis grown ridiculous;
"Since bought with money, sold for basest prize,
"That some refuse it who are counted wise." STEEVENS.

6 *We burn day-light:*—] i.e. we have more proof than we want. The same proverbial phrase occurs in the *Spanish Tragedy:*
—*Hier.* "Light me your torches."
Pedro. "Then we burn day-light."

So in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio uses the same expression, and then explains it:
"*We waste our lights in vain like lamps by day.*"
STEEVENS.

7 —*Green Sleeves.*] This song was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, in September 1580: "Licenced unto Richard Jones, a newe northern dittye of the lady *Greene Sleeves.*" Again, "Licensed unto Edward White, a ballad, beinge the Lady *Greene Sleeves*, answered to Jenkyn hir frend." Again, in the same month and year: "*Green Sleeves* moralized to the Scripture, &c." Again, to Edward White:
"*Green Sleeves* and countenaunce,
"In countenaunce is *Green Sleeves.*"
Again, "A New Northern Song of *Green Sleeves*, beginning,
"The bonniest lass in all the land."
Again, in February 1580: "A Reprehension against *Greene Sleeves*, by W. Elderton." From a passage in the *Loyal Subject*, by B. and Fletcher, it should seem that the original was a wanton ditty:
"And set our credits to the tune of *Greene Sleeves.*"
But whatever the ballad was, it seems to have been very popular. August 1581, was entered at Stationers' Hall, "A new Ballad, entitled:

I trow, threw this whale, with ſo many tuns of oil in his belly, aſhore at Windſor? How ſhall I be reveng'd on him? I think, the beſt way were to entertain him with hope, 'till the wicked fire of luſt have melted him in his own greaſe.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this myſtery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit firſt; for, I proteſt, mine never ſhall. I warrant, he hath a thouſand of theſe letters, writ with blank ſpace for different names, (ſure more) and theſe are of the ſecond edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the [8] preſs, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantefs, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty laſcivious turtles, ere one chaſte man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very ſame; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almoſt ready to wrangle with mine own honeſty. I'll entertain myſelf like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, ſure, unleſs he knew [9] ſome ſtrain in

"*Greene Sleeves* is worn away,
"Yellow ſleeves come to decaie,
"Black ſleeves I hold in deſpite,
"But white ſleeves is my delight."

Mention of the ſame tune is made again in the fourth act of this play. STEEVENS.

[8] —*preſs*,—] *Preſs* is uſed ambiguouſly, for a *preſs* to print, and a *preſs* to ſqueeze. JOHNSON.

[9] —*ſome ſtrain in me*,—] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read, "ſome *ſtain* in me," but, I think, unneceſſarily. A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Winter's Tale*:

"With what encounter ſo uncurrent, have I
"*Strain'd* to appear thus?"

And again in *Timon*:

"——a noble nature
"May catch a *wrench*." STEEVENS.

me,

me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again.—Let's be reveng'd on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villainy against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty [1]. Oh, that my husband saw this letter [2]! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither. [*They retire.*

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a [3] curtail-dog in some affairs: Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford.

[1] —the *chariness* of our honesty.] i.e. the *caution* which ought to attend on it. STEEVENS.

[2] *Oh*, that *my husband saw this letter*!] Surely Mrs. Ford does not wish to excite the jealousy, of which she complains. I think we should read—Oh, *if* my husband, &c. and thus the copy, 1619: "Oh lord, *if* my husband should see the letter! i' faith, this would even give edge to his jealousie." STEEVENS.

[3] —*curtail-dog*—] That is, a dog that misses his game. The tail is counted necessary to the agility of a greyhound; and one method of disqualifying a dog, according to the forest laws, is to cut his tail, or make him a *curtail*. JOHNSON.

This allusion is common to the old writers. So in *Mucedorus*:

"I will not be made a *curtail* for no man's pleasure."

Ford. Why, Sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He wooes both high and low, both rich and poor,
Both young and old, one with another, Ford;
He loves thy gally-mawfry [4]; Ford, perpend [5].

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: Prevent, or go thou,
Like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels:—
O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, Sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewel.
Take heed; have open eye; for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or [6] cuckoo-birds do sing.—
[7] Away, sir corporal Nym.——

Believe

A *curtail-dog* was the dog of an unqualify'd person, whose tail, by the *laws of the forest*, was cut off. So, in the *Unknown Shepherd*'s complaint, in *England's Helicon*, 1614:
"My *curtail-dog*, that wont to have plaide," &c.
STEEVENS.

[4] —*gally-mawfry*;] i. e. A medley. So in the *Winter's Tale*: "They have a dance, which the wenches say is a *galli-maufry* of gambols." Pistol ludicrously uses it for a woman. Thus, in *A Woman never vex'd*, 1632:
"Let us show ourselves gallants or *galli-maufries*."
STEEVENS.

[5] —Ford, *perpend*.] This is perhaps a ridicule on a passage in the old comedy of *Cambyses*:
"My sapient words I say *perpend*."
Again:
"My queen *perpend* what I pronounce."
Shakespeare has put the same word into the mouth of Polonius.
STEEVENS.

[6] —*cuckoo-birds do sing*.—] Such is the reading of the folio, and the quarto 1630. The quartos 1602, and 1619 read——*when cuckoo-birds* appear. The modern editors——*when cuckoo-birds* affright. For this last reading I find no authority.
STEEVENS

[7] *Away, sir corporal Nym.*—

Believe

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit Pistol.*

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. [*Speaking to Page.*] And this is true; I like not the humour of lying. He hath wrong'd me in some humours: I should have borne the humour'd letter to her; but [8] I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and the long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak, and I avouch. 'Tis true:—my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humour of bread and cheese; and there's the humour of it. Adieu. [*Exit Nym.*

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.] Nym, I believe, is out of place, and we should read thus:

Away, sir corporal.

Nym. *Believe it, Page; he speaks sense.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson is mistaken in his conjecture. He seems not to have been aware of the manner in which the author meant this scene should be represented. Ford and Pistol, Page and Nym, enter in pairs, each pair in separate conversation; and while Pistol is informing Ford of Falstaff's design upon his wife, Nym is, during that time, talking *aside* to Page, and giving information of the like plot against *him.*——When Pistol has finished, he calls out to Nym to come *away*; but seeing that he and Page are still in close debate, he goes off alone, first assuring Page, he may depend on the truth of Nym's story. *Believe it, Page.* Nym then proceeds to tell the remainder of his tale out aloud. *And this is true* &c.——A little further on in this scene, Ford says to Page, *You heard what this knave* (i. e. Pistol) *told me.* Page replies, *Yes, and you heard what the other* (i. e. Nym) *told me.* STEEVENS.

[8] *I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity.—He loves your wife*; &c.] This absurd passage may be pointed into sense. *I have a sword, and it shall bite——upon my necessity, he loves your wife,* &c.——Having said his *sword should bite*, he stops short, as was fitting: for he meant that it should *bite upon the highway.* And then turns to the subject of his conference, and swears, *by his necessity,* that Falstaff loved his wife.

WARBURTON.

I do not see the difficulty of this passage: no phrase is more common than——*you may,* upon a need, *thus.* Nym, to gain credit, says, that he is above the mean office of carrying love-letters; he has nobler means of living; *he has a sword, and upon his necessity,* that is, *when his need drives him to unlawful expedients,* his sword *shall bite.* JOHNSON.

Page. [9] *The humour of it*, quoth a'! here's a fellow frights humour out of its wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it, well.

Page. [1] I will not believe such a Cataian, though the

[9] *The humour of it*,——] The following epigram, taken from an old collection without date, but apparently printed before the year 1600, will best account for Nym's frequent repetition of the word *humour*. Epig. 27.

Aske HUMORS what a feather he doth weare,
It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he'll sweare.
Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke;
Or why upon a whore he spends his stocke?
He hath a *humour* doth determine so.
Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe,
With scarfe about his necke, hat without band?
It is his *humour*. Sweet sir, understand
What cause his purse is so extreame distrest
That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest?
Only a *humour*. If you question why
His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye?
It is his *humour*, too he doth protest.
Or why with serjeants he is so opprest,
That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day?
A rascal *humour* doth not love to pay.
Object why bootes and spurres are still in season?
His *humour* answers: *humour* is his reason.
If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
Th' occasion is, his *humour* and a whoore.
And every thing that he doth undertake,
It is a veine, for senceless *humour's* sake. STEEVENS.

[1] *I will not believe such a Cataian*,——] Mr. Theobald has here a pleasant note, as usual. "This is a piece of satire that did not want its force at the time of this play's appearing; though the history on which it is grounded is become obsolete." And then tells a long story of Martin Frobisher attempting the north-west passage, and bringing home a black stone, as he thought, full of gold ore: that it proved not so, and that therefore Cataians and Frobishers became by-words for vain boasters.——The whole is an idle dream. All the mystery of the term *Cataian*, for a liar, is only

the priest o' the town commended him for a true man.

Ford.

only this. China was anciently called *Cataia* or *Cathay*, by the first adventurers that travelled thither; such as M. Paulo, and our Mandeville, who told such incredible wonders of this new discovered empire (in which they have not been outdone even by the Jesuits themselves, who followed them) that a notorious liar was usually called a *Cataian*. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton have both told their stories with confidence, I am afraid, very disproportionate to any evidence that can be produced. That *Cataian* was a word of hatred or contempt is plain, but that it signified a *boaster* or a *liar* has not been proved. Sir Toby, in *Twelfth Night*, says of the Lady Olivia to her maid, "thy lady's a *Cataian*;" but there is no reason to think he means to call her *liar*. Besides, Page intends to give Ford a reason why Pistol should not be credited. He therefore does not say, *I would not believe such a* liar: for that he is a liar is yet to be made probable: but he says, *I would not believe such a Cataian on any testimony of his veracity*. That is, "This fellow has such an odd appearance, is so unlike a man civilized, and neglects the duties of life, that I cannot credit him." To be a foreigner was always in England, and I suppose every where else, a reason of dislike. So Pistol calls Sir Hugh in the first act, a *mountain foreigner*; that is, a fellow uneducated, and of gross behaviour; and again in his anger calls Bardolph, *Hungarian wight*.

JOHNSON.

I believe that neither of the commentators is in the right, but am far from professing, with any great degree of confidence, that I am happier in my own explanation. It is remarkable, that in Shakespeare, this expression——*a true man* is always put in opposition (as it is in this instance) to—*a thief*. So in *Hen.* IV. *Part* I.

"——now the *thieves* have bound the *true men*."

The Chinese (anciently called *Cataians*) are said to be the most dextrous of all the nimble-finger'd tribe; and to this hour they deserve the same character. Pistol was known at Windsor to have had a hand in picking Slender's pocket, and therefore might be called a *Cataian* with propriety, if my explanation be admitted.

That by a *Cataian* some kind of *sharper* was meant, I infer from the following passage in *Love and Honour*, a play by Sir W. Davenant, 1649:

"Hang him, bold *Cataian*, he indites finely,
"And will live as well by sending short epistles,
"Or by the sad *whisper* at your *gamester*'s ear,
"When the great By is drawn,
"As any *distress'd gallant* of them all."

From

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow [a]: Well.

Page. How now, Meg?

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you.—You'll come to dinner, George?—Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight.

[*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

From the use Sir Toby Belch makes of the word, little can be inferred with any certainty. Sir Toby is drunk, calls Malvolio by the name of an old song, and talks, in short, nonsense. *Cathaia* is mentioned in the *Tamer Tamed*, of B. and Fletcher:

"I'll wish you in the Indies, or *Cathaia*."

The tricks of the *Cataians* are hinted at in one of the old bl. letter histories of that country; and again, in a dramatic performance, called the *Pedler's Prophecy*, 1595:

"——in the *east part of Inde*,
"Through seas and floods, they work all *thievish*."

Mr. Malone observes, that in a book of Shakespeare's age, entitled, *A brief Description of the whole World*, "—the people of China are (said to be) very *politick* and *crafty*, and in respect thereof contemning the wits of others; using a proverb, That all other nations do see but with one eye, but they with two."

Again, in the the *Treasury of Ancient and Modern Time*, 1613, the *Cathaians* are described in the same manner: "For myself, I condemn this custom as savage and brutish, and hold the *Cathaians* to be a very gross people, albeit they both say and believe, that the whole world beside them, doth see but with one eye, and they directly with both." STEEVENS.

[a] *'Twas a good sensible fellow:*] This, and the two preceding speeches of Ford, are spoken to himself, and have no connection with the sentiments of Page, who is likewise making his comment on what had passed, without attention to Ford. STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quic. Ay, forsooth; And, I pray, how does good mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Ex. Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Quickly.*

Page. How now, master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me; did you not?

Page. Yes; And you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves! I do not think the knight would offer it: but these, that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; [3] very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.—Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend his voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loth to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

Page. Look, where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.—How, now, mine host?

[3] *Very rogues, now they be out of service.*] A *rogue* is a wanderer or *vagabond*, and, in its consequential signification, a *cheat.* JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter Host, and Shallow.

Host. How, now, bully-rook? thou'rt a gentleman: cavalero-justice [4], I say.

Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and twenty, good master Page! Master Page, will you go with us? we have sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, cavalero-justice; tell him, bully-rook?

Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought, between sir Hugh the Welch priest, and Caius the French doctor.

Ford. Good mine host o' the Garter, a word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, bully-rook?

[*They go a little aside.*

Shal. [*To Page*] Will you go with us to behold it? My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons; and, I think, he hath appointed them contrary places: for, believe, me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I will tell you what our sport shall be.

Host. Hast thou no suit against my knight, my guest-cavalier?

Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pottle of burnt sack to give me recourse to him, [5] and tell him, my name is Brook, only for a jest.

Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have egress and

4 —*cavalero*-justice,] So in *The Stately Moral of three Ladies of London*, 1590:

"Then know, Castilian *cavalieros*, this."

There is a book printed in 1599, called, *A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior; by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Pasquil of Englande*, CAVALIERO. STEEVENS.

5 —*and tell him, my name is Brook*;—] Thus both the old quartos; and thus most certainly the poet wrote. We need no better evidence than the pun that Falstaff anon makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack.

Such Brooks *are welcome to me, that overflow with such liquor.* The players, in their editions, altered the name to *Broom*.

THEOBALD.

regress

regress; said I well[6]? and thy name shall be Brook: It is a merry knight.—[7] Will you go an-heirs?

Shal. Have with you, mine host,

Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill in his rapier.

Shal. Tut, sir, I could have told you more: In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccado's, and I know not what: 'tis the heart, master Page; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my[8] long sword, I would have made you four tall fellows[9] skip like rats.

Host.

[6] —*said I well?*] The learned editor of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, in 4 vols 8vo, 1775, observes, that this phrase is given to the *host* in the *Pardonere's Prologue*:

"*Said I not wel?* I cannot speke in terme:" v. 12246.

and adds, "it may be sufficient with the other circumstances of general resemblance, to make us believe, that Shakespeare, when he drew that character, had not forgotten his Chaucer." The same gentleman has since informed me, that the passage is not found in any of the ancient printed editions, but only in the MSS.
STEEVENS.

[7] —*Will you go* AN-HEIRS?] This nonsense is spoken to Shallow. We should read, *Will you go* ON, HERIS? i. e. Will you go on, master? *Heris*, an old Scotch word for master.
WARBURTON.

The merry Host has already saluted them separately by titles of distinction; he therefore probably now addresses them collectively by a general one—*Will you go on,* heroes? or, as probably —*Will you go on,* hearts? He calls Dr. Caius *Heart of Elder*; and adds, in a subsequent scene of this play, *Farewell, my hearts.* Again, in the *Mid-summer's Night Dream*, Bottom says, "—Where are these *hearts?*" *My brave hearts*, or *my bold hearts*, is a common word of encouragement. A *heart of gold* expresses the more soft and amiable qualities, the *Mores aurei* of Horace; and a *heart of oak* it a frequent encomium of rugged honesty. Hanmer reads—*Mynheers.* STEEVENS.

Will you go *an-heirs?*] Perhaps we should read, Will you go and *hear us?* So in the next page— "I had rather *hear them* scold than fight." MALONE.

[8] —*my long sword,*—] Before the introduction of rapiers, the swords in use were of an enormous length, and sometimes raised with both hands. Shallow, with an old man's vanity, censures the innovation by which lighter weapons were introduced,

Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?

Page. Have with you:—I had rather hear them scold than fight. [*Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.*

Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, [1] and stand so

troduced, tells what he could once have done with his *long sword*, and ridicules the terms and rules of the rapier. JOHNSON.

The *two-handed* sword is mentioned in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"Somtyme he serveth me at borde,
"Somtyme he bereth my *two-hand* sword."

See a note to the *First Part of K. Hen.* IV. act II. STEEVENS.

Carleton, in his *Thankful Remembrance of God's Mercy*, 1625, speaking of the treachery of one Rowland York, in betraying the town of Deventer to the Spaniards in 1587, says; "he was a Londoner, famous among the cutters in his time, for bringing in a new kind of fight—to run the point of a *rapier* into a man's body. This manner of fight *he* brought *first* into *England*, with great admiration of his audaciousness: when in England before that time, the use was, with little bucklers, and with broad swords, to strike and not to thrust; and it was accounted unmanly to strike under the girdle." MALONE.

• —tall *fellows*—] The older quartos read—tall *fencers*. See note 5. p. 272. STEEVENS.

[1] —*and stand so firmly on his wife's frailty*,—] No, surely; Page stood tightly to the opinion of her honesty, and would not entertain a thought of her being *frail*. I have therefore ventured to substitute a word correspondent to the sense required; and one, which our poet frequently uses to signify *conjugal faith*.

THEOBALD.

—*stand so firmly on his wife's frailty*,—] Thus all the copies. But Mr. Theobald has *no conception* how any man could stand firmly on his wife's frailty. And why? Because he had *no conception* how he could stand upon it, without knowing what it was. But if I tell a stranger, that the bridge he is about to cross is rotten, and he believes it not, but will go on, may I not say, when I see him upon it, that he stands firmly on a rotten plank? Yet he has changed *frailty* for *fealty*, and the Oxford editor has followed him. But they took the phrase, *to stand firmly on*, to signify *to insist upon*; whereas it signifies *to rest upon*, which the character of a *secure fool*, given to him, shews. So that the common reading has an elegance that would be lost in the alteration.

WARBURTON.

To *stand on any thing*, does signify *to insist on it*. So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630: "All captains, and *stand*

so firmly on his wife's frailty, yet I cannot put off my opinion so easily: She was in his company at Page's house; and, what they made there, I know not. Well, I will look further into't: and I have a disguise to sound Falstaff: If I find her honest, I lose not my labour; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestow'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster [2], which I with sword will open.—[3] I will retort the sum in equipage.

stand upon the honesty of your wives." Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book 6. chap. 30:

"For stoutly *on their honesties* doe wylie harlots *stand.*"

The *jealous Ford* is the speaker, and all *chastity* in women appears to him as *frailty*. He supposes Page therefore to insist on that *virtue* as steady, which he himself suspects to be without foundation. STEEVENS.

[2] —*the world's mine oyster*, &c.] Dr. Gray supposes Shakespeare to allude to an old proverb, "— The mayor of Northampton opens *oysters* with his dagger." — i. e. to keep them at a sufficient distance from his nose, that town being fourscore miles from the sea. STEEVENS.

[3] —*I will retort the sum in equipage.*] This is added from the old quarto of 1619, and means, I will pay you again in stolen goods. WARBURTON.

I rather believe he means, that he will pay him by waiting on him for nothing. So in *Love's Pilgrimage*, by B. and Fletcher:

"And boy, be you my guide,
"For I will make a full descent in *equipage*."

That *equipage* ever meant *stolen goods*, I am yet to learn.

STEEVENS

Dr. Warburton may be right; for I find *equipage* was one of the cant words of the time. In *Davies' Papers Complaint*, (a poem which has erroneously been ascribed to *Donne*) we have several of them:

"Embellish, blandishment, and *equipage*."

Which words, he tells us in the margin, *overmuch savour of witlesse affectation*. FARMER.

Fal.

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and [4] your coach-fellow, Nym; or else you had look'd through the grate, like a geminy of baboons. I am damn'd in hell, for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, [5] and tall fellows: and when mistress Bridget [6] lost the handle of her fan, I took't upon mine honour, thou hadst it not.

Pist.

[4] —*your coach-fellow, Nym*;—] Thus the old copies. *Coach-fellow* has an obvious meaning, but the modern editors read, *couch-fellow*. The following passage from B. Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, may justify the reading I have chosen. "—'Tis the swaggering *coach-horse* Anaides, that *draws with him* there." Again, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606: "Are you he my Page here makes choice of to be his fellow *coach-horse*?" Again, in *Every Woman in her humour*, 1609:

"For wit, ye may be *coach'd* together."

Again, in 10th B. of *Chapman's Translation of Homer*:

"—their chariot horse, as they *coach-fellows* were."

STEEVENS.

[5] —*and tall fellows*;—] A *tall fellow*, in the time of our author, meant, *a stout, bold, or courageous person*. In *A Discourse on Usury*, by Dr. Wilson, 1584, he says, "Here in England, he that can rob a man by the high-way, is called a *tall fellow*." Lord Bacon says, "that bishop Fox caused his castle of Norham to be fortified, and manned it likewise with a very great number of *tall soldiers*." In *The Love of David and Bethsabe*, 1599, Joab enters in triumph; and says—"Well done, *tall* soldiers," &c. So B. Jonson, in *Every Man out of his Humour*:

"Is he so *tall a man*?"

So likewise in *Soliman and Perseda*:

"Is this little desperate fellow gone?
"Doubtless he is a very *tall fellow*." STEEVENS.

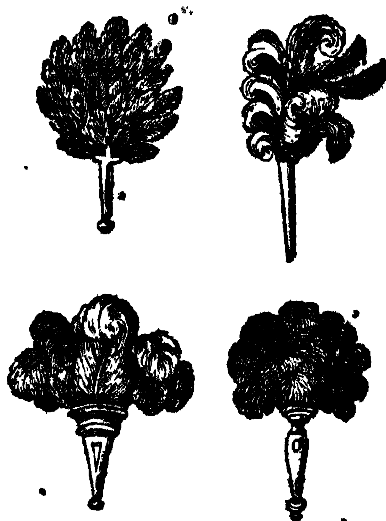
[6] —*lost the handle of her fan*,—] It should be remembered, that *fans*, in our author's time, were more costly than they are at present, as well as of a different construction. They consisted of ostrich feathers, (or others of equal length and flexibility) which were stuck into handles. The richer sort of these were composed of gold, silver, or ivory of curious workmanship. One of them is mentioned in *The Fleire*, Com. 1610: "—she hath a fan with a *short silver handle*, about the length of a barber's syringe." Again, in *Love and Honour*, by sir W. Davenant, 1649: "All your

plate,

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

plate, Vasco, is the *silver handle* of your old prisoner's *fan*."

In the frontispiece to a play, called *Englishmen for my Money*, or *A pleasant Comedy of a Woman will have her Will*, 1616, is a portrait of a lady with one of these fans, which, after all, may prove the best commentary on the passage. The three other specimens are taken from the *Habiti Antichi et Moderni di tutto il Mondo*, published at Venice, 1598, from the drawings of *Titian*, and *Cesare Vecelli*, his brother. This fashion was perhaps imported from Italy, together with many others in the reign of king Henry VIII. if not in that of king Richard II.



STEEVENS.

Thus also Marston, in the *Scourge of Villainie*, lib. iii. sat. 8:

"———Another he
"Her *silver-handled* fan would gladly be."

And in other places. And Bishop Hall, in his *Satires*, published 1597, lib. v. sat. 4:

"Whiles one piece pays her idle waiting-manne,
"Or buys a hoode, or *silver-handled* fanne."

In the Sidney papers, published by *Collins*, a fan is presented to queen Elizabeth for a new year's gift, the handle of which was studded with diamonds. WARTON.

It appears from *Marston's Satires*, that the sum of 40l. was sometimes given for a fan in the time of queen Elizabeth.

MALONE.

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou, I'll endanger my soul *gratis?* At a word, hang no more about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—[7] A short knife and a thong,—to your manor of [8] Pickt-hatch, go.—

[7] ——*A short knife and a throng:*——] So Lear: "When cut-purses come not to *throngs.*" WARBURTON.

Part of the employment given by Drayton, in *The Mooncalf,* to the *Baboon,* seems the same with this recommended by Falstaff:

"*He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,*
"*All kinds of gibberish he hath learn'd to know;*
"*And with a stick, a short string, and a noose,*
"*Would show the people tricks at fast and loose.*"

Theobald has *throng* instead of *thong.* The latter seems right.
LANGTON.

Greene, in his *Life of Ned Browne,* 1592, says: "I had no other fence but my *short knife,* and a paire of *purse strings.*"
STEEVENS.

See a note on *Anthony and Cleopatra,* that explains the trick of *fast and loose.* SIR J. HAWKINS.

[8] ——*Pickt-hatch,*——] A noted place for thieves and pick-pockets. THEOBALD.

Pict-hatch is frequently mentioned by contemporary writers. So, in B. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour:*

"From the Bordello it might come as well,
"The Spital, or *Pict-hatch.*"

Again, in *Woman's a Weather-cock,* 1612:

"Scratch faces, like a wild cat of *Pict-hatch.*"

Again, in Randolph's *Muses Looking-glass,* 1638:

"——the lordship of *Turnbull* so
"Which with my *Pict-hatch,* Grange, and Shore-ditch farm &c."

Pict-hatch was in *Turnbull-street:*

"——your whore doth live
"In Pict-hatch, *Turnbull-street.*"

Amends for Ladies, a Comedy by N. Field, 1639.

The derivation of the word *Pict-hatch* may perhaps be discovered from the following passage in *Cupid's Whirligig,* 1630: "—Set some *pickes* upon your *hatch,* and I pray, profess to keep a bawdy-house." Perhaps the unseasonable and obstreperous irruptions of the gallants of that age, might render such a precaution necessary. So in *Pericles P. of Tyre,* 1609: "——If in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door *hatch'd,* &c." STEEVENS.

This

go.—You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you ſtand upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfinable baſeneſs, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honour preciſe. I, I, I myſelf ſometimes leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour in my neceſſity, am fain to ſhuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will enſconce your rags[9], your cat-a-mountain looks, your [1] red-lattice phraſes, and [2] your bold-beating oaths, under

This was a cant name of ſome part of the town noted for bawdy-houſes; as appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Scourge for Villainie*, lib. iii. ſat. 11:

"—Looke, who yon doth go?
"The meager letcher lewd Luxurio.—
"No newe edition of drabbes come out,
"But ſeene and allow'd by Luxurio's ſnout.
"Did ever any man ere hear him talke
"But of *Pick-hatch*, or of ſome Shoreditch balke,
"Aretine's filth &c."

Sir T. H. ſays, that this was "a noted harbour for thieves and pickpockets," who certainly were proper companions for a man of Piſtol's profeſſion. But Falſtaff here more immediately means to ridicule another of his friend's vices; and there is ſome humour in calling Piſtol's favourite brothel, his manor of *Pickt-hatch*. Marſton has another alluſion to *Pickt-hatch* or *Pick-hatch*, which confirms this illuſtration:

"———His old cynicke dad
"Hath forc't them cleane forſake his *Pick-hatch* drab."
Lib. i. ſat. 3. WARTON.

9 ——*enſconce* your rags, &c.] A *ſconce* is a petty fortification. To *enſconce*, therefore, is to protect as with a fort. The word occurs again in *K. Hen. IV. Part* I. STEEVENS.

1 ——*red-lattice phraſes*,——] Your ale-houſe converſation. JOHNSON.

Red lattice at the doors and windows, were formerly the external denotements of an ale-houſe. So, in *A Fine Companion*, one of Shackerley Marmion's plays:——— "A waterman's widow at the ſign of the *red lattice* in Southwark." Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"—his ſign pulled down, and his *lattice* borne away."

Again, in the *Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"—'tis treaſon to the *red lattice*, enemy to the ſign-poſt."

Hence the preſent *chequers*. Perhaps the reader will expreſs ſome

ſurprize,

under the ſhelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

Piſt. I do relent; What wouldſt thou more of man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Quic. Give your worſhip good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quic. Not ſo, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quic. I'll be ſworn; as my mother was, the firſt hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the ſwearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchſafe your worſhip a word or two?

Fal. Two thouſand, fair woman; and I'll vouchſafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one miſtreſs Ford, ſir;—I pray, come a little nearer this ways:—I myſelf dwell with maſter doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Miſtreſs Ford, you ſay,——

Quic. Your worſhip ſays very true: I pray your worſhip, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears;—mine own people, mine own people.

ſurprize, when he is told that ſhops, with the ſign of the *chequers*, were common among the Romans. See a view of the left-hand ſtreet of Pompeii, (No. 9) preſented by Sir William Hamilton (together with ſeveral others, equally curious,) to the *Antiquary Society*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*your bold*-BEATING *oaths*,—] We ſhould read, *bold*-BEARING *oaths*, i. e. out-facing. WARBURTON.

A *beating oath*, is, I think, right; ſo we now ſay, in low language, a *thwacking* or *ſwinging* thing. JOHNSON.

We might read—*bull-baiting*. STEEVENS.

Quic. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well: mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quic. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, lord! your worship's a wanton: Well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford,——

Quic. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a [3] canaries, as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, (all musk) and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels, (in any such sort as they say) but in the way of honesty:—and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been [4] earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal.

[3] —*canaries,*——] This is the name of a brisk light dance, and is therefore properly enough used in low language for any hurry or perturbation. JOHNSON.

So, Nash, in *Pierce Pennyless his Supplication*, 1595, says: "A merchant's wife jets it as gingerly, as if she were dancing the *canaries*:" and our author, in *All's well*, &c. "Make you dance *canary*." Again, in *Decker's honest Whore*, 1635: "At a place where your health *danced the canaries*." It is highly probable, however, that *canaries* is only a mistake of Mrs. Quickly's for *quandaries*; and yet the Clown, in, *As you like it*, says, "we that are true lovers run into strange *capers*." STEEVENS.

[4] —*earls, nay, which is more, pensioners*;——] This may be illustrated by a passage in Gervase Holles's *Life of the First Earl of*

Clare.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercury.

Quic. Marry, she hath receiv'd your letter; for the which she thanks you a thousand times: and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of [5];—master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very [6] frampold life with him, good heart.

Fal.

Clare. *Biog. Brit.* Art. HOLLES. "I have heard the earl of Clare say, that when he was *pensioner* to the queen, he did not know a worse man of the whole band than himself; and that all the world knew he had then an inheritance of 4000 l. a year." TYRWHITT.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, says, that a *pensioner* was "a gentleman about his prince alwaie redie, with his speare." STEEVENS.

[5] —you *wot* of;—] To *wot* is to know. Obsolete. So in *K. Henry* VIII. "—*wot* you what I found?" STEEVENS.

[6] —*frampold*—] This word I have never seen elsewhere, except in Dr. Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams*, where a *frampul* man signifies a peevish troublesome fellow. JOHNSON.

In *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy, 1611, I meet with a word, which, though differently spelt, appears to be the same.

Lax. "Coachman.

Coach. "Anon, sir!

Lax. "Are we fitted with good *phrampell* jades?"

Ray, among his *South* and *East* country words, says, that *frampald*, or *frampard*, signifies *fretful*, *peevish*, *cross*, *froward*. As *froward* (he adds) comes from *from*, so may *frampard*.

Nash, in his *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, speaking of Leander, says: "the churlish *frampold* waves gave him his belly full of fish-broth."

So, in *The Inner Temple Masque*, by Middleton, 1619:—"'tis so *frampole*, the puritans will never yield to it." So, in *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green*, by John Day: "I think the fellow's *frampell*," &c. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weapons*:

"Is Pompey grown so malapert, so *frampel*?"

Again,

Fal. Ten and eleven: Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another messenger to your worship: Mistress Page has her hearty commendations to you too;—and let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other: and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but, she hopes, there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quic. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quic. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But mistress Page would desire you [7] to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page: and, truly, master Page is

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub:*

"——I pray thee grow not *frampul* now."

Again, in *The Isle of Gulls*, 1633:

"Are you so *frampall*, you know not your own daughter?"

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*to send her your little page*, of all loves:——] *Of all loves*, is an adjuration only, and signifies no more, than if she had said, desires you to send him *by all means*.

It is used in Decker's *Honest Whore*, *Part* I. 1635:—"conjuring his wife, *of all loves*, to prepare cheer fitting," &c. Again, in the old translation of Plautus's *Menæchmi*, 1595: "—Desire him, *of all love*, to come over quickly." Again, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: "I pray thee, *for all loves*, be thou my mynde sens I am thyne." Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, p. 1064: "Mrs. Arden desired him *of all loves*, to come backe againe."

STEEVENS.

an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it; for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quic. Nay, but do so then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word [8], that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well: commend me to them both: there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Quickly and Robin.*

Pist. [9] This pink is one of Cupid's carriers:—
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit Pistol.*

Fal.

[8] —A *nay-word,*—] i. e. a *watch-word.* So in a subsequent scene: "—We have a *nay-word* to know one another, &c." STEEVENS.

[9] In former editions,

This PUNK *is one of Cupid's carriers:*
Clap on more sails; pursue; up with your fights;
Give fire; she is my prize,—] *This* punk *is one of Cupid's carriers,* is a plausible reading, yet absurd on examination. For are not all *punks Cupids carriers?* Shakespeare certainly wrote:

This PINK *is one of Cupid's carriers:*

And then the sense is proper, and the metaphor, which is all the way taken from the marine, entire. A *pink* is a vessel of the small craft, employed as a *carrier* (and so called) for merchants. Fletcher uses the word in his *Tamer Tamed:*

"This

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expence of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: Let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

"This PINK, this painted foist, this cockle-boat,
"To hang her *fights* out, and defy me, friends!
"A well known man of war."——

As to the word *fights*, both in the text and in the quotation, it was then, and, for ought I know, may be now, a common sea-term. Sir Richard Hawkins, in his voyages, p. 66, says: "For once we cleared her deck, and had we been able to have spared but a dozen men, doubtless we had done with her what we would; for she had no close FIGHTS," i. e. if I understand it right, *no small arms*. So that by *fights* is meant any manner of defence, either small arms or cannon. So, Dryden, in his tragedy of *Amboyna*:

"Up with your FIGHTS,
"And your *nettings* prepare, &c."

But, not considering this, I led the Oxford editor into a silly conjecture, which he has done me the honour of putting into *his* text, which is indeed a proper place for it:

"Up with YOND FRIGAT." WARBURTON.

So, in *The Ladies Privilege*, 1640: "These gentlemen know better to cut a caper than a cable, or board a *pink* in the Bordells, than a pinnace at sea." A small salmon is called a salmon-*pink*. STEEVENS.

The quotation from Dryden might at least have raised a suspicion that *fights* were neither *small arms*, nor *cannon*. *Fights* and *nettings* are properly joined. *Fights*, I find, are cloaths hung round the ship to conceal the men from the enemy, and *close-fights* are *bulk-heads*, or any other shelter that the fabrick of a ship affords. JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood and Rowley's comedy, called *Fortune by Land and Sea*: ——"display'd their ensigns, *up with all their feights*, their matches in their cocks," &c. So, in the *Christian turned Turk*, 1612: "Lace the netting, and let down the *fights*, make ready the shot, &c." Again, in the *Fair Maid of the West*, 1615:

"Then now *up with your fights*, and let your ensigns,
"Blest with St. George's cross, play with the winds."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Valentinian*:

"—— while I were able to endure a tempest,
"And bear my *fights* out bravely, till my tackle
"Whistled i' th' wind"——

Enter

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir John, there's one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in; [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompass'd you? [1] go to; *via!*

Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguis'd.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir: Would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome; What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: [2] not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the

[1] —*go to*; via!] This cant phrase of exultation is common in the old plays. So, in *Blurt Master Constable:*

" *Via* for fate! Fortune, lo! this is all." STEEVENS.

Markham uses this word as one of the vocal helps necessary for reviving a horse's spirits in galloping large rings, when he grows slothful. Hence this cant phrase (perhaps from the Italian, *via*) may be used on other occasions to quicken or pluck up courage. TOLLET.

[2] —*not to charge you*;—] That is, not with a purpose of putting you to expence, or *being burthensome*. JOHNSON.

which

which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help me to bear it, sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar,—I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man long known to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith [3] you yourself know, how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestow'd much on her; follow'd her with a doting observance; engross'd opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but niggardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have

[3] —*sith*—] i. e. Since. STEEVENS.

merited,

merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed [4], I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel; that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you receiv'd no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that, though she appear honest to me, yet, in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance [5], authentic in your place and person, generally allow'd [6] for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it:—There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it,

[4] ——*meed,*——] i. e. reward. So Spenser:
"A rosy garland was the victor's *meed.*" STEEVENS.

[5] ——of *great admittance,*—] i. e. admitted into all, or the greatest companies. STEEVENS.

[6] ——generally *allowed*——] *Allowed* is *approved.* So in *K. Lear:*
"——if your sweet sway
"*Allow* obedience, &c." STEEVENS.

as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemence of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! she dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had [7] instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the ward of her purity [8], her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too, too strongly embattled against me: What say you to't, sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O good sir!

Fal. Master Brook, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no mistress Ford, master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you) by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me: I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

[7] —instance *and argument*—] *Instance* is *example*. JOHNSON.

[8] ——the *ward* of her purity,——] i. e. The *defence* of it. STEEVENS.

Fal.

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not:—yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which, his wife seems to me well-favour'd. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel; it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know, I will predominate over the peasant; and thou shalt lye with his wife.—Come to me soon at night:—Ford's a knave, [9] and I will aggravate his stile; thou, master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold:—come to me soon at night. [*Exit.*

Ford. What a damn'd Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident jealousy? my wife hath sent to him, the hour is fix'd, the match is made: Would any man have thought this?—See the hell of having a false woman! my bed shall be abus'd, my coffers ransack'd, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villainous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon [1] sounds well;

[9] —*and I will aggravate his* stile:—] *Stile* is a phrase from the herald's office. Falstaff means, that *he will add more titles to those he already enjoys.* So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

"I will create lord of a greater *style.*"

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 2.

"As to abandon that which doth contain
"Your honour's *stile*, that is, your warlike shield."

STEEVENS.

[1] —*Amaimon*—*Barbason*,—] The reader who is curious to know any particulars concerning these dæmons, may find them in Reginald Scott's *Inventarie of the Names, Shapes, Powers, Government, and Effects of Devils and Spirits, of their several Seignories*

well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol! cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welchman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitæ bottle [2], or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be prais'd for my jealousy!—[3] Eleven o'clock the hour;—I will prevent this, detect my wife, be reveng'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page: I will about it;—better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [*Exit.*

nories and Degrees, a strange Discourse worth the reading, p. 377. &c. From hence it appears that *Amaimon* was *king of the East*, and *Barbatos* a great *countie or earle*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*An Irishman* with my *aqua vitæ bottle*,—] Heywood, in his *Challenge for Beauty*, 1636, mentions the love of *aqua vitæ* as characteristic of the *Irish*:

"The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
"The *Irish*, *aqua vitæ*."

By *aqua vitæ*, was, I believe understood, not brandy, but *usquebaugh*, for which the Irish have been long celebrated. So, in Marston's *Male-content*, 1604:

"The Dutchman for a drunkard,
"The Dane for golden locks
"The *Irishman* for *usquebaugh*,
"The Frenchman for——" MALONE.

[3] *Eleven o'clock*—] Ford should rather have said *ten o'clock*: the time was between ten and eleven; and his impatient suspicion was not likely to stay beyond the time. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Windsor park.

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby!
Rug. Sir.
Caius. Vat is de clock, Jack?
Rug. 'Tis paſt the hour, ſir, that ſir Hugh promis'd to meet.
Caius. By gar, he has ſave his ſoul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible vell, dat he is no come: by gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.
Rug. He is wiſe, ſir; he knew, your worſhip would kill him, if he came.
Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, ſo as I vill kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I vill tell you how I vill kill him.
Rug. Alas, ſir, I cannot fence.
Caius. Villan-a, take your rapier.
Rug. Forbear; here's company.

Enter Hoſt, Shallow, Slender, and Page.

Hoſt. 'Bleſs thee, bully doctor.
Shal. 'Save you, maſter doctor Caius.
Page. Now, good maſter doctor!
Slen. Give you good-morrow, ſir.
Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?
Hoſt. To ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foin [4], to ſee thee

[4] —to ſee the *foin*,—] To *foin*, I believe, was the ancient term for making a thruſt in fencing, or tilting. So in *The wiſe Woman of Hogſdon*, 1638:
"I had my wards, and *foins*, and quarter blows."
Again,

thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock[5], thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francisco? ha, bully! What says my Æsculapius? my Galen? my heart of elder[6]? ha! is he dead, bully Stale[7]? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de coward Jack priest of de vorld; he is not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a Castilian[8] king, Urinal! Hector of Greece, my boy!

Caius.

in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"——suppose my duellist
"Should falsify the *foine* upon me thus,
"Here will I take him."

Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, often uses the word *foin*. So in b. ii. c. 8:

"And strook and *foined* and lash'd outrageously."

Again, in Holinshed, p. 833: "First six *foins* with hand-spears, &c." STEEVENS.

[5] ——thy *stock*,——] *Stock* is a corruption of *stocata*, Ital. from which language the technical terms that follow, are likewise adopted. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*my heart of elder?*——] It should be remember'd, to make this joke relish, that the *elder* tree has no heart. I suppose this expression was made use of in opposition to the common one, *heart of oak*. STEEVENS.

[7] ——bully *Stale?*——] The reason why Caius is called bully *Stale*, and afterwards *Urinal*, must be sufficiently obvious to every reader, and especially to those whose credulity and weakness have enrolled them among the patients of the present German empiric, who calls himself *Doctor* Alexander Mayersbach.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Castilian*——] Sir T. Hanmer reads *Cardalian*, as used corruptedly for *Cœur de lion*. JOHNSON.

Castilian and *Ethiopian*, like *Cataian*, appear in our author's time to have been cant terms. I have met with them in more than one of the old comedies. So, in a description of the *Armada* introduced in the *Stately Moral of the Three Ladies of London*, 1590:

"To carry as it were a *careless* regard
"Of these *Castilians*, and their accustom'd bravado."

Again:—"To parly with the proud *Castilians*."

I suppose *Castilian* was the cant term for *Spaniard* in general.
STEEVENS.

"Thou art a *Castilian king*, Urinal!" quoth mine host to Dr. Caius. I believe this was a popular flur upon the Spaniards, who

 were

Caius. I pray you bear vitness that me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser man, master doctor: he is a curer of souls, and you a curer of bodies; if you should fight, you go against the hair[9] of your professions: is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

Shal. Body-kins, master Page, though I now be old, and of the peace, if I see a sword out, my finger itches to make one: though we are justices, and doctors, and churchmen, master Page, we have some salt of our youth in us; we are the sons of women, master Page.

Page. 'Tis true, master Shallow.

Shal. It will be found so, master Page. Master doctor Caius, I am come to fetch you home. I am sworn of the peace: you have shew'd yourself a wise physician, and Sir Hugh hath shewn himself a wise

were held in great contempt after the business of the *Armada.* Thus we have a *Treatise Paraenetical, wherein is shewed the right way to resist the* Castilian king: and a sonnet, prefixed to *Lea's Answer to the Untruths published in Spain, in glorie of their supposed Victory atchieved against our English Navie,* begins:

"Thou fond *Castilian king!*" and so in other places.

FARMER.

Mr. Farmer's observation is just. Don Philip the Second, affected the title of King of Spain, but the realms of Spain would not agree to it, and only styled him King of *Castile* and Leon, &c. and so he wrote himself. His cruelty and ambitious views upon other states, rendered him universally detested. The *Castilians,* [illegible]

Castilian became opprobrious. I have extracted this note from an old pamphlet, called *The Spanish Pilgrime,* which I have reason to suppose is the same discourse with the *Treatise Paraenetical,* mentioned by Dr. Farmer. TOLLET.

[9] —— against the *hair* &c.] This phrase is proverbial, and is taken from stroking the *hair* of animals a contrary way to that in which it grows.—We now say against the *grain.* STEEVENS.

and

and patient churchman: you must go with me, master doctor.

Host. Pardon, guest justice:—A word, monsieur [1] mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much mock-vater as de Englishman:—Scurvy-jack-dog-priest! by gar, me vill cut his ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee tightly, bully.

Caius. Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall clapper-de-claw me; for, by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully,—But first, master guest, and master Page, and eke cavalero Slender, go you through the town to Frogmore. [*Aside to them.*

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in; and I will bring the doctor about the fields: will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good master doctor.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

[1] ——*mock-water.*] The host means, I believe, to reflect on the inspection of urine, which made a considerable part of practical physick in that time; yet I do not well see the meaning of *mock-water*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps by *mock-water* is meant—*counterfeit*. The *water* of a gem is a technical term. So in *Timon*, act I. sc. i. "——here is a *water*, look you." *Mock-water* may therefore signify *a thing of a counterfeit lustre*. To *mock*, however, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, undoubtedly signifies to *play with*. Shakespeare may therefore chuse to represent Caius as one to whom a *urinal* was a play-thing. STEEVENS.

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de prieſt; for he ſpeak for a jack-an-ape to Anne Page.

Hoſt. Let him die: but, firſt, ſheath thy impatience; throw cold water on thy choler: go about the fields with me through Frogmore; I will bring thee where miſtreſs Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her: [2] Cry'd game, ſaid I well?

Caius.

[2] In old editions,

——*I will bring thee where Anne Page is, at a farm-houſe a feaſting; and thou ſhalt woo her:* CRY'D GAME, *ſaid I well?*] Mr. Theobald alters this nonſenſe to *try'd game*; that is, to nonſenſe of a worſe complexion. Shakeſpeare wrote and pointed thus, CRY AIM, *ſaid I well?* i. e. conſent to it, approve of it. Have not I made a good propoſal? for *to cry aim* ſignifies to conſent to, or approve of any thing. So again in this play: *And to theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall* CRY AIM, i. e. approve them. And again, in *King John*, act II. ſc. ii:

"It ill becomes this preſence to CRY AIM
"To theſe ill-tuned repetitions."

i. e. to approve of, or encourage them. The phraſe was taken, originally, from archery. When any one had challenged another to ſhoot at the butts, (the perpetual diverſion, as well as exerciſe, of that time) the ſtanders-by uſed to ſay one to the other, *Cry aim*, i. e. accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, act V. make the Duke ſay:

"——*muſt I cry* AIME
"To this unheard of inſolence?"——

i. e. encourage it, and agree to the requeſt of the duel, which one of his ſubjects had inſolently demanded againſt the other.——But here it is remarkable, that the ſenſeleſs editors, not knowing what to make of the phraſe, *Cry aim*, read it thus:

"——muſt I cry AI-ME,"

as if it was a note of interjection. So again, Maſſinger, in his *Guardian*:

"I will CRY AIM, and in another room
"Determine of my vengeance"——

And again, in his *Renegado*:

"——to play the pander
"To the viceroy's looſe embraces, and CRY AIM,
"While he by force or flattery"——

But the Oxford editor transforms it to *Cock o' the Game*; and his improvements of Shakeſpeare's language abound with theſe modern elegancies of ſpeech, ſuch *as mynheers, bull-baitings*, &c.

WARBURTON.

Dr.

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you de good guest, de

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of *cry aim*, and in supposing that the phrase was taken from *archery*; but is certainly wrong in the particular practice which he assigns for the original of it. It seems to have been the office of the *aim-crier*, to give notice to the *archer* when he was within a proper distance of his mark, or in a direct line with it, and to point out why he failed to strike it. So, in *All's lost by Lust*, 1633:

"He *gives* me *aim*, I am three bows too short;
"I'll come up nearer next time."

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"I'll *give aim* to you,
"And tell how near you shoot."

Again, in the *Spanish Gipsie*, by Rowley and Middleton, 1653: "Though I am no great mark in respect of a huge butt, yet I can tell you, great bobbers have shot at me, and shot golden arrows; but I myself *gave aim* thus:——wide, four bows; short, three and a half, &c." Again, in Green's *Tu Quoque:* (no date) "We'll stand by, and *give aim*, and holoo if you hit the clout." Again, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607: "Thou smiling *aim-crier* at princes' fall." Again, *ibid.* "——while her own creatures, like *aim-criers*, beheld her mischance with nothing but lip-pity." In Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*, p. 402, a book is mentioned, called "*Ayme for Finsburie Archers*, or an Alphabetical Table of the name of every *Mark* in the same Fields, with their *true Distances*, both by the Map and the Dimensuration of the Line, &c. 1594." Shakespeare uses the phrase again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, scene the last, where it undoubtedly means to *encourage*:

"Behold her that *gave aim* to all thy vows."

So, in *The Palsgrave*, by W. Smith, 1615:

"Shame to us all if we *give aim* to that."

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608:

"A mother to *give aim* to her own daughter!"

The original and literal meaning of this expression, may be ascertained from some of the foregoing examples, and its figurative one from the rest; for as Dr. Warburton observes, it can mean nothing in these later instances, but to *consent to*, *approve*, or *encourage*.——It is not, however, the reading of *Shakespeare* in the passage before us, and therefore, we must strive to produce some sense from the words which we find there——*cry'd game*.

We yet say, in colloquial language, that such a one is —*game*— or *game to the back*. There is surely no need of blaming Theobald's emendation with such severity. *Cry'd game*, might mean, in

de earl, de knight, de lords, de gentlemen, my patients.

Host. For the which, I will be thy adversary toward Anne Page; said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Caius. Come at my heels, Jack Rugby. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Frogmore.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. I pray you now, good master Slender's serving-man, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick?*

in those days—a *profess'd buck*, one who was as well known by the report of his gallantry, as he could have been by *proclamation.* Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" On whose bright crest, fame, with her loud'st O yes,
" *Cries*, this is he."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*, act II. sc. i:

" ——— find what you seek,
" That fame may *cry you loud.*"

Again, in Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:

" A gull, an arrant gull *by proclamati*[illegible]

Again, in *King Lear:* " ——A *proclaim'd* prize." Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

" Thou art *proclaim'd* a fool, I think."

Cock of the game, however, is not, as Dr. Warburton pronounces it, a *modern elegancy of speech*, for it is found in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602: b. xii. c. 74. " This *cocke of game*, and (as might seeme) this hen of that same fether." Again, in the *Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

" Oh craven chicken of a *cock o' th' game.*"

And in many other places. STEEVENS.

Simp. Marry, sir, [3] the Pitty-wary, the Park-ward, every way; old Windsor way, and every way but the town way.

Eva. I most fehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir.

Eva. 'Pless my soul! how full of cholers I am, and trempling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceiv'd me: how melancholies I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave's costard, when I have good opportunities for the 'ork:—'pless my soul! [*Sings.*

[4] *By shallow rivers, to whose falls*
Melodious birds sing madrigals;
There will we make our peds of roses,
And a thousand vragrant posies.
By shallow——

'Mercy

[3] —*the Pitty-wary,*—] The old editions read, the *Pittie-ward*, the modern editors the *Pitty-wary*. There is now no place that answers to either name at Windsor. The author might possibly have written the *City-ward*, i. e. towards London. *Petty-ward* might, however, signify some small district in the town which is now forgotten. STEEVENS.

[4] *By shallow rivers,* &c.] This is part of a beautiful little poem of the author's; which poem, and the answer to it, the reader will not be displeased to find here.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.
There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals:
There will I make thee beds of roses
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Imbroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown

'Mercy on me! I have a great dispositions to cry.

Melodious birds sing madrigals;——
When as I sat in Babylon——
And a thousand vragrant posies.
By shallow——

Simp.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;
A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.
Thy silver dishes for thy meat,
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepar'd each day for thee and me.
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move *,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepher

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come:
The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs

All

* The conclusion of this and the following poem, seem to have furnished Milton with the hint for the last lines both of his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*.
STEEVENS.

Simp. Yonder he is coming, this way, sir Hugh.

Eva. He's welcome:——

By shallow rivers, to whose falls——

Heaven prosper the right!—What weapons is he?

Simp. No weapons, sir: There comes my master, master Shallow, and another gentleman from Frogmore, over the stile, this way.

Eva.

All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.
What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men?
These are but vain: that's only good
Which God hath bless'd, and sent for food.
But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, and age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

These two poems, which Dr. Warburton gives to Shakespeare, are, by writers nearer that time, disposed of, one to Marlow, the other to Raleigh. They are read in different copies with great variations. JOHNSON.

In *England's Helicon*, a collection of love-verses printed in Shakespeare's life-time, viz. in 1600, the first of them is given to Marlow, the second to a person unknown; and Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, observes, that there is good reason to believe that (not Shakespeare, but) Christopher Marlow wrote the song, and sir Walter Raleigh the *Nymph's Reply*: for so we are positively assured by Isaac Walton, a writer of some credit, who has inserted them both in his *Compleat Angler*, under the character of "That smooth song which was made by *Kit Marlow*, now at least fifty years ago; . and an *answer* to it, which was made by sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days . . . . . Old fashioned poetry, but choicely good." See the *Reliques*, &c. vol. I. p. 218, 221, third edit.

In Shakespeare's sonnets, printed by Jaggard, 1599, this poem is attributed to Shakespeare. Mr. Malone, however, observes, that "What seems to ascertain it to be Marlowe's, is, that one of the lines is found (and not as a quotation) in a play of his—*The Jew of Malta*; which, though not printed till 1633, must have been written before 1593, as he died in that year."

"Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
"*Shalt live with me, and be my love.*" STEEVENS.

Eva. Pray you, give me my gown; or elſe keep it in your arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, maſter parſon? Good-morrow, good ſir Hugh. Keep a gameſter from the dice, and a good ſtudent from his book, and it is wonderful.

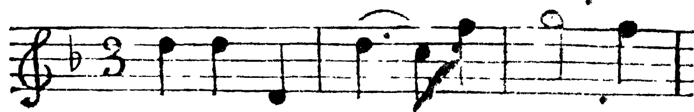
Slen. Ah ſweet Anne Page!

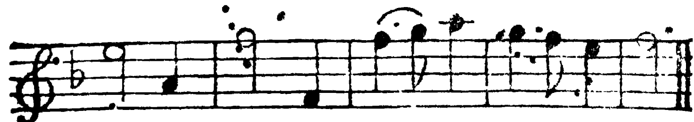
Page. Save you, good ſir Hugh!

Eva. 'Pleſs you from his mercy ſake, all of you!

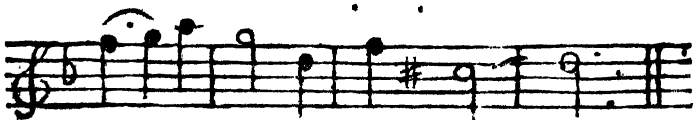
Shal. What! the ſword and the word! do you ſtudy them both, maſter parſon?

The tune to which the former was ſung, I have lately diſcovered in a MS. as old as Shakeſpeare's time, and it is as follows:









Sir J. HAWKINS.

Page. And youthful still, in your doublet and hose, this raw rheumatick day?

Eva. There is reasons and causes for it.

Page. We are come to you, to do a good office, master parson.

Eva. Fery well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend gentleman, who belike, having receiv'd wrong by some person, is at most odds with his own gravity and patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore years, and upward; I never heard a man of his place, gravity, and learning, so wide of his own respect.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him; master doctor Caius, the renowned French physician.

Eva. Got's will, and his passion o' my heart! I had as lief you would tell me of a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desires to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

Enter Host, Caius, and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so, by his weapons:—Keep them asunder;—here comes doctor Caius.

Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon.

Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question; let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let-a me speak a word vit your ear: Verefore vill you not meet-a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your patience: In good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de coward, de Jack dog, John ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and will one way or other make you amends:—I will knog your urinals about your knave's cogs-combs, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Jack Rugby,—mine *Host de Jarterre*, have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not, at de place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a christians soul, now, look you, this is the place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine host of the Garter.

Host. Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch[5], soul-curer and body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good! excellent!

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine host of the Garter. Am I politick? am I subtle? am I a Machiavel? Shall I lose my doctor? no; he gives me the potions, and the motions. Shall I lose my parson? my priest? my sir Hugh? no; he gives me the pro-verbs and the no-verbs.—Give me thy hand, terrestial; so:—Give me thy hand, celestial; so.—Boys of art, I have deceiv'd you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.—Come, lay their swords to pawn:—Follow me, lad of peace; follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page!

[*Exeunt Shal. Slen. Page, and Host.*

[5] *Peace, I say, Gallia and Gaul, French and Welch*,—] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads *Gallia* and *Wallia*: but it is objected that *Wallia* is not easily corrupted into *Gaul*. Possibly the word was written *Guallia*. FARMER.

Thus, in *K. Hen. VI. Gualtier* for *Walter*. STEEVENS.

Caius.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? have you make-a de sot of us? ha, ha!

Eva. This is well; he has made us his vlouting-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends; and let us knog our prains together, to be revenge on this same [6] scald, scurvy, cogging companion, the host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart; he promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles;—Pray you follow.

SCENE II.

The street in Windsor.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader: Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now, I see, you'll be a courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, mistress Page: Whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife; Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together,

[6] —scall, *scurvy,*—] *Scall* was an old word of reproach, as *scab* was afterwards.
Chaucer imprecates on his *scrivener*:
"Under thy longe lockes mayest thou have the *scalle*."
JOHNSON.

for

for want of company: I think, if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is my husband had him of: What do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name. There is such a league between my good man and he!—Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, 'till I see her. [*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.*

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why, this boy will carry a letter twenty miles, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces-out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind!—and Falstaff's boy with her!——Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife, pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so seeming mistress Page [7], divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim [8]. The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall

[7] ——so *seeming* mistress Page,——] *seeming* is *specious*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"If ought within that little *seeming* substance."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——shall *cry aim.*] i. e. shall *encourage*. The phrase is taken from archery: See a note on the first scene of this act, and another in *K. John*, act II. sc. i. STEEVENS.

find

find Falstaff: I shall be rather prais'd for this, than mock'd; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans, and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot: I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. [9] We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, master Slender; I stand wholly for you:—but my wife, master doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so mush.

Host. What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, [1] he writes verses, he speaks holy-day [2], he smells April and May:

[9] *We have linger'd* ——] They have not linger'd very long. The match was proposed by Sir Hugh but the day before. JOHNSON.

Shallow represents the affair as having been *long in hand*, that he may better excuse himself and *Slender* from accepting *Ford*'s invitation on the day when it was to be concluded. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *he writes verses, he speaks holy-day,* ——] i. e. in an high-flown, fustian style. It was called *a holy-day style*, from the old custom of acting their farces of the *mysteries* and *moralities*, which were turgid and bombast, on holy-days. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing* —— "I cannot woo in *festival terms*." And again, in *The Merchant of Venice* —— "thou spend'st such *high-day wit* in praising him." WARBURTON.

[2] —— *he speaks holy-day,* ——] So in *K. Hen.* IV. *P.* I. "With many *holiday* and lady terms." STEEVENS.

he will carry't, he will carry't; [3] 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is [4] of no having: he kept company with the wild prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will shew you a monster.—Master doctor,

[3] ——*'tis in his buttons;*——] Alluding to an ancient custom among the country fellows, of trying whether they should succeed with their mistresses, by carrying the *batchelor's buttons* (a plant of the *Lychnis* kind, whose flowers resemble a coat button in form) in their pockets. And they judged of their good or bad success, by their growing, or their not growing there. SMITH.

Greene mentions these *batchelor's buttons*, in his *Quip for an upstart Courtier*:—"I saw the *batchelor's buttons*, whose virtue is, to make wanton maidens weep, when they have worne them forty weeks under their aprons, &c."

The same expression occurs in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, 1631:

"He wears *batchelor's buttons*, does he not?"

Again, in *The Constant Maid*, by Shirley, 1640:

"I am a *batchelor*,
"I pray let me be one of your *buttons* still then."

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1617:

"I'll wear my *batchelor's buttons* still."

Again, in *A Woman never Vex'd*, com. by Rowley, 1632:

"Go, go and rest on Venus' violets; shew her
"A dozen of *batchelor's buttons*, boy."

Again, in *Westward Hoe*, 1606: "Here's my husband, and no *batchelor's buttons* are at his doublet." STEEVENS.

[4] —*of no* having:—] *Having* is the same as *estate* or *fortune*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Of noble *having*, and of royal hope." STEEVENS.

you

you ſhall go;—ſo ſhall you, maſter Page;—and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well:—we ſhall have the freer wooing at maſter Page's.

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon.

Hoſt. [5] Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.

Ford. [*Aſide.*] I think, I ſhall drink in pipe-wine firſt with him; I'll make him dance. Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to ſee this monſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Ford's houſe.

Enter Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, and ſervants with a baſket.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-baſket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant:——What, Robin, I ſay.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, ſet it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we muſt be brief.

[5] Hoſt. *Farewell, my hearts: I will to my honeſt knight Falſtaff, and drink canary with him.*

Ford. [Aſide.] *I think, I ſhall drink* IN PIPE-*wine firſt with him: I'll make him dance.*——] To *drink in pipe-wine*, is a phraſe which I cannot underſtand. May we not ſuppoſe that Shakeſpeare rather wrote? *I think I ſhall drink* HORN-PIPE *wine firſt with him: I'll make him* dance.

Canary is the name of a *dance*, as well as of a *wine*. Ford lays hold of both ſenſes; but, for an obvious reaſon, makes the dance a *horn-pipe*. It has been already remarked, that Shakeſpeare has frequent alluſions to a *cuckold's horns*. TYRWHITT.

Pipe is known to be a veſſel of wine, now containing two hogſheads. *Pipe* wine is therefore wine, not from the *bottle*, but the *pipe*; and the text conſiſts in the ambiguity of the word, which ſignifies both a caſk of wine, and a muſical inſtrument.

JOHNSON.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call on you, come forth, and (without any pause, or staggering) take this basket on your shoulders[6]: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction: Be gone, and come when you are call'd. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin,

Mrs. Ford. [7] How now, my eyas-musket? what news with you?

Rob.

[6] *take this basket on your shoulders:* ——] It is not improbable, but that Shakespeare, in the character of Falstaff, might have aimed some strokes at the corpulence and intemperance of Ben Jonson. Mr. Oldys, in his MS. additions to Langbaine's account of English dramatic poets, introduces the following story of Ben, which was found in a memorandum book, written in the time of the civil wars, by Mr. *Oldisworth*, who was secretary to Philip, earl of Pembroke.

"Mr. Cambden recommended him to Sir Walter Raleigh, who trusted him with the care and instruction of his eldest son, Walter, a gay spark, who could not brook Ben's rigorous treatment; but perceiving one foible in his disposition, made use of that to throw off the yoke of his government. This was an unlucky habit that Ben had contracted, through his love of jovial company, of being overtaken with liquor, which Sir Walter of all vices did most abominate, and hath most exclaimed against. One day when Ben had taken a plentiful dose, and was fallen into a sound sleep, young Raleigh got a great basket and a couple of men, who laid Ben in it, and then with a pole carried him between their shoulders to Sir Walter, telling him, that their young master had sent home his tutor." STEEVENS.

[7] *How now, my eyas-musket?*——] *Eyas* is a young unfledg'd hawk; I suppose from the Italian *Niaso*, which originally signified any young bird taken from the nest unfledg'd, afterwards a young

Rob. My master sir John is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford; and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent [8]; have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn: My master knows not of your being here; and hath threaten'd to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears, he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose.—I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember you your cue. [*Exit Robin.*

young hawk. The French, from hence, took their *niais*, and used it in both those significations; to which they added a third, metaphorically *a silly fellow*; *un garçon fort niais*, *un niais*. *Musket* signifies a *sparrow hawk*, or the smallest species of hawks. This too is from the Italian *Muschetto*, a small hawk, as appears from the original signification of the word, namely, *a troublesome stinging fly*. So that the humour of calling the little page an *eyas-musket* is very intelligible. WARBURTON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—no hawk so haggard but will stoop to the lure: no niesse so ramage but will be reclaimed to the lunes." *Eyas-musket* is the same as *infant Lilliputian*. Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c.——

"——youthful gay
"Like *eyas-hauke*, up mounts into the skies,
"His newly budded pinions to essay."

In the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*, bl. l. no date, is the following derivation of the word; but whether true or erroneous, is not for me to determine: "An hauke is called an *eyesse* from her *eyen*. For an hauke that is brought up under a bussarde or puttock, as many ben, have watry *eyen*, &c." STEEVENS.

[8] —*Jack-a-lent*,—] A *Jack o' lent* was a puppet thrown at in Lent, like shrove-cocks. So, in *The Weakest goes to the Wall*, 1618:

"A mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent*."

Again, in the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632:

"Now you old *Jack of Lent*, six weeks and upwards."

Again, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: "—for if a boy that is throwing at his *Jack o' Lent*, chance to hit me on the shins, &c." See a note on the last scene of this comedy. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then;—we'll use this unwholsome humidity, this gross watry pumpion;—we teach him to know turtles from jays [9].

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, *my heavenly jewel* [1]? Why, now let me die, for I have liv'd long enough [2]; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent [3] of the brow, [4] that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs.

9 ——from *jays.*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"———— some *jay* of Italy,
"Whose mother was her painting, &c." STEEVENS.

1 *Have I caught my heavenly jewel?*] This is the first line of the second song in Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella.* TOLLET.

2 —*Why, now let me die; for I have lived long enough;*——] This sentiment, which is of sacred origin, is here indecently introduced. It appears again, with somewhat less of profaneness, in the *Winter's Tale*, act IV. and in *Othello*, act II. STEEVENS.

3 —arched *bent*——] Thus the quartos 1602, and 1619. The folio reads——arched *beauty.* STEEVENS.

4 —— *that becomes the ship tire, the tire-*VALIANT, *or any* Venetian attire.] The old quarto reads, *tire-vellet*, and the old folio reads, *or any tire of Venetian admittance.* So that the true reading of the whole is this, *that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-*VALIANT, *or any tire of Venetian admittance.* The speaker tells his mistress, she had a face that would become all the head dresses in fashion. The *ship-tire* was an open head-dress, with a kind of scarf depending from behind. Its name of *ship-tire* was, I presume, from its giv-

ing

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal.

ing the wearer some resemblance of *a ship* (as Shakespeare says) *in all her trim:* with all her pennants out, and flags and streamers flying. Thus Milton, in *Samson Agonistes,* paints Dalila:

"But who is this, what thing of sea or land?
"Female of sex it seems,
"That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
"Comes this way sailing
"Like a stately ship
"Of Tarsus, bound for the isles
"Of Javan or Gadier,
"With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
"Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
"Courted by all the winds that hold them play."

This was an image familiar with the poets of that time. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play of *Wit without Money:*——"She spreads sattens as the king's ships do canvas every where, she may space her misen, &c." This will direct us to reform the following word of *tire-valiant,* which I suspect to be corrupt, *valiant* being a very incongruous epithet for a woman's head-dress. I suppose Shakespeare wrote *tire-voilant.* As the *ship-tire* was an *open* head-dress, so the *tire-voilant* was a *close* one; in which the head and breast were covered as with a *veil.* And these were, in fact, the two different head-dresses then in fashion, as we may see by the pictures of that time. One of which was so open, that the whole neck, breasts, and shoulders, were opened to view: the other, so securely inclosed in kerchiefs, &c. that nothing could be seen above the eyes, or below the chin.

——*or any Venetian* attire.] This is a wrong reading, as appears from the impropriety of the word *attire* here used for a woman's *head-dress:* whereas it signifies the dress of any part. We should read therefore, *or any* 'tire *of Venetian admittance.* For the word *attire,* reduced by the aphæresis, to *'tire,* takes a new signification, and means only the head dress. Hence *tire-woman,* for a dresser of the head. As to the meaning of the latter part of the sentence, this may be seen by a paraphrase of the whole speech.—Your face is so good, says the speaker, that it would become any head-dress worn at court, either the open or the close, or indeed any rich and fashionable one worth adorning with Venetian point, or *which will admit to be adorned.* [Of Venetian admittance.] The fashionable lace, at that time, was *Venetian point.*

WARBURTON.

This note is plausible, except in the explanation of *Venetian admittance:*

Fal. Thou art a traitor[5] to ſay ſo: thou would'ſt make an abſolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a ſemi-circled farthingale. I ſee what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not; nature is thy friend: Come, thou canſt not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no ſuch thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that perſuade thee, there's ſomething extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and ſay, thou art this and that, like a many of theſe liſping haw-thorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and ſmell like Bucklers-bury[6] in ſimple-time; I cannot: but I love thee; none but thee; and thou deſerveſt it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, ſir; I fear, you love miſtreſs Page.

Fal. Thou might'ſt as well ſay, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

admittance: but I am afraid this whole ſyſtem of dreſs is unſupported by evidence. JOHNSON.

——*of Venetian admittance.*] i. e. of a faſhion received from Venice. So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1606, by Decker and Webſter: "——now ſhe's in that Italian *head-tire* you ſent her." Dr. Warburton might have found the ſame reading in the quarto, 1630. Inſtead of *tire-valiant*, I would read *tire-volant*. Stubbs, who deſcribes moſt minutely every article of female-dreſs, has mentioned none of theſe terms, but ſpeaks of vails depending from the top of the head, and flying behind in looſe folds. The word *volant* was in uſe before the age of Shakeſpeare. I find it in *Wilfride Holme's Fall and evil Succeſſe of Rebellion*, 1537:

"high *volant* in any thing divine."

Tire vellet, in the old 4to, may be printed, as Mr. Tollet obſerves, by miſtake, for tire-*velvet*. We know that *velvet-hoods* were worn in the age of Shakeſpeare. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*a traitor*——] i. e. to thy own merit. STEEVENS.

[6] ——like *Bucklers-bury*, &c.] *Bucklers-bury*, in the time of Shakeſpeare, was chiefly inhabited by druggiſts, who ſold all kind of herbs, green as well as dry. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you ſhall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deſerve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I muſt tell you, ſo you do; or elſe I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*Within.*] Miſtreſs Ford, miſtreſs Ford! here's miſtreſs Page at the door, ſweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs ſpeak with you preſently.

Fal. She ſhall not ſee me; I will enſconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do ſo; ſhe's a very tattling woman.—— [*Falſtaff hides himſelf.*

Enter Miſtreſs Page.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O miſtreſs Ford, what have you done? you're ſham'd, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good miſtreſs Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, miſtreſs Ford! having an honeſt man to your huſband, to give him ſuch cauſe of ſuſpicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?

Mrs. Page. What cauſe of ſuſpicion?—Out upon you!—how am I miſtook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your huſband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windſor, to ſearch for a gentleman, that, he ſays, is here now in the houſe, by your conſent, to take an ill advantage of his abſence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder [7].—[*Aſide.*] 'Tis not ſo, I hope.

[7] *Speak louder*——] i. e. that Falſtaff who is retired may hear. This paſſage is only found in the two elder quartos. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not ſo, that you have ſuch a man here; but 'tis moſt certain your huſband's coming with half Windſor at his heels, to ſearch for ſuch a one. I come before to tell you: If you know yourſelf clear, why I am glad of it: but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your ſenſes to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What ſhall I do?—There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not mine own ſhame, ſo much as his peril: I had rather than a thouſand pound, he were out of the houſe.

Mrs. Page. For ſhame, never ſtand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your huſband's here at hand, bethink you of ſome conveyance: in the houſe you cannot hide him.—Oh, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a baſket; if he be of any reaſonable ſtature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: Or, it is whiting-time, ſend him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What ſhall I do?

Re-enter Falſtaff.

Fal. Let me ſee't, let me ſee't! O let me ſee't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counſel;—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! ſir John Falſtaff? Are theſe your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee,—help me away: let me creep in here; I'll never——

[*He goes into the baſket, they cover him with foul linen.*

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your maſter, boy: Call your men, miſtreſs Ford:—You diſſembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! Go take up theſe clothes here, quickly; Where's the cowl-

ſtaff?

staff? look, [8] how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest, I deserve it.—How now? whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Exeunt Servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dream'd to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys: ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant we'll unkennel the fox;—Let me stop this way first:—[9] So, now uncape.

[8] ——*how you drumble:*——] The reverend Mr. Lambe, the editor of the ancient metrical history of the *Battle of Flodden*, observes, that ——*look how you drumble*, means——*how confused you are*; and that in the North, *drumbled* ale is *muddy*, *disturbed ale*. Thus, a Scottish proverb in Ray's collection:

"It is good fishing in *drumbling* waters."

Again, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, this word occurs: "—gray-beard *drumbling* over a discourse." Again: "—your fly in a boxe is but a *drumble*-bee in comparison of it." Again; "——this *drumbling* course."

STEEVENS.

[9] ——*So now uncape.*] So the folio of 1623 reads, and rightly. It is a term in fox-hunting, which signifies to dig out the fox when earth'd. And here is as much as to say, take out the foul linen under which the adulterer lies hid. The Oxford editor reads *uncouple*, out of pure love to an emendation. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton seems to have forgot that the linen was already carried away. The allusion in the foregoing sentence is to the stopping every hole at which a fox could enter, before they *uncape* or turn him out of the bag in which he was brought. I suppose every one has heard of a *bag-fox*. STEEVENS.

Page.

Page. Good maſter Ford, be contented: you wrong yourſelf too much.

Ford. True, maſter Page.—Up, gentlemen; you ſhall ſee ſport anon: follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit*.

Eva. This is fery fantaſtical humours, and jealouſies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de faſhion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; ſee the iſſue of his ſearch. [*Exeunt*.

Mrs. *Page*. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. *Ford*. I know not which pleaſes me better, that my huſband is deceiv'd, or Sir John.

Mrs. *Page*. What a taking was he in, when your huſband aſk'd who was in the baſket!

Mrs. *Ford*. I am half afraid, he will have need of waſhing; ſo throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang him, diſhoneſt raſcal! I would, all of the ſame ſtrain were in the ſame diſtreſs.

Mrs. *Ford*. I think, my huſband hath ſome ſpecial ſuſpicion of Falſtaff's being here; for I never ſaw him ſo groſs in his jealouſy till now.

Mrs. *Page*. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falſtaff: his diſſolute diſeaſe will ſcarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we ſend that fooliſh carrion, miſtreſs Quickly, to him, and excuſe his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another puniſhment?

Mrs. *Page*. We'll do it; let him be ſent for to-morrow eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, and the reſt at a diſtance.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be the knave brag'd of that he could not compaſs.

Mrs.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I; peace:— You use me well, master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, master Ford! are you not asham'd? what spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. 'You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.'

By gar, I see 'tis an honest woman.

Ford. Well;—I promis'd you a dinner:—Come, come, walk in the park: I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you, why I have done this. Come, wife; come, mistress Page; I pray you pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush: shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make-a de turd.

Eva.

Eva. In your teeth [1]:—for shame.

Ford. Pray you go, master Page.

Eva. I pray you now, remembrance to-morrow on the lousy knave, mine host.

Caius. Dat is good; by gar, vit all my heart.

Eva. A lousy knave; to have his gibes, and his mockeries. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Page's house.

Enter Fenton and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself.
He doth object, I am too great of birth;
And that, my state being gall'd with my expence,
I seek to heal it only by his wealth:
Besides these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy [2] father's wealth

Was

[1] *In your teeth:*——] This dirty restoration was made by Mr. Theobald. Evans's application of the doctor's words, is not in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*father's wealth*] Some light may be given to those who shall endeavour to calculate the increase of English wealth, by observing, that Latymer, in the time of Edward VI. mentions it as a proof of his father's prosperity, *That though but a yeoman, he gave his daughters five pounds each for her portion.* At the latter end of Elizabeth, seven hundred pounds were such a temptation to courtship,

Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
[3] If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.
[*Fenton and Mistress Anne go apart.*

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mrs. Quickly.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly; my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't: 'slid, 'tis but venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me: I care not for that,—but that I am afeard.

Quic. Hark ye; master Slender would speak a word with you.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a year!
[*Aside.*

Quic. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy, thou hadst a father!

courtship, as made all other motives suspected. Congreve makes twelve thousand pounds more than a counterbalance to the affectation of Belinda. No poet would now fly his favourite character at less than fifty thousand. JOHNSON.

[3] *If opportunity and humblest suit*] Dr. Thirlby imagines, that our author with more propriety wrote:
If importunity *and humblest suit.*
I have not ventur'd to disturb the text, because it may mean, "If the frequent opportunities you find of solliciting my father, and your obsequiousness to him, cannot get him over to your party, &c." THEOBALD.

Slen.

Slen. I had a father, mistress Anne;—my uncle can tell you good jests of him:—Pray you, uncle, tell mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle.

Shal. Mistress Anne, my cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Glocestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will, [4] come cut and long-tail, under the degree of a 'squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty pounds jointure.

Anne. Good master Shallow, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it; I thank you for that—good comfort. She calls you, coz: I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings, that's a pretty jest, indeed! I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you: Your father, and my uncle, have

[4] ——come *cut* and *long tail*,——] i. e. come *poor*, or *rich*, to offer himself as my rival. The following is the origin of the phrase. According to the forest laws, the dog of a man, who had no right to the privilege of chace, was obliged to cut, or *law* his dog, amongst other modes of disabling him, by depriving him of his tail. A dog so cut was called *a cut*, or *curt-tail*, and by contraction *cur*. *Cut and long-tail* therefore signified the dog of a clown, and the dog of a gentleman. STEEVENS.

——come *cut* and *long tail*,—] I can see no meaning in this phrase. Slender promises to make his mistress a gentlewoman, and probably means to say, he will deck her in a gown of the *court cut*, and with a *long* train or *tail*. In the comedy of *Eastward Hoe*, is this passage: "The one must be ladyfied forsooth, and be attired just to the *court cut* and *long tayle*;" which seems to justify our reading——*Court* cut and long tail. SIR J. HAWKINS.

made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his dole[5]! They can tell you how things go, better than I can: You may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender:—Love him, daughter Anne.—
Why how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, good master Fenton.
Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender; in:—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.
[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*

Quic. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all checks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: Let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to yon' fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quic. That's my master, master doctor.

[6] *Anne.* Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bowl'd to death with turnips.

Mrs.

[5] —*happy man be his dole!*] A proverbial expression. See Ray's collection, p. 116. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

[6] Anne. *Alas, I had rather be set quick i' the earth, And bowl'd to death with turnips.*] Can we think the speaker would thus ridicule her own imprecation? We may be sure the

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself: Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend nor enemy:
My daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected;
'Till then, farewell, sir:—She must needs go in;
Her father will be angry. [*Exe. Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress; farewell, Nan.

Quic. This is my doing now;—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a [7] fool, and a physician? Look on master Fenton:—this is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night[8] give my sweet Nan this ring: There's for thy pains. [*Exit.*

the last line should be given to the procuress, Quickly, who would mock the young woman's aversion for her master the doctor. WARBURTON.

———*be set quick i' the earth,*
And bowl'd to death with turnips.]
This is a common proverb in the southern counties. I find almost the same expression in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair:* "Would I had been *set in the ground*, all but the head of me, and had *my brains bowl'd at.*" COLLINS.

[7] ——*fool, and a physician?*] I should read *fool* or a *physician*, meaning Slender and Caius. JOHNSON.

Sir Tho. Hanmer reads according to Dr. Johnson's conjecture. This may be right.——Or my Dame Quickly may allude to the proverb, a man of *forty* is either a *fool* or a *physician*; but she asserts her master to be both. FARMER.

So, in *Microcosmus*, a masque by Nabbes, 1637:
"*Choler.* Phlegm's a *fool.*
"*Melan.* Or a *physician.*"
Again, in a *Maidenhead well lost*, 1632:
"No matter whether I be a *fool* or a *physician.*"

Mr. Dennis of irascible memory, who altered this play, and brought it on the stage, in the year 1702, under the title of *The Comical Gallant*, (when, thanks to the alterer, it was fairly damn'd) has introduced the proverb at which Mrs. Quickly's allusion appears to be pointed. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*once* to-night——] i. e. *sometime* to-night. So in a letter from the sixth earl of Northumberland; (quoted in the notes on the household book of the fifth earl of that name:) "——notwithstanding I trust to be able *ons* to set up a chapell off myne owne." STEEVENS.

Quic.

Quic. Now heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet, I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Slender had her; or, in sooth, I would master Fenton had her: I will do what I can for them all three; for so I have promis'd, and I'll be as good as my word; but speciously[9] for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to Sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses; What a beast am I to slack it? [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, I say.—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [*Ex. Bard.*] Have I liv'd to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be serv'd such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the

[9] —*speciously*—] She means to say *specially*. STEEVENS.

[1] In former copies:

—*as they would have drown'd a* blind bitch's *puppies*,—] I have ventured to transpose the adjective here, against the authority of the printed copies. I know, in horses, a colt from a blind stallion loses much of the value it might otherwise have; but are *puppies* ever drown'd the sooner, for coming from a *blind bitch*? The author certainly wrote, *as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind puppies*. THEOBALD.

The transposition may be justified from the following passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "—one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his *blind* brothers and sisters went to it." STEEVENS.

 litter:

litter: and you may know by my ſize, that I have a kind of alacrity in ſinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I ſhould down. I had been drown'd, but that the ſhore was ſhelvy and ſhallow; a death that I abhor; for the water ſwells a man; and what a thing ſhould I have been, when I had been ſwell'd! I ſhould have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter Bardolph, with the wine.

Now, is the ſack brew'd?

Bard. Ay, ſir: there's a woman below would ſpeak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in ſome ſack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had ſwallow'd ſnow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter Mrs. Quickly.

Quic. By your leave;—I cry you mercy:—Give your worſhip good morrow.

Fal. Take away theſe chalices: Go brew me a pottle of ſack finely.

Bard. With eggs, ſir?

Fal. Simple of itſelf; I'll no pullet-ſperm in my brewage.—How now?

Quic. Marry, ſir, I come to your worſhip from miſtreſs Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford; I have my belly full of ford.

Quic. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: ſhe does ſo take on with her men; they miſtook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a fooliſh woman's promiſe.

Quic. Well, ſhe laments, ſir, for it, that it would yern your heart to ſee it. Her huſband goes this morning a birding; ſhe deſires you once more to come to

her

her between eight and nine: I muſt carry her word quickly: ſhe'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will viſit her: Tell her ſo; and bid her think, what a man is: let her conſider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quic. I will tell her.

Fal. Do ſo. Between nine and ten, ſay'ſt thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, ſir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miſs her.

Quic. Peace be with you, ſir! [*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of maſter Brook; he ſent me word to ſtay within: I like his money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bleſs you, ſir!

Fal. Now, maſter Brook? you come to know what hath paſs'd between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, ſir John, is my buſineſs.

Fal. Maſter Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her houſe the hour ſhe appointed me.

Ford. And you ſped, ſir?

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, maſter Brook.

Ford. How, ſir? Did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No, maſter Brook: but the peaking cornuto her huſband, maſter Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealouſy, comes me in the inſtant of our encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiſs'd, proteſted, and, as it were, ſpoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provok'd and inſtigated by his diſtemper, and forſooth, to ſearch his houſe for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he ſearch for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one miſtreſs Page; gives intelligence of

Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's diſtraction, they convey'd me into a buck-baſket.

Ford. A buck-baſket!

Fal. Yea, a buck-baſket: ramm'd me in with foul ſhirts and ſmocks, ſocks, foul ſtockings, and greaſy napkins; that, maſter Brook, there was the rankeſt compound of villanous ſmell, that ever offended noſtril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you ſhall hear, maſter Brook, what I have ſuffer'd to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the baſket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were call'd forth by their miſtreſs, to carry me in the name of foul cloaths to Datchet-lane: they took me on their ſhoulders; met the jealous knave their maſter in the door; who aſk'd them once or twice, what they had in their baſket: I quak'd for fear, leaſt the lunatic knave would have ſearch'd it; but fate, ordaining he ſhould be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a ſearch, and away went I for foul cloaths. But mark the ſequel, maſter Brook: I ſuffer'd the pangs of three [2] ſeveral deaths: firſt, an intolerable fright, to be detected with [3] a jealous rotten bell-weather: next, to be compaſs'd, like a good [4] bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be ſtopp'd in, like a ſtrong diſtillation, with ſtinking cloaths that fretted in their own greaſe: think of that,—a man

[2] ——*ſeveral deaths:*] Thus the folio and the moſt correct of the quartos. The firſt quarto reads——*egregious deaths.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*detected* with——] Thus the old copies. *With* was ſometimes uſed for *of*. So, a little after:

"I ſooner will ſuſpect the ſun *with* cold."

Detected *of* a jealous &c.] would have been the common grammar of the times. The modern editors read *by*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*bilbo,*——] A *bilbo* is a Spaniſh blade, of which the excellence is flexibleneſs and elaſticity. JOHNSON.

—*bilbo*, from *Bilboa*. STEEVENS.

of

of my [5] kidney—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stew'd in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse-shoe; think of that—hissing hot—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffer'd all this. My suit is then desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into Ætna, as I have been into Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a birding: I have receiv'd from her another embassy of meeting; 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, master Brook.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me [6] to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, master Brook; master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford. [*Exit.*

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? is this a dream? do I sleep? master Ford, awake; awake, master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, master Ford. This 'tis to be married! this 'tis to have linen, and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house: he cannot 'scape me; 'tis impossible he should; he cannot creep into a half-penny purse, nor into a pepper-box: but, lest the devil that guides him should

[5] —— *kidney*;] *Kidney* in this phrase now signifies *kind* or *qualities*, but Falstaff means, *a man whose kidnies are as fat as mine.* JOHNSON.

[6] —— *address me* ——] i. e. make myself ready. So in *K. Henry V*:

"To-morrow for our march we are *addrest*." STEEVENS.

 aid

aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make one mad, let the proverb go with me, [7] I'll be horn-mad. [*Exit.*

[8] ACT IV. SCENE I.

Page's house.

Enter Mrs. Page, Mrs. Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. Is he at master Ford's already, think'st thou?

Quic. Sure, he is by this; or will be presently: but truly, he is very courageous mad, about his throwing into the water. Mistress Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by; I'll but bring

[7] ——*I'll be horn-mad.*] There is no image which our author appears so fond of, as that of cuckold's horns. Scarcely a light character is introduced that does not endeavour to produce merriment by some allusion to horned husbands. As he wrote his plays for the stage rather than the press, he perhaps reviewed them seldom, and did not observe this repetition; or finding the jest, however frequent, still successful, did not think correction necessary. JOHNSON.

[8] This is a very trifling scene, of no use to the plot, and I should think of no great delight to the audience; but Shakespeare best knew what would please. JOHNSON.

We may suppose this scene to have been a very entertaining one to the audience for which it was written. Many of the old plays exhibit pedants instructing their scholars. Marston has a very long one in his *What you Will*, between a schoolmaster, and *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel*, &c. his pupils. The title of this play was perhaps borrowed by Shakespeare, to join to that of *Twelfth Night*. *What you Will*, appeared in 1607. *Twelfth Night*, in 1623. STEEVENS.

bring my young man here to ſchool: Look, where his maſter comes; 'tis a playing-day, I ſee.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, ſir Hugh? no ſchool to-day?

Eva. No; maſter Slender is let the boys leave to play.

Quic. Bleſſing of his heart!

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my huſband ſays, my ſon profits nothing in the world at his book; I pray you, aſk him ſome queſtions in his accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William;—hold up your head; come.

Mrs. Page. Come on, ſirrah; hold up your head; anſwer your maſter, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many numbers is in nouns?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly I thought there had been one number more; becauſe they ſay, od's nouns.

Eva. Peace your tatlings. What is *fair*, William?

Will. *Pulcher.*

Quic. Poulcats! there are fairer things than poulcats, ſure.

Eva. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman; I pray you, peace. What is *Lapis*, William?

Will. A ſtone.

Eva. And what is a ſtone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is *Lapis*; I pray you, remember in your prain.

Will. *Lapis.*

Eva. That is a good William: What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrow'd of the pronoun; and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter, nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, hig, hag, hog*;—pray you, mark: *genitivo, hujus*: Well, what is your *accuſative caſe*?

Will. *Accuſative, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have your remembrance, child; *Accusativo, hung, hang, hog.*

Quic. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman. What is the focative case, William?

Will. O—*vocativo*, O.

Eva. Remember, William; focative is, *caret.*

Quic. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *genitive case plural*, William?

Will. *Genitive case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive, horum, harum, horum*[9].

Quic. 'Vengeance of *Giney's* case! fie on her!—never name her, child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman.

Quic. You do ill to teach the child such words: he teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum:—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman art thou lunatics? hast thou no understanding for thy cases, and the numbers of the genders? thou art a foolish christian creatures, as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace.

Eva. Shew me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is *ki, kæ, cod*; if you forget your *kies*[1],

[9] ——*horum, harum, horum.*] Taylor, the water-poet, has borrowed this jest, such as it is, in his character of a strumpet:

" And come to *horum, harum, whorum*, then
" She proves a great proficient among men."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——your *kies*, your *kæs*, &c.] All this ribaldry is likewise found in Taylor the water-poet. See fol. edit. p. 106.

STEEVENS.

your

your *kæs*, and your *cods*, you muſt be preeches [2]. Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better ſcholar, than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good ſprag [3] memory. Farewell, miſtreſs Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good ſir Hugh. Get you home, boy.—Come, we ſtay too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Ford's houſe.

Enter Falſtaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Miſtreſs Ford, your ſorrow hath eaten up my ſufferance: I ſee, you are obſequious in your love, and I profeſs requital to a hair's breadth; not only, miſtreſs Ford, in the ſimple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you ſure of your huſband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, ſweet ſir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Within.*] What, hoa, goſſip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, ſir John. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, ſweetheart? who's at home beſides yourſelf?

[2] —you muſt be *preeches.*] Sir Hugh means to ſay—you muſt be *breech'd*: i. e. flogg'd. To *breech* is to *flog*. So, in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"I am no *breeching* ſcholar in the ſchools."

Again, in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Cry like a *breech'd* boy, not eat a bit." STEEVENS.

[3] —*ſprag*—] I am told that this word is ſtill uſed by the common people in the neighbourhood of Bath, where it ſignifies *ready*, *alert*, *ſprightly*, and is pronounced as if it was written—*ſprack*. STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—Speak louder. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes [4] again: [5] he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, [6] *Peer-out, peer-out!* that any madness, I ever yet beheld, seem'd but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he search'd for him, in a basket: protests to my husband, he is now here; and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion: but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you?—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murther.

[4] —— *lunes* ——] i. e. lunacy, frenzy. See a note on the *Winter's Tale.* The quarto 1630, and the folio, read *lines*, instead of *lunes*. The elder quartos —— his old *vaine* again. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *he so takes on* ——] *To take on*, which is now used for *to grieve*, seems to be used by our author for *to rage*. Perhaps it was applied to any passion. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *Peer-out*,] That is, *appear horns*. Shakespeare is at his old lunes. JOHNSON.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' the basket: May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came.—But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces: creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk, well, vault, but he hath an abstract [7] for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note: There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Ford. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, sir John; unless you go out disguis'd——How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day, I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise, he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity, rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is: and there's her thrum hat, and her muffler too [8]: Run up, sir John.

Mrs.

[7] ——an *abstract*——] i. e. a list, an inventory. STEEVENS.

[8] ——her *thrum* hat, and her *muffler* too:——] The *thrum* is the end of a weaver's warp, and we may suppose, was used for

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, ſweet ſir John: miſtreſs Page, and I, will look ſome linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dreſs you ſtraight: put on the gown the while. [*Exit Falſtaff.*

Mrs. Ford. I would, my huſband would meet him in this ſhape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he ſwears, ſhe's a witch; forbade her my houſe, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy huſband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my huſband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good ſadneſs, is he; and talks of the baſket too, howſoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the baſket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did laſt time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here preſently: let's go dreſs him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll firſt direct my men what they ſhall do with the baſket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him ſtraight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, diſhoneſt varlet! we cannot miſuſe him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honeſt too:
We do not act, that often jeſt and laugh;
'Tis old but true, *Still ſwine eat all the draugh.*

for the purpoſe of making coarſe hats. In the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"O fates, come, come,
"Cut thread and *thrum.*"

A *muffler* was ſome part of dreſs that covered the face. So, in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"Now is ſhe bare-fac'd to be ſeen:—ſtrait on her *Muffler* goes."

Again, in Laneham's account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment at Kenelworth caſtle, 1575: "——his mother lent him a nu *mufflar* for a napkin, that was tyed to hiz gyrdl for lozyng."

STEEVENS.

Mrs.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford.*

Enter Servants with the basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of the knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—Somebody call my wife:—Youth in a basket!—Oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say! come, come forth; behold what honest cloaths you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes[9]! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

[9] —this *passes!*] The force of the phrase I did not understand when our former impression of Shakespeare was prepared; and therefore gave these two words as part of an imperfect sentence. One of the obsolete senses of the verb, *to pass*, is, *to go beyond bounds*. So, in *Sir Clyomon, &c. Knight of the Golden Shield*, 1599:

"I have such a deal of substance here when Brian's men are slaine,
"That it *passeth*. Oh that I had while to stay!"

Again, in the translation of the *Menæchmi*, 1595: "This *passeth*, that I meet with none, but thus they vexe me with strange speeches." STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford;—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the cloaths out of the basket.*

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not asham'd? let the cloaths alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's cloaths? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket; Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; [1] this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

[1] —— *this wrongs you.*] This is below your character, unworthy of your understanding, injurious to your honour. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Bianca, being ill treated by her rugged sister, says:

"You *wrong* me much, indeed you *wrong* yourself."

JOHNSON.

Page.

Page. No, nor no where elſe but in your brain.

Ford. Help to ſearch my houſe this one time: if I find not what I ſeek, ſhew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-ſport; let them ſay of me, As jealous as Ford, that ſearch'd a hollow wall-nut for his wife's leman[2]. Satisfy me once more, once more ſearch with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, miſtreſs Page! come you, and the old woman down; my huſband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my houſe? She comes of errands, does ſhe? We are ſimple men; we do not know what's brought to paſs under the profeſſion of fortune-telling. She works by charms[3], by ſpells, by the figure, and ſuch daubery[4] as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch; you hag you, come down, I ſay.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, ſweet huſband;—good gentlemen, let him not ſtrike the old woman.

Enter Falſtaff in women's cloaths, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my doors, you witch! [*Beats him.*] you hag, you baggage, you poulcat,

[2] ——his wife's *leman.*] *Leman*, i. e. *lover*, is derived from *leef*, Dutch, *beloved*, and *man*. STEEVENS.

[3] *She works by charms*, &c.] Concerning ſome *old woman of Brentford*, there are ſeveral ballads; among the reſt, *Julian of Brentford's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1599. STEEVENS.

[4] ——ſuch *daubery*——] *Dauberies* are *diſguiſes*. So, in K. Lear Edgar ſays; "I cannot *daub* it further." STEEVENS.

you

you [5] ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you. [Exit Fal.

Mrs. Page. Are you not asham'd? I think, you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'omans has a great peard [6]; [7] I spy a great peard under his muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I [8] cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

[5] ——*ronyon!*——] *Ronyon*, applied to a woman, means, as far as can be traced, much the same with *scall* or *scab* spoken of a man. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Aroint thee witch, the rump-fed *ronyon* cries."

From *Rogneux*, Fr. So again: "The *roynish* clown," in *As you like it.* STEEVENS.

[6] ——a great *peard*;——] One of the marks of a supposed witch, was a *beard*. So in *Macbeth*:

"——you should be women,
"And yet your *beards* forbid me to interpret
"That you are so."

Again, in the *Duke's Mistress*, 1638:

"——a chin, without all controversy, good
"To go a fishing with; a *witches beard* on't."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*I spy a great peard under his muffler.*] As the second stratagem, by which Falstaff escapes, is much the grosser of the two, I wish it had been practised first. It is very unlikely that Ford, having been so deceived before, and knowing that he had been deceived, would suffer him to escape in so slight a disguise.

JOHNSON.

[8] —*cry out thus upon no trail,*—] The expression is taken from the hunters. *Trail* is the scent left by the passage of the game. *To cry out*, is to *open* or *bark*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"How chearfully on the false *trail* they *cry*:
"Oh this is counter, ye false Danish *dogs*!" STE

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come, gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. Page. Truſt me, he beat him moſt pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the maſs, that he did not; he beat him moſt unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious ſervice.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? may we, with the warrant of woman-hood, and the witneſs of a good conſcience, purſue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The ſpirit of wantonneſs is, ſure, ſcar'd out of him; if the devil have him not in fee-ſimple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waſte, attempt us again[9].

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our huſbands how we have ſerved him?

Mrs. Page. Yea, by all means; if it be but to ſcrape the figures out of your huſband's brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight ſhall be any further afflicted, we two will be ſtill the miniſters.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publickly ſham'd: and, methinks, there would be no period[1] to the jeſt, ſhould he not be publickly ſham'd.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then, ſhape it: I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*

[9] —*in the way of waſte, attempt us again.*] i. e. he will not make further attempts to ruin us, by corrupting our virtue, and deſtroying our reputation STEEVENS.

[1] —*no period*—] Shakeſpeare ſeems, by *no period*, to mean, *no proper cataſtrophe.* Of this Hanmer was ſo well perſuaded, that he thinks it neceſſary to read—no *right* period. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court: let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my houses a week at command; I have turn'd away my other guests: [2] they must come off; I'll sauce them; come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[2] ——*they must* COME *off*;——] This never can be our poet's or his host's meaning. *To come off* being, in other terms, *to go foot-free.* We must read, COMPT *off*, i. e. clear their reckoning. WARBURTON.

To come off, signifies, in our author, sometimes, *to be uttered with spirit and volubility.* In this place it seems to mean what is in our time expressed by *to come down*, to pay liberally and readily. These accidental and colloquial senses are the disgrace of language, and the plague of commentators. JOHNSON.

To come off, is, *to pay.* In this sense it is used by Massinger, in *The Unnatural Combat*, act IV. sc. ii. where a wench, demanding money of the father to keep his bastard, says: "*Will you come off, sir?*" Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"Do not your gallants *come off* roundly then?"

Again, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody*, 1633, p. 2: "——and then if he will not *come off*, carry him to the compter." Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1616:

"Hark in thine ear:—will he *come off* think'st thou, and pay my debts?"

Again, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"It is his meaning I should *come off*."

Again,

SCENE IV.

Ford's house.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best discretions of a 'omans as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: Henceforth do what thou wilt;
[3] I rather will suspect the sun with cold,

Than

Again, in *The Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652: "I am forty dollars better for that: an 'twould *come off* quicker 'twere nere a whit the worse for me." Again, in *A merye Jest of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date: "Therefore *come off* lightly, and geve me my mony." STEEVENS.

"They must *come off*, says mine host; I'll sauce them." This passage has exercised the critics. It is altered by Dr. Warburton; but there is no corruption, and Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted it. The quotation however from *Massinger*, which is referred to likewise by Mr. Edwards in his Canons of Criticism, scarcely satisfied Mr. Heath, and still less the last editor, who gives us, "They must *not* come off." It is strange that any one conversant in old language, should hesitate at this phrase. Take another quotation or two, that the difficulty may be effectually removed for the future. In John Heywood's play of the *Four P's*, the *pedlar* says:

——— "If you be willing to buy,
"Lay down money, *come of* quickly."

In *The Widow*, by Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton,—"if he will *come off* roundly, he'll set him free too." And, again, in *Fennor's Comptor's Commonwealth*:—"except I would *come off* roundly, I should be bar'd of that priviledge," &c. FARMER.

The phrase is used by Chaucer, *Friar's Tale*, 338. edit. Urry:

"*Come off*, and let me riden hastily,
Give me twelve pence; I may no longer tarie."

TYRWHITT.

[3] *rather will suspect the sun with cold*,] Thus the modern editors. The old ones read—with *gold*, which may mean, I rather

Than thee with wantonneſs: now doth thy honour ſtand,
In him that was of late an heretick,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in ſubmiſſion,
As in offence;
But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us publick ſport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him, and diſgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they ſpoke of.

Page. How! to ſend him word they'll meet him in the park
At midnight! fie, fie; he will never come.

Eva. You ſay, he hath been thrown into the rivers; and hath been grievouſly peaten, as an old 'oman: methinks, there ſhould be terrors in him, that he ſhould not come; methinks, his fleſh is puniſh'd, he ſhall have no deſires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Deviſe but how you'll uſe him when he comes,
And let us two deviſe to bring him hither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windſor foreſt,
Doth all the winter time, at ſtill midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragg'd horns;

ther will ſuſpect the ſun can be a thief, or be *corrupted by a bribe*, than thy honour can be betrayed to wantonneſs. Mr. Rowe ſilently made the change, which ſucceeding editors have as ſilently adopted. A thought of a ſimilar kind occurs in *Hen. IV. Part I*:

"Shall the bleſſed *ſun* of heaven prove a *micher*?"

I have not, however, diſplaced Mr. Rowe's emendation; as a zeal to preſerve old readings without diſtinction, may ſometimes prove as injurious to the author's reputation, as a deſire to introduce new ones, without attention to the quaintneſs of phraſeology then in uſe. STEEVENS.

And

And there he blaſts the tree, [4] and takes the cattle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and ſhakes a chain
In a moſt hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of ſuch a ſpirit; and well you know,
The ſuperſtitious idle-headed eld [5]
Receiv'd, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many, that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:
But what of this?

[6] *Mrs. Ford.* Marry, this is our device;——
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us.
We'll ſend him word to meet us in the field,
Diſguis'd like Herne, with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,
And in this ſhape; When you have brought him
thither,

What

[4] ——*and takes the cattle;*] To *take*, in Shakeſpeare, ſignifies to ſeize or ſtrike with a diſeaſe, to blaſt. So, in *Lear:*

"—— Strike her young bones,
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs." JOHNSON.

So, in Markham's *Treatiſe of Horſes*, 1595, chap. . "Of a horſe that is *taken*. A horſe that is bereft of his feeling, mooving, or ſtyrring, is ſaid to be *taken*, and in ſooth ſo hee is, in that he is arreſted by ſo villanous a diſeaſe; yet ſome farriors, not well underſtanding the ground of the diſeaſe, conſter the word *taken*, to be ſtriken by ſome planet or evil-ſpirit, which is falſe, &c." Thus our poet:

——"No planets *ſtrike*, no fairy *takes*." TOLLET.

[5] ——idle-headed *eld*] *Eld* ſeems to be uſed here, for what our poet calls in *Macbeth*—the *olden time*. It is employed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, to expreſs *age* and *decrepitude:*

"——— doth beg the alms
"Of palſied *eld*." STEEVENS.

[6] Mrs. Ford. *Marry, this is our device;*——
That Falſtaff at that oak ſhall meet with us.
Page. *Well, let it not be doubted, but he'll come,*
And in this ſhape; when you have brought him thither.] Thus this paſſage has been tranſmitted down to us, from the time of the firſt edition by the players: but what was this ſhape, in which Falſtaff was to be appointed to meet? For the women have not

ſaid

What ſhall be done with him? what is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewiſe we have thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little ſon,
And three or four more of their growth, we'll dreſs
Like urchins [7], ouphes, and fairies, green and white,
With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands; upon a ſudden,
As Falſtaff, ſhe, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a ſaw-pit ruſh at once
[8] With ſome diffuſed ſong: upon their ſight,
We two in great amazedneſs will fly:
Then let them all encircle him about,
[9] And, fairy-like, to-pinch the unclean knight;
And

ſaid one word to aſcertain it. This makes it more than ſuſpicious, the defect in this point muſt be owing to ſome wiſe retrenchment. The two intermediate lines, which I have reſtored from the old quarto, are abſolutely neceſſary, and clear up the matter. THEOBALD.

[7] — *urchins, ouphes,* —] The primitive ſignification of *urchin* is a hedge-hog. In this ſenſe it is uſed in the *Tempeſt*. Hence it comes to ſignify any thing little and dwarfiſh. *Ouph* is the Teutonic word for a *fairy* or *goblin*. STEEVENS.

[8] *With ſome diffuſed ſong:* —] A [illegible] that ſtrikes out into wild ſentiments beyond the bounds of nature, ſuch as thoſe whoſe ſubject is fairy land. WARBURTON.

Diffuſed may mean *confuſed*. So in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 553: "Rice, quoth he, (i. e. Cardinal Wolſey,) ſpeak you Welch to them: I doubt not but thy ſpeech ſhall be more *diffuſe* to him, than his French ſhall be to me." TOLLET.

[illegible] Shakeſpeare may mean ſuch irregular ſongs as mad people ſing. Edgar in *K. Lear*, when he has determined to aſſume the [illegible] of a travelling lunatic, declares his reſolution to [illegible] *ſpeech*, i. e. to give it the turn peculiar to madneſs. STEEVENS.

[9] *And, fairy-like,* TO *pinch the unclean knight;*] The grammar requires us to read:

And, fairy-like TOO, *pinch the unclean knight.* WARB.

This ſhould perhaps be written *to-pinch*, as one word. This uſe of *to* in compoſition with verbs, is very common in Gower and Chaucer, but muſt have been rather antiquated in the time of Shakeſpeare. See, Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. iv. fol. [illegible]:

"All *to-tore* is myn araie."

And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape prophane?

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound [1],
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,
And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their behaviours; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taber.

Ford. This will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,
Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. [2] That silk will I go buy; and, in that time
Shall

And Chaucer, *Reeve's Tale*, 1169:
"——mouth and nose *to-broke.*"
The construction will otherwise be very hard. TYRWHITT.

I add a few more instances to shew that this use of the preposition *to* was not entirely antiquated. Spenser's *F. Q.* b. iv. c. 7:
"With briers and bushes all *to-rent* and scratched."
Again, b. v. c. 8:
"With locks all loose, and raiment all *to-tore.*"
Again, b. v. c. 9:
"Made of strange stuffe, but all *to-worne* and ragged,
"And underneath the breech was all *to-torne* and jagged."
Again, in the *Three Lords of London*, 1590:
"The post at which he runs, and all *to-burns* it."
Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:
"Watchet sattin doublet, all *to-torn.*" STEEVENS.

[1] —*pinch him sound,*] i. e. *soundly.* The adjective used as an adverb. The modern editors read——*round.* STEEVENS.

[2] *That silk will I go buy;—and, in that time*] Mr. Theobald, referring *that time* to the time of buying the silk, alters it to *tire.* But there

Shall master Slender steal my Nan away, [*Aside.*
And marry her at Eaton.——Go, send to Falstaff
straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the name of Brook:
He'll tell me all his purpose. Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: Go, get us properties[3]
And [4] tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: It is admirable pleasures, and
fery honest knaveries. [*Ex. Page, Ford, and Evans.*

Mrs. Page. Go, mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to sir John, to know his mind.
[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*
I'll to the doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an ideot;
And he my husband best of all affects:
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her.
[*Exit.*

there is no need of any change; *that time* evidently relating to the time of the mask with which Falstaff was to be entertained, and which makes the whole subject of this dialogue. Therefore the common reading is right. WARBURTON.

3 ——*properties*——] *Properties* are little incidental necessaries to a theatre, exclusive of scenes and dresses. So, in the *Taming the Shrew*: "——a shoulder of mutton for a *property*." STEEVENS.

4 ——*tricking* for our fairies.] To *trick*, is to dress out. So, in *Milton*:
"Not *trick'd* and frounc'd as she was wont,
"With the Attic boy to hunt;
"But kerchief'd in a homely cloud." STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Garter inn.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What would'st thou have, boor? what, thick-skin [5]? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Simp. Marry, sir, I come to speak with sir John Falstaff from master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his [6] standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new: Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an *Anthropophaginian* [7] unto thee: Knock, I say.

Simp. There's an old woman, a fat woman gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, 'till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robb'd: I'll call.——Bully knight! Bully sir John! speak

[5] ——*what, thick-skin?*] I meet with this term of abuse in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, book vi. chap. 30:

"That he so foul a *thick-skin* should so fair a lady catch."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*standing-bed, and truckle-bed;*——] The usual furniture of chambers in that time was a standing-bed, under which was a *trochle*, *truckle*, or *running* bed. In the standing-bed lay the master, and in the truckle-bed the servant. So, in Hall's *Account of a Servile Tutor:*

"He lieth in the *truckle-bed*,
"While his young master lieth o'er his head." JOHNSON.

So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"When I lay in a *trundle-bed* under my tutor."

And here the tutor has the upper bed. Again, in Heywood's *Royal King*, &c. 1637: "——shew these gentlemen into a close room with a *standing-bed* in't, and a *truckle* too." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*Anthropophaginian*——] i. e. a canibal. See *Othello*, act I. sc. iii. It is here used as a sounding word to astonish *Simple*. *Ephesian*, which follows, has no more meaning. STEEVENS.

from

from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Falstaff above.

Fal. How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a [8] Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman: Let her descend, bully, let her descend; my chambers are honourable: Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry was it, [9] mussel-shell; What would you with her?

Simp. My master, sir, master Slender sent to her, seeing her go through the street, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguil'd him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguil'd master Slender of his chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the wo-

[8] ——*Bohemian-Tartar*——] The French call a *Bohemian* what we call a *Gypsey*; but I believe the Host means nothing more than, by a wild appellation, to insinuate that Simple makes a strange appearance. JOHNSON.

In Germany, there were several companies of vagabonds, &c. called *Tartars* and Zigens. "These were the same in my opinion," says Mezeray, "as those the French call *Bohemians*, and the English Gypsies." Bulteel's *Translation of Mezeray's History of France*, under the year 1417. TOLLET.

[9] ——*mussel-shell*;——] He calls poor Simple *mussel-shell*, because he stands with his mouth open. JOHNSON.

man

man herſelf; I had other things to have ſpoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Hoſt. Ay, come; quick.

Simp. I may not conceal them, ſir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou dy'ſt.

Simp. Why, ſir, they were nothing but about miſtreſs Anne Page; to know, if it were my maſter's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Simp. What, ſir?

Fal. To have her,—or no: Go; ſay the woman told me ſo.

Simp. May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, ſir [1]?

Fal. Ay, ſir Tike; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your worſhip: I ſhall make my maſter glad with theſe tidings. [*Exit Simple.*

Hoſt. Thou art clerkly [2], thou art clerkly, ſir John: Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine hoſt; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learn'd before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning [3].

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Out, alas, ſir! cozenage! meer cozenage!

[1] Simple. *May I be ſo bold to ſay ſo, ſir?*
Falſtaff. *Ay, ſir, like who more bold.*] In the firſt edition, the latter ſpeech ſtands:
I Tike, who more bolde.——And ſhould plainly be read here, Ay, *ſir Tike*, &c. FARMER.

[2] ——*clerkly*,—] i. e. ſcholar-like. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"——'Tis very *clerkly* done. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*paid* nothing for it neither, but was *paid* for my learning.] He alludes to the beating which he had juſt received. The ſame play on words occurs in *Cymbeline*, act V. "——ſorry you have *paid* too much, and ſorry that you are *paid* too much." STEEVENS.

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eaton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustus's [4].

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they are fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin-germans, that has cozen'd all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good will, look you: you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd: Fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre*

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: But it is tell-a-me, dat you make a grand preparation for a duke *de Jamany*: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat the court is know, to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go! assist me, knight; I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone! [*Exit.*

Fal. I would all the world might be cozen'd; for

[4] —three *German* devils, three *Doctor Faustus's*.] *John Faust*, commonly called *Doctor Faustus*, was a *German*. STEEVENS.

I have

I have been cozen'd, and beaten too. If it ſhould come to the ear of the court, how I have been tranſform'd, and how my transformation hath been waſh'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fiſhermens' boots with me; I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as creſt-faln as a dry'd pear. I never proſper'd ſince I foreſwore myſelf at [5] *Primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to ſay my prayers, I would repent.——

Enter Miſtreſs Quickly.

Now! whence come you?

Quic. From the two parties, forſooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and ſo they ſhall be both beſtow'd! I have ſuffer'd more for their ſakes, more, than the villainous inconſtancy of man's diſpoſition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they ſuffer'd? yes, I warrant; ſpeciouſly one of them; miſtreſs Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot ſee a white ſpot about her.

Fal. What tell'ſt thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myſelf into all the colours of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, counterfeiting the [6] action of an old woman, deliver'd me,

[5] ——*Primero.*] A game at cards. JOHNSON.

——ſince I foreſwore myſelf at *Primero.*] *Primero* was in Shakeſpeare's time the faſhionable game. In the Earl of Northumberland's letters about the powder plot, Joſc. Percy was playing at *Primero* on Sunday, when his uncle, the conſpirator, called on him at Eſſex Houſe. This game is again mentioned in our author's *Hen.* VIII. PERCY.

[6] ——*action of an old woman,*——] What! was it any dexterity of wit in Sir John Falſtaff to counterfeit the action of an *old* woman, in order to eſcape being apprehended for a *witch*? Surely, one would imagine, this was the readieſt means to bring him into ſuch a ſcrape: for none but *old* women have ever been ſuſpected of being *witches*. The text muſt certainly be reſtor'd, *a wood* woman, a crazy,

me, the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks, for a witch.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, [7] what ado is here to bring you together! sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak: Assist me in my purpose,
And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee
A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you
With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;
Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection
(So far forth as herself might be her chuser)

a crazy, frantick woman; one too wild, and silly, and unmeaning, to have either the malice, or mischievous subtlety of a witch in her. THEOBALD.

This emendation is received by Sir Thomas Hanmer, but rejected by Dr. Warburton. To me it appears reasonable enough.
JOHNSON.

I am not certain that this change is necessary. Falstaff, by counterfeiting such weakness and infirmity, as would naturally be pitied in an old woman, averted the punishment to which he would otherwise have been subjected, on the supposition that he was a witch. STEEVENS.

[7] —*what ado is here to bring you together!*—] The great fault of this play is the frequency of expressions so profane, that no necessity of preserving character can justify them. There are laws of higher authority than those of criticism. JOHNSON.

Even

Even to my wish:. I have a letter from her
Of such contents as you will wonder at;
The mirth whereof's so larded with my matter,
That neither, singly, can be manifested,
Without the shew of both: Fat sir John Falstaff
Hath a great scene; the image of the jest[8]

[*Shewing a letter.*

I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine host:
To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,
Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen;
The purpose why, is here[9]; in which disguise,
While other jests are something rank on foot[1],
Her father hath commanded her to slip
Away with Slender, and with him at Eaton
Immediately to marry: she hath consented: now, sir,
Her mother, even strong against that match[2],
And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their minds[3],
And at the deanery, where a priest attends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's plot
She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor:—Now, thus it rests;
Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his time

[8] ——the *image* of the jest] *Image* is *representation*. So, in *K. Rich.* III:

"And liv'd by looking on his *images*." STEEVENS.

[9] ——is *here*; ——] i. e. in the letter. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*are somewhat rank on foot*,] i. e. while they are hotly pursuing other merriment of their own. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*even* strong against that match,] Thus the old copies. The modern editors read *ever*, but perhaps without necessity. *Even* strong, is *as strong*, *with a similar degree of strength*. So, in *Hamlet*: "—*even* christian," is *fellow* christian. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*tasking* of their minds,] So, in another play of our author:

——some things of weight
"That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France."
STEEVENS.

To

To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She ſhall go with him:—her mother hath intended,
The better to devote [4] her to the doctor,
(For they muſt all be maſk'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green [5], ſhe ſhall be looſe enrob'd,
With ribbands pendant, flaring 'bout her head;
And when the doctor ſpies his vantage ripe,
To pinch her by the hand, and, on that token,
The maid hath given conſent to go with him.

Hoſt. Which means ſhe to deceive? father or mother?

Fent. Both, my good hoſt, to go along with me:
And here it reſts,—that you'll procure the vicar
To ſtay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and one,
And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Hoſt. Well, huſband your device; I'll to the vicar:
Bring you the maid, you ſhall not lack a prieſt.

Fent. So ſhall I evermore be bound to thee;
Beſides, I'll make a preſent recompence. [*Exeunt.*

4 ——to *devote*——] We might read—*denote*. So afterwards:
" ——the white will *decipher* her well enough." STEEVENS.

5 ——*quaint* in green,—— may mean fantaſtically dreſt in green. So, in Milton's *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle:*
" ——left the place,
" And this *quaint* habit, breed aſtoniſhment."
Quaintneſs, however, was anciently uſed to ſignify *gracefulneſs*. So, in Greene's *Dialogue between a He and She Coney-catcher*, 1592: " I began to think what a handſome man he was, and wiſhed that he would come and take a night's lodging with me, ſitting in a dump to think of the *quaintneſs* of his perſonage." In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act III. ſc. i. *quaintly* is uſed for *ingeniouſly*:
" —— ladder *quaintly* made of cords." STEEVENS.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more pratling;—go.—I'll hold: This is the third time; I hope, good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go; they say, there is divinity in odd numbers, either in nativity, chance, or death.—Away.

Quic. I'll provide you a chain; and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns. [*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up your head; and mince[6].

Enter Ford.

How now, master Brook? Master Brook, the matter will be known to-night, or never. Be you in the Park about midnight, at Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, sir, as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, master Brook, as you see, like a poor old man: but I came from her, master Brook, like a poor old woman. That same knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever govern'd frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliah with a weaver's beam; because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I pluck'd

[6] ——*hold up your head, and* mince.] To *mince* is to walk with affected delicacy. So, in the *Merchant of Venice:*
" ———turn two *mincing* steps
" Into a manly stride. STEEVENS.

geese, play'd truant, and whipp'd top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange things of this knave Ford; on whom to-night I will be reveng'd, and I will deliver his wife into your hand.—Follow: Strange things in hand, master Brook! follow.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Windsor Park.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies.—Remember, son Slender, my daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with her, and we have a nay-word [7] how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too; But what needs either your *mum*, or her *budget*? the white will decipher her well enough.—It hath struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! [8] No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

7 ——a *nay-word*——] i. e. a watch-word. Mrs. Quickly has already used it in this sense. STEEVENS.

8 ——*No* MAN *means evil but the devil*,——] This is a double blunder; for some, of whom this was spoke, were women. We should read them, *No* ONE *means*. WARBURTON.

There is no blunder. In the ancient interludes and moralities, the beings of supreme power, excellence, or depravity, are occasionally styled *men*. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Dogberry says: "God's a good *man*." Again, in an Epitaph, part of which has been borrowed as an absurd one, by Mr. Pope and his associates, who were not very well acquainted with ancient phraseology:

"Do

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Dr. Caius.

Mrs. Page. Master doctor, my daughter is in green: when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly: Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do; Adieu. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? [9] and the Welch devil Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak [1], with obscur'd lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

"Do all we can,
"Death is a *man*
"That never spareth none."

Again, in *Jeronimo, or the First Part of the Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:
"You're the last *man* I thought on, save the *devil*."
STEEVENS.

9 ——*and the Welch devil Evans?*] The former impression, *and the Welch devil Herne?* But Falstaff was to represent Herne, and he was no Welchman. Where was the attention or sagacity of our editors, not to observe that Mrs. Ford is enquiring for Evans by the name of the Welch devil? Dr. Thirlby likewise discover'd the blunder of this passage. THEOBALD.

I suppose only the letter *H.* was set down in the MS; and therefore, instead of *Hugh* (which seems to be the true reading,) the editors substituted *Herne*. STEEVENS.

1 —in a *pit* hard by *Herne's oak*,——] An *oak*, which may be that alluded to by Shakespeare, is still standing close to a *pit* in Windsor forest. It is yet shewn as the *oak of Herne*.
STEEVENS.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amaz'd, he will be mock'd; if he be amaz'd, he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery,
Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on; To the oak, to the oak! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-'ords, do as I pid you; Come, come; trib, trib. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Falstaff with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns.—Oh powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda;—Oh, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault!—and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl;—think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do [2]? For

[2] —*When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do?*] Shakespeare had perhaps in his thoughts, the argument which Cherea employed in a similar situation. *Ter. Eun. act* III. *sc* v:
" —Quia

For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i' the forest:—Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow [3]? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes [4]; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits [5], and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs.

"————Quia consimilem luserat
"Jam olim ille ludum, impendio magis animus gaudebat mihi
"Deum sese in hominem convertisse, atque per alienas tegulas
"Venisse clanculum per impluvium, fucum factum mulieri.
"At quem deum? qui templa cœli summa sonitu concutit.
"*Ego homuncio hoc non facerem?* Ego vero illud ita feci, ac lubens."

A translation of Terence was published in 1598. MALONE.

[3] — *Send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow?*—] This, I find, is technical. In Turberville's *Booke of Hunting*, 1575: "During the time of their rut, the harts live with small sustenance.——The red mushrome helpeth well to make them *pysse their greace*, they are then in so vehement heate, &c." FARMER.

In Ray's *Collection of Proverbs*, the phrase is yet further explained: "*He has piss'd his tallow.* This is spoken of bucks who grow lean after rutting-time, and may be applied to men."

STEEVENS.

[4] — rain potatoes;——] *Potatoes*, when they were first introduced in England, were supposed to be strong provocatives. See Mr. Collins's note on a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, act V. sc. ii.

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*kissing-comfits*,——] These were sugar-plums, perfum'd to make the breath sweet. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"——Sure your pistol holds
"Nothing but perfumes or *kissing-comfits*."

In *Swetnam Arraign'd*, 1620, these confections are called—"*kissing-causes*." "Their very breath is sophisticated with amber-pellets, and *kissing-causes*." Again, in *The Siege, or Love's Con-*

vert,

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. [6] Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the [7] fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford.
Mrs. Page. } Away, away.

[*The women run out.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd,

vert, by Cartwright: "——kept *musk-plumbs* continually in my mouth, &c." Again, in *A Very Woman*, by Massinger:

"*Comfits* of ambergris to help our *kisses*."

For eating these, queen Mab may be said, in *Romeo and Juliet*, to *plague their lips with blisters*. STEEVENS.

[6] *Divide me like a* brib'd buck,——] Thus all the old copies, mistakingly: it must be *bribe-buck*; i. e. a buck sent for a bribe. THEOBALD.

[7] ——*fellow of this walk*,——] Who the *fellow* is, or why he keeps his shoulders for him, I do not understand. JOHNSON.

To the keeper the *shoulders* and *humbles* belong as a perquisite. GRAY.

So, in *Friar Bacon, and Friar Bungay*, 1599:

"Butter and cheese, and *humbles* of a deer,

"Such as poor keepers have within their lodge."

So, in Holinshed, 1586, vol. I. p. 204: "The keeper, by a custom——hath the skin, head, *umbles*, chine and *shoulders*." STEEVENS.

A *walk*, is that district in a forest, to which the jurisdiction of a particular keeper extends. So, in *Lodge's Rosalynd*, 1592:

"Tell me forester, under whom maintainest thou thy *walke*?"

Again, *ibid.* "Thus, for two or three days he walked up and down with his brother, to shew him all the commodities that belonged to his *walke*." MALONE.

lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he never would else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh like a satyr; Quickly, and others, dress'd like fairies, with tapers.

Quic. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
[8] You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office, and your quality.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys [9].

Cricket,

[8] *You* ORPHAN-*heirs of fixed destiny,*] But why *orphan-heirs?* Destiny, whom they succeeded, was yet in being. Doubtless the poet wrote:

You OUPHEN *heirs of fixed destiny,*

i. e. you *elves*, who minister, and succeed in some of the works of destiny. They are called, in this play, both before and afterwards, *ouphes*; here *ouphen*; *en* being the plural termination of Saxon nouns. For the word is from the Saxon Alpenn, *lamiæ, dæmones.* Or it may be understood to be an adjective, as *wooden, woolen, golden,* &c. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton corrects *orphan* to *ouphen*; and not without plausibility, as the word *ouphes* occurs both before and afterwards. But, I fancy, in acquiescence to the vulgar doctrine, the address in this line is to a part of the *troop*, as mortals by birth, but adopted by the fairies: *orphans* in respect of their real parents, and now only dependent on *destiny* herself. A few lines from Spenser will sufficiently illustrate this passage:

"The man whom *heavens* have *ordaynd* to be
"The spouse of *Britomart* is *Arthegall*:
"He wonneth in the land of *Fayeree*,
"Yet is no *Fary* borne, ne sib at all,
"To elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
"And whilome by false *Faries* stolen away,
"Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall, &c."

Edit. 1590. b. iii. st. 26.
FARMER.

[9] *Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.*

Eva. *Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.*] These two lines were certainly intended to rhime together, as the preceding and subsequent couplets do; and accordingly, in the old editions,

Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry [1]:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die;
I'll wink and couch; No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Eva. Where's *Bede*?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, hath thrice her prayers said,
[2] Rein up the organs of her fantasy;
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy:
But

editions, the final words of each line are printed, *eyes* and *toyes*. This therefore is a striking instance of the inconvenience which has arisen from modernizing the orthography of Shakespeare.
TYRWHITT.

[1] ——as *bilberry*.] The *bilberry* is the *whortleberry*. Fairies were always supposed to have a strong aversion to sluttery. Thus, in the old song of *Robin Good Fellow*. See Dr. Percy's *Reliques*, &c. vol. III:

"When house or hearth doth sluttish lye,
"I pinch the maidens black and blue, &c."
STEEVENS.

[2] RAISE *up the organs of her fantasy*;] The sense of this speech is—that she, who had performed her religious duties, should be secure against the illusion of fancy; and have her sleep, like that of infancy, undisturbed by disordered dreams. This was then the popular opinion, that evil spirits had a power over the fancy; and, by that means, could inspire wicked dreams into those who, on their going to sleep, had not recommended themselves to the protection of heaven. So Shakespeare makes Imogen, on her lying down, say:

From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye!

As this is the sense, let us see how the common reading expresses it;

Raise *up the organs of her fantasy*;

i. e. inflame her imagination with sensual ideas; which is just the contrary to what the poet would have the speaker say. We cannot therefore but conclude he wrote:

REIN *up the organs of her fantasy*;

But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and
shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
[3] In state as wholsome, as in state 'tis fit;
[4] Worthy the owner, and the owner it.

The

i. e. *curb* them, that she be no more disturbed by irregular imaginations, than children in their sleep. For he adds immediately:

Sleep she as sound as careless infancy.

So, in *The Tempest:*

"Give not dalliance too much the REIN."

And, in *Measure for Measure:*

"I give my sensual race the REIN."

To give the rein, being just the contrary *to rein up.* The same thought he has again in *Macbeth:*

"—— Merciful powers!
"Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
"Gives way to in repose." WARBURTON.

This is highly plausible; and yet, *raise up the organs of her fantasy,* may mean, *elevate her ideas above sensuality, exalt them to the noblest contemplation.* STEEVENS.

[3] *In state as wholesome,* ——] The Oxford editor, not knowing the meaning of *wholesome,* has altered it to,

In site as wholsom,

and so has made the wish a most absurd one. For the site or situation must needs be what it is, till the general destruction. But *wholsom* here signifies *integer.* He wishes the castle may stand in its present state of perfection, which the following words plainly shew:

—— *as in state 'tis fit.* WARBURTON.

[4] *Worthy the owner,* AND *the owner it.*] *And* cannot be the true reading. The context will not allow it; and his court to queen Elizabeth directs us to another:

—— AS *the owner it.*

For, sure he had more address than to content himself with wishing a thing *to be,* which his complaisance must suppose actually *was,* namely, the worth of the owner. WARBURTON.

Surely this change is unnecessary. The fairy wishes that the castle and its owner, *till the day of doom,* may be worthy of each other.

[5] The several chairs of order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
[6] In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;

Like

other. Queen Elizabeth's worth was not devolvable, as we have seen by the conduct of her foolish successor. The prayer of the fairy is therefore sufficiently reasonable and intelligible, without alteration. STEEVENS.

[5] *The several chairs of order, look you scour With juice of balm,* &c.] It was an article of our ancient luxury, to rub tables, &c. with aromatic herbs. Pliny informs us, that the Romans did the same, to drive away evil spirits. STEEVENS.

[6] *In emerald-tufts, flowers* PURPLE, *blue, and white;*
Like saphire, pearl, AND *rich embroidery,*] These lines are most miserably corrupted. In the words—*Flowers purple, blue, and white*—the *purple* is left uncompared. To remedy this, the editors, who seem to have been sensible of the imperfection of the comparison, read, AND *rich embroidery*; that is, according to them, as the blue and white flowers are compared to saphire and pearl, the *purple* is compared to *rich embroidery*. Thus, instead of mending one false step, they have made two, by bringing *saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery* under one predicament. The lines were wrote thus by the poet:

In emerald-tufts, flowers PURFLED, *blue, and white;*
Like saphire, pearl, IN *rich embroidery.*

i. e. let there be blue and white flowers *worked* on the greensward, like saphire and pearl *in* rich embroidery. To *purfle*, is to over-lay with tinsel, gold thread, &c. so our ancestors called a certain lace of this kind of work a *purfling-lace*. 'Tis from the French *pourfiler*. So Spenser:

" —— she was yclad,
" All in a silken camus, lilly white,
" PURFLED upon, with many a folded plight."

The change of *and* into *in*, in the second verse, is necessary. For flowers worked, or *purfled* in the grass, were not like saphire and pearl simply, but saphire and pearl in embroidery. How the corrupt reading *and* was introduced into the text, we have shewn above. WARBURTON.

Whoever

Like saphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knight-hood's bending knee;
Fairies use flowers for their [7] charactery.
Away; disperse: But, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanthorns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man [8] of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy!
Lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Eva. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth [9].

Quic.

Whoever is convinced by Dr. Warburton's note, will shew he has very little studied the manner of his author, whose splendid incorrectness in this instance, as in many others, is surely preferable to the insipid regularity proposed in its room. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*charactery.*] For the matter with which they make letters. JOHNSON.

So, in another of our author's plays:
"All the *charactery* of my sad brows."
i. e. all that seems to be written on them. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*of middle earth.*] Spirits are supposed to inhabit the ethereal regions, and fairies to dwell under ground, men therefore are in a middle station. JOHNSON.

So, in the ancient metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:
"Thou mayst them flea with dint of swearde,
"And win the fayrest mayde *of middle erde.*"

Again:
"————————the best knight
"That ever was *in middle earde.*"

Again, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, fol. 26:
"Adam, for pride lost his price
"In *myddell erth.*"

Again, in an ancient alliterative ode, quoted by Mr. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*:
"*Middel-erd* for mon was made." STEEVENS.

[9] *Vile* worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth.] The old copy reads—*vild.* That *vild*, which so often occurs in these plays,

Quic. [1] With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Eva. A trial, come.——

[*They burn him with their tapers, and pinch him.*

Come, will this wood take fire?

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!—
About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhime:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

Eva. [2] It is right; indeed, he is full of leacheries and iniquity.

The SONG.

Fie on sinful phantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury [3]*!*
[4] *Lust is but a bloody fire,*
Kindled with unchaste desire,

Fed

plays, was not an error of the press, but the pronunciation of the time, appears from these lines of Heywood, in his *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

"EARTH. What goddess, or how *styl'd?*
"AGE. *Age*, am I call'd.
"EARTH. Hence false virago *wild.*" MALONE.

[1] *With trial-fire*, &c.] So Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess*:

"In this flame his finger thrust,
"Which will burn him if he lust;
"But if not, away will turn,
"As loth unspotted flesh to burn." STEEVENS.

[2] Eva. *It is right, indeed,*——] This short speech, which is very much in character for sir Hugh, I have inserted from the old quarto, 1619. THEOBALD.

[3] ——and *luxury!*] *Luxury* is here used for *incontinence*. So, in *King Lear*: "To't *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack soldiers." STEEVENS.

[4] *Lust is but a* bloody *fire,*] So the old copies. I once thought it should be read:

Lust is but a cloudy *fire,*

Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till candles, and star-light, and moon-shine be out.

[5] *During this song, they pinch him* [6]. *Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and he takes away a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.*

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter, serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
[7] See you these, husband? do not these fair yoaks
Become the forest better than the town?

Ford.

but sir T. Hanmer reads with less violence:

Lust is but i' the blood a *fire*. JOHNSON.

Either emendation is unnecessary. A *bloody fire*, means *a fire in the blood*. In *The Second Part of Hen. IV.* act iv. the same expression occurs:

" Led on by *bloody* youth," &c.

i. e. sanguine youth. STEEVENS.

[5] *During this song,*——] This direction I thought proper to insert from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

[6] — *they* pinch *him.*] So, in Lylly's *Endymion*, 1591: " The fairies dance, and, with a song *pinch* him." And, in his *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600, they threaten the same punishment. STEEVENS.

[7] *See you these, husband? do not these fair* oaks
Become the forest better than the town?] What *oaks*, in the name of nonsense, do our sagacious editors make Mrs. Page talk of? The *oaks* in the *park*? But there was no intention of transplanting them into the *town* — *Talis inscitiæ me quidem pudet, pigetque.* The first folio reads, as the poet intended, *yoaks:* and Mrs.

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprize of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a receiv'd belief, in despight of the teeth of all rhime and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent[8], when 'tis upon ill employment!

Eva.

Mrs. Page's meaning is this. She speaks to her own, and Mrs. Ford's husband, and asks them, if they see the *horns* in Falstaff's hand; and then, alluding to them as the types of *cuckoldom*, puts the question, whether those *yoaks* are not more proper in the *forest* than in the *town*, i. e. than in their families, as a reproach to them? THEOBALD.

Shakespeare may use *oaks* for *branches*. *Branching* is an epithet as commonly bestowed on *horns* as on *trees*. STEEVENS.

[8] —*how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent*,——] A Jack o' Lent appears to have been some puppet which was thrown at in Lent, like Shrove-tide cocks.

So, in the old comedy of *Lady Alimony*, 1659:

"——throwing cudgels
"At *Jack-a-lents*, or Shrove-cocks."

Again, in *The Wild Goose Chace* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"I would be married sooner to a monkey,
"Or to a *Jack of Straw*."

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed*:

"——if I forfeit,
"Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins
"For untagg'd points, and counters."——

Again,

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave your jealousies also, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I lay'd my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize[9]? 'tis time I were choak'd with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? this is enough to be the decay of lust and late-walking, through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puff'd man?

Page. Old, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*:
"——on an Ash-wednesday,
"Where thou didst stand six weeks the *Jack o' Lent*,
"For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee." STEEV.

[9] —*a coxcomb of frize?*—] i. e. a fool's cap made out of Welch materials. Wales was famous for this cloth. So, in *K. Edward I.* 1599: "Enter Lluellin, alias prince of Wales, &c. with swords and bucklers, and *frieze* jerkins." Again: "Enter Sussex, &c. with a mantle of *frieze*." "—my boy shall weare a mantle of this country's weaving, to keep him warm." STEEVENS.

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and ſacks, and wines, and metheglins, and to drinkings, and ſwearings, and ſtarings, pribbles and prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your theme; you have the ſtart of me; I am dejected; I am not able to anſwer the Welch flannel [1]; [2] ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me: uſe me as you will.

Ford. Marry, ſir, we'll bring you to Windſor, to one maſter Brook, that you cozen'd of money, to whom you ſhould have been a pandar: over and above that you have ſuffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

[3] *Mrs. Ford.* Nay, huſband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that ſum, and ſo we'll all be friends.

Ford.

[1] ——*the Welch flannel*;——] The very word is derived from a *Welch* one, ſo that it is almoſt unneceſſary to add that *flannel* was originally the manufacture of Wales. In the old play of *King Edward* I. 1599: "Enter Hugh ap David, Guenthian his wench in *flannel*, and Jacke his novice." Again:

"Here's a wholeſome Welch wench,
"Lapt in her *flannel*, as warm as wool." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ignorance itſelf is a plummet o'er me*:——] Though this be perhaps not unintelligible, yet it is an odd way of confeſſing his dejection. I ſhould wiſh to read:

——*ignorance itſelf* has a plume o' *me*:

That is, I am ſo depreſſed, that ignorance itſelf plucks me, and decks itſelf with the ſpoils of my weakneſs. Of the preſent reading, which is probably right, the meaning may be, I am ſo enfeebled, that *ignorance itſelf* weighs me down and oppreſſes me. JOHNSON.

"Ignorance itſelf, ſays Falſtaff, is a *plummet* o'er me." If any alteration be neceſſary, I think, "Ignorance itſelf is a *planet* o'er me," would have a chance to be right. Thus Bobadil excuſes his cowardice: "Sure I was ſtruck with a *planet*, for I had no power to touch my *weapon*." FARMER.

Dr. Farmer might have ſupported his conjecture by a paſſage in *K. Henry* VI. where queen Margaret ſays, that Suffolk's face:

"——rul'd like a wandring *planet over* me." STEEVENS.

Perhaps Falſtaff's meaning may be this: "Ignorance itſelf is a plummet *o'er me*: i. e. *above me*;" ignorance itſelf is not ſo low as I am, by the length of a *plummet-line*. TYRWHITT.

[3] Mrs. Ford. *Nay, huſband*,—] This and the following little ſpeech I have inſerted from the old quartos. The retrenchment, I pre-

Ford. Well, here's my hand; all's forgiven at last.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to [6] laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee: Tell her, master Slender hath marry'd her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that; if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [*Aside.*

Enter Slender.

Slen. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you dispatch'd?

Slen. Dispatch'd!—I'll make the best in Glocestershire know on't; would I were hang'd, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slen. I came yonder at Eaton to marry mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy; If it had not been i' the church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 'tis a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl: If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly; Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd, *mum*, and

I presume, was by the players. Sir John Falstaff is sufficiently punished, in being disappointed and exposed. The expectation of his being prosecuted for the twenty pounds, gives the conclusion too tragical a turn. Besides, it is *poetical justice* that Ford should sustain this loss, as a fine for his unreasonable jealousy. THEOB.

[4] —*laugh at my wife,*—] The two plots are excellently connected, and the transition very artfully made in this speech. JOHNSON.

ſhe cry'd *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a poſt-maſter's boy.

Eva. Jeſhu! Maſter Slender, cannot you ſee but marry boys [5]?

Page. O, I am vex'd at heart: What ſhall I do?

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpoſe; turn'd my daughter into green; and, indeed, ſhe is now with the doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Vere is miſtreſs Page? By gar, I am cozen'd; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paiſan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page: by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you not take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 'tis a boy: be gar, I'll raiſe all Windſor. [*Exit Caius.*

Ford. This is ſtrange: Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart miſgives me: Here comes maſter Fenton.

Enter Fenton, and Anne Page.

How now, maſter Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, miſtreſs? how chance you went not with maſter Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with maſter doctor, maid?

Fent. You do amaze her; Hear the truth of it.
You would have married her moſt ſhamefully,
Where there was no proportion held in love.
The truth is, She and I, long ſince contracted
Are now ſo ſure, that nothing can diſſolve us.
The offence is holy, that ſhe hath committed:
And this deceit loſes the name of craft,

[5] —marry boys?] This and the next ſpeech are likewiſe reſtorations from the old quarto. STEEVENS.

Of

Of disobedience, or unduteous title;
Since therein she doth evitate and shun
A thousand irreligious cursed hours,
Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd: here is no remedy:——
In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;
Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanc'd.

[6] *Page.* Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!
What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd.

Eva. I will dance and eat plums at your wedding.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!——
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;
Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:——Sir John,
To master Brook you yet shall hold your word;
For he, to-night, shall lye with mistress Ford.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

[6] Page. *Well, what remedy?*——] In the first sketch of this play, which, as Mr. Pope observes, is much inferior to the latter performance, the only sentiment of which I regret the omission, occurs at this critical time. When Fenton brings in his wife, there is this dialogue.

Mrs. Ford. *Come, mistress Page, I must be bold with you,*
'Tis pity to part love that is so true.

Mrs. Page. [Aside] *Although that I have miss'd in my intent,*
Yet I am glad my husband's match is cross'd.
——*Here Fenton, take her.*——

Eva. *Come, master Page, you must needs agree.*

Ford. *I' faith, sir, come, you see your wife is pleas'd.*

Page. *I cannot tell, and yet my heart is eas'd;*
And yet it doth me good the doctor miss'd.
Come hither, Fenton, and come hither, daughter.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by Mr. Rowe, that it was written at the command of queen Elizabeth, who was so delighted with the character of Falstaff, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by shewing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. Shakespeare knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of Falstaff must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. Falstaff could not love, but by ceasing to be Falstaff. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether Shakespeare was the first that produced upon the English stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide *. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him, who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator, who did not think it too soon at an end. JOHNSON.

* In the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, is the character of an *Italian* merchant, very strongly marked by foreign pronunciation. Dr. *Dodypoll*, in the comedy which bears his name, is, like *Caius*, a French physician. This piece appeared at least a year before the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The hero of it speaks such another jargon as the antagonist of Sir Hugh, and like him is cheated of his mistress. In several other pieces, more ancient than the earliest of Shakespeare's, provincial characters are introduced. STEEVENS.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.